Hot Sun and Cold Showers can ruin the looks of your Hair!

Protect yours with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

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2 **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A LOT OF LONG DRIVES and canny chip-shots may tempt you to forget that while golf is great for your body and your spirits, it can be and often is definitely hard on the health and looks of your hair.

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WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME . . .

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

THE "Personal Contract" that Kay Holcomb signed with Jimmy Downing was ironclad. By its terms she belonged to him, had to do what he said and take the jobs he got for her. And the profit went to Jimmy. Kay was too grateful to hesitate. Later she knew Jimmy was in love with her. She thought that meant he would tear up the contract. Nothing in Hollywood is as simple as that. The contract stayed in Jimmy's safe, and when he needed it he used it. The story is by Octavus Roy Cohen.

THE colonel said it couldn't be done. He was the head of Germany's largest aircraft engine factory. He knew from experience that engine parts cannot be made with such precision that they are immediately interchangeable. So they took him into the American factory and invited him to try. When he got through there were beads of sweat on his forehead. He'd seen the impossible. But what he saw was just a single example of America's craftsmanship which has fashioned the basis for a new world through a proper regard for such quantities as the hundred-thousandth of an inch. Dr. Carl Norcross shows you how it's done.

SIS and Pussie were sisters: there were never two women less alike. Pussie was vain, selfish, irresponsible; Sis was affectionate, loyal, clear-sighted—a perfect mother. The only trouble was she had no child; the child belonged to Pussie. In a dramatic short story, Mildred Cram shows you how Buzz was caught in the conflict.

EVERY day in the week, including Sunday, a jovial cocktail party begins in Hollywood. The scene is perfect confusion, but if the party is a success (with one or more Grade-A guests present) it means that careful thought has gone into its staging. The guiding rules, useful anywhere, are laid down by Frank Condon.

HECTOR PENNY is a problem for a wife, being one of those men who can't take a stroll down Main Street without some woman beginning to bait up to hook him. Things certainly looked dark for him when he co-operated in saving Myrtle Quingle. "Hero!" breathed Myrtle, and that spelled "Trouble for Hector." The story is by James B. Connolly.

JOHN R. TUNIS, Thomas McMorrow, André Birabeau, Jim Marshall, George F. Worts, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney write stories and articles. Everybody wins.

Collier's

July 3, 1937

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OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Any Week

OUR first impulse was to suggest to Mr. Tom T. Longan of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, that we get together and arrange some sort of job swap. Mr. Longan trains tractors and motor trucks. That is, he is the mechanic who comes from the factory with your order of trucks and tractors and breaks them in for you. But the job is beginning to pall on Mr. Longan, who is thinking of turning to writing. Writing, thinks he, is "nice clean work." But Mr. Ernest Haycox, who has frequently in these pages made life more bearable for you, comes to our rescue with a letter. "Writing stories," says Mr. Haycox, "is a very odd business practiced by a very odd set of people. We are always going down wrong alleys, coming back covered with skunk smell. Probably the central trouble is that we want to be greater scribblers than nature intended. Here we are dealing primarily in imagination and after ten or twenty years that imagination gets tremendously enlarged, like athlete's heart. I guess it's our occupational disease."

BUT there's absolutely nothing we can do for Major E. Bunt of Manchester, England. The major has just finished a bit of traipsing around the States—"munitions, m'boy, munitions." One of his stops was Washington, D. C. A hardy but innocent soul, the major picked up a copy of the Congressional Record one day. After reading a few pages and "resolutely refusing to believe my eyes" he spent an afternoon in the congressional galleries. "It was with some difficulty," writes the major, "that I convinced myself that I was not listening to debate in the House of Commons, the way the English language was being massacred."

IT AINT SO
THESE THEMS AND THOSE

AND all this "dreary controversy about stuffing the Supreme Court" leaves Miss Blanch F. Hilliman of Seattle, Washington, wondering whether it wasn't "a sign that we were very hard up for something to talk about." Says Miss Hilliman: "There's nothing new about stuffed government. We've had stuffed Congresses, Presidents, Cabinets and Courts. And I've met generals and admirals who without stuffing would be just a collection of secondhand uniforms. We've had to pack them to prevent collapse."

FOOLISH as we are, we'd hesitate to dismiss Communism as "an act." Yet a friend of ours took us to dinner in a goulash-and-sawdust establishment where large, hairy comrades sit and scowl at you, sing the Internationale without warning and as your food is served remind you bitterly and hoarsely that they hope you choke and die a horrible bourgeois death. The waiters, too, sneer you down, reminding you as they serve you that "come the revolution" you'll "starve like a dog until the firing squad puts you out of your misery." We were pretty much impressed until we recognized one of the seated, scowling comrades. We reminded him of the time he was an extra in Hollywood. "When did you go Communist?" we asked him. "Last Tuesday," he replied. "The guy who played this part here caught acute indigestion. Too much goulash and beer. It's not so bad—a dollar a night and all the goulash and beer you want for sneering at the customers. But any of the boys in Tin-Pan Alley could have written a better tune than this Internationale we've got to sing. Us shills have been trying to swing it. Lousy."

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Gannegan of Kansas City, Kansas, got as far as Needles, California, a large state policeman stopped their car. He explained that it was his duty to warn off tourists who could not show that they had no intention of settling down indigently upon California. "No offense meant," the policeman explained, "but I got to ask where you are going to." Said Mr. Gannegan, "We're going to the world's fair." "Where's that?" asked the cop. "San Francisco," said Mr. Gannegan. "Haven't you heard?" "Oh, sure," replied the alert fellow. "I was just testing you out. Pass on and I hope you have a good time, folks."

WE HAD such a good time and talked so much about it that we now have an invitation to a WPA night club. The proprietor used to work for the government via Mr. Harry Hopkins. He admits that his place isn't official but that "the floor show is on relief doing their stuff for the drinks and chow." He explained the name, too.

WHOOPEE, Politics and Ale.

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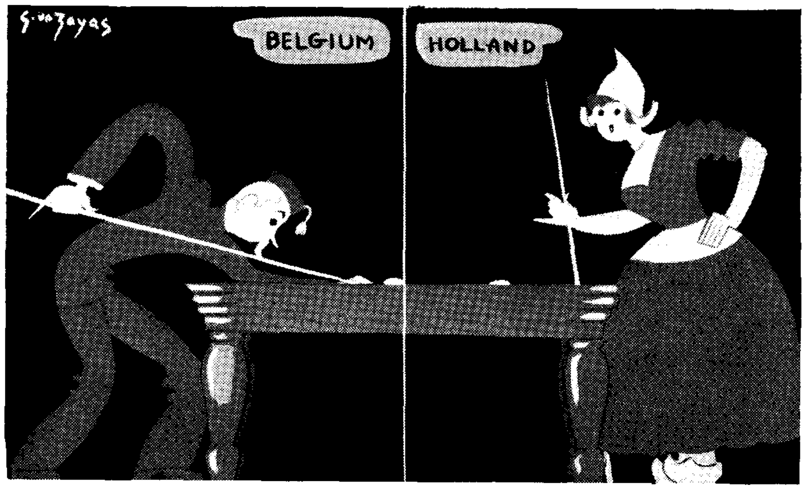


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Much confusion of laws and currency is occasioned by the international boundary line in Baarle-Nassau on the Dutch-Belgian frontier. Weaving its way through this little town, the line crosses the middle of hotel rooms, shops, bars and even billiard tables.

In a Shanghai dance hall recently, someone tossed the core of a pear out a window and accidentally hit a Japanese marine. After the riot, the Chinese proprietor was rushed to the headquarters of the Japanese Naval Landing Party. Although incensed and insulted, the officers decided to be lenient, only requiring that the Chinese sign a pledge to search for the culprit and report on his progress at their office every afternoon during the rest of his life.

In England a person's inheritable right to use his coat of arms cannot be taken from him like a medal, emblem of rank or any other honor. Yet the College of Arms in London sometimes refuses to grant them to qualified individuals to whom, it deems, a coat of arms "is not a necessity."

Absinthe is prohibited by law in many large countries because the steady drinking of it brings on hallucinations and delirium and sometimes even paralysis and idiocy. Its toxicity is due not only to its high alcohol content, which is between seventy and eighty per cent, but also to the presence of wormwood, which has a very deleterious effect on the nerve-centers, particularly when this liquor is adulterated with indigo.

The albatross, which sometimes has a wingspread of 17 feet, usually has difficulty in "taking off," having to run some distance to gain momentum before it rises in the air. When on a ship, it is unable to leave if the top deck does not have sufficient space for a satisfactory "runway."

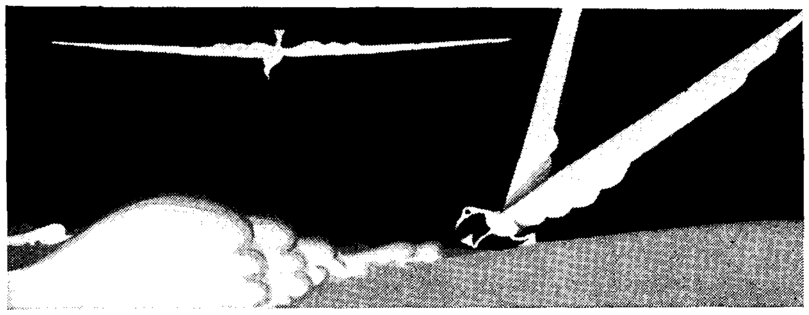
During the past 2,000 years, about 2,000 persons have claimed to have lived far longer than a century. Some of them, with their reputed ages at death, were: Czarten (185), Roven (172), Jenkins (169), Surrington (160), Agha (156), Parr (152), Drakenburg (146) and the Countess of Desmond (140). But none could definitely prove their statements. In fact, absolutely authenticated cases of human beings having lived more than a hundred years are extremely rare.

In the early days of this country, virtually all urban families owned the houses in which they lived and all rural families owned the farms on which they worked. Today about three quarters of all city dwellers rent their homes and about half of the farmers lease their lands.—*By Ivy M. Howard, Salina, Kansas.*

Lightning has traveled down a lode of ore and shocked miners working at a depth of a thousand feet; it has removed all the hair from a man without injuring him in any other way; and it has altered the compass of a stern-struck ship. In this last case, the vessel itself was also "reversed" by the storm and the wheelsman steered back over his course for a considerable distance before realizing the error.

Of all the numerous issues of postage stamps that have carried the pictures of highly honored or sacred personages, including those depicting Christ, only two were never canceled across the face of the stamp—a Queen Isabella II issue in Spain in 1850 and a King Ferdinand II issue in Sicily in 1859.—*By Marjorie C. Raschbaum, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



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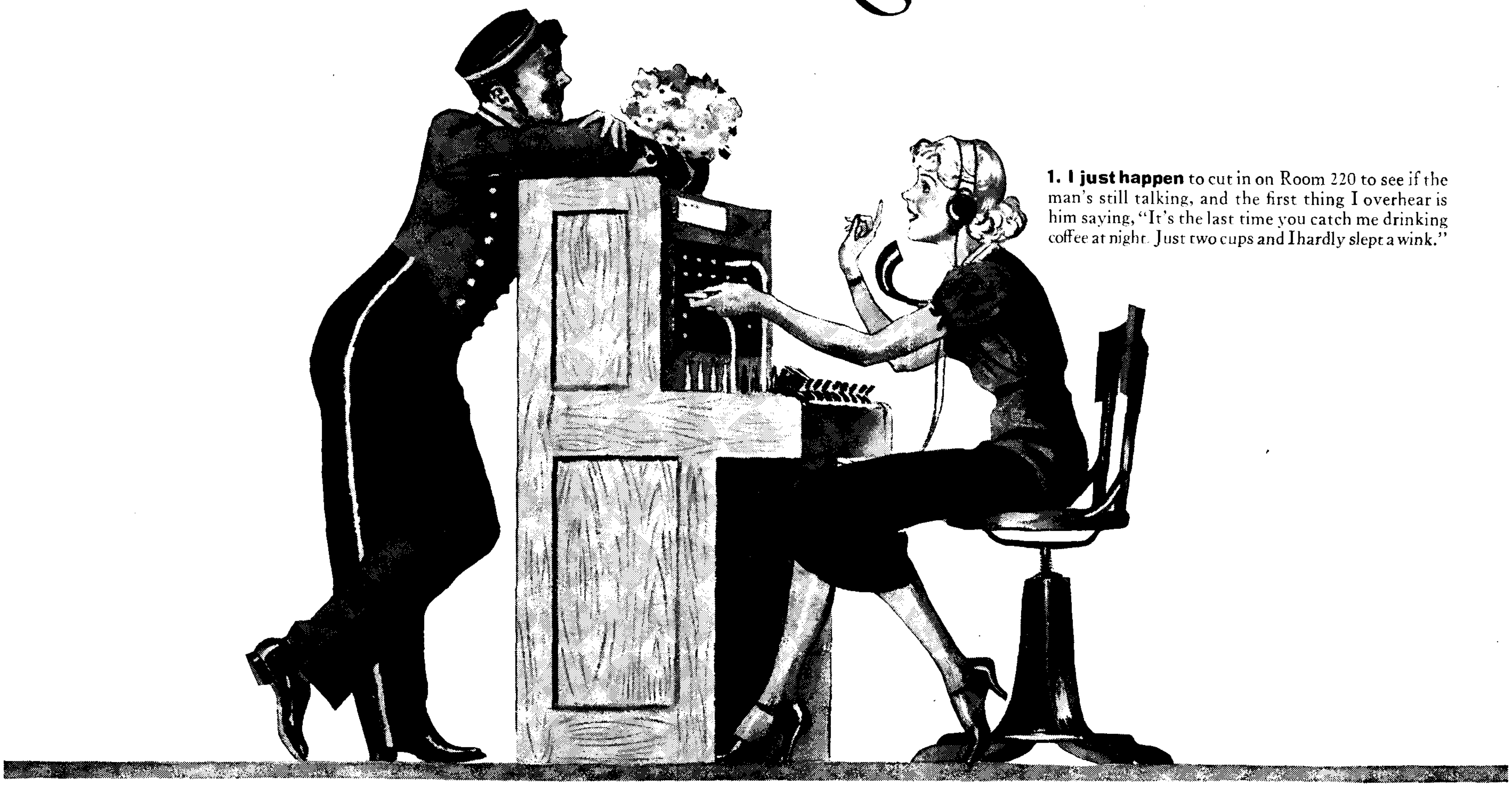
HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

When Blondie Listened In



1. I just happen to cut in on Room 220 to see if the man's still talking, and the first thing I overhear is him saying, "It's the last time you catch me drinking coffee at night. Just two cups and I hardly slept a wink."

2. Honest, I don't understand what'n the world I could've been thinkin' of. First thing I know, I'm bustin' right into the conversation. "If coffee bothers you, why don't you try Sanka Coffee? You could have all you want," I says, "and not be kept awake."

3. "Oh I could, could I?" he comes back. "Yes, sir," I says, "on account of how the caffein is what does all the damage to some folks, and it's been removed from Sanka Coffee." "Say, who the devil is this?" he says, wakin' up all of a sudden.

4. About then I figure it's a good time for me to fade out of the picture. So I disconnect quick and cross my fingers, hopin' there'll be no complaints to the management. Nothin' comes of it till a week later I get a box of flowers.

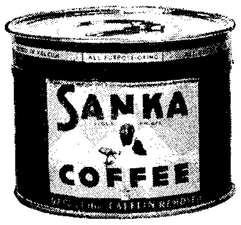
5. Whoopee, I open them and they're orchids. And here's the pay-off. The note in them says, "You're right, Blondie. Sanka Coffee doesn't keep me awake. But why didn't you come clean and tell me how delicious Sanka is, too?"

IF you love coffee—but are one of those who avoid it on account of caffein—try Sanka Coffee.

Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—as fragrant, cheering, and delicious as only coffee can be. And since it is 97% caffein-free, you can drink as much as you like—even at midnight—without being kept awake.

Make your Sanka Coffee *strong*—the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for each cup. And, if you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. Try it today. It is a General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE—DRINK IT AND SLEEP

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The National Weekly for July 3, 1937

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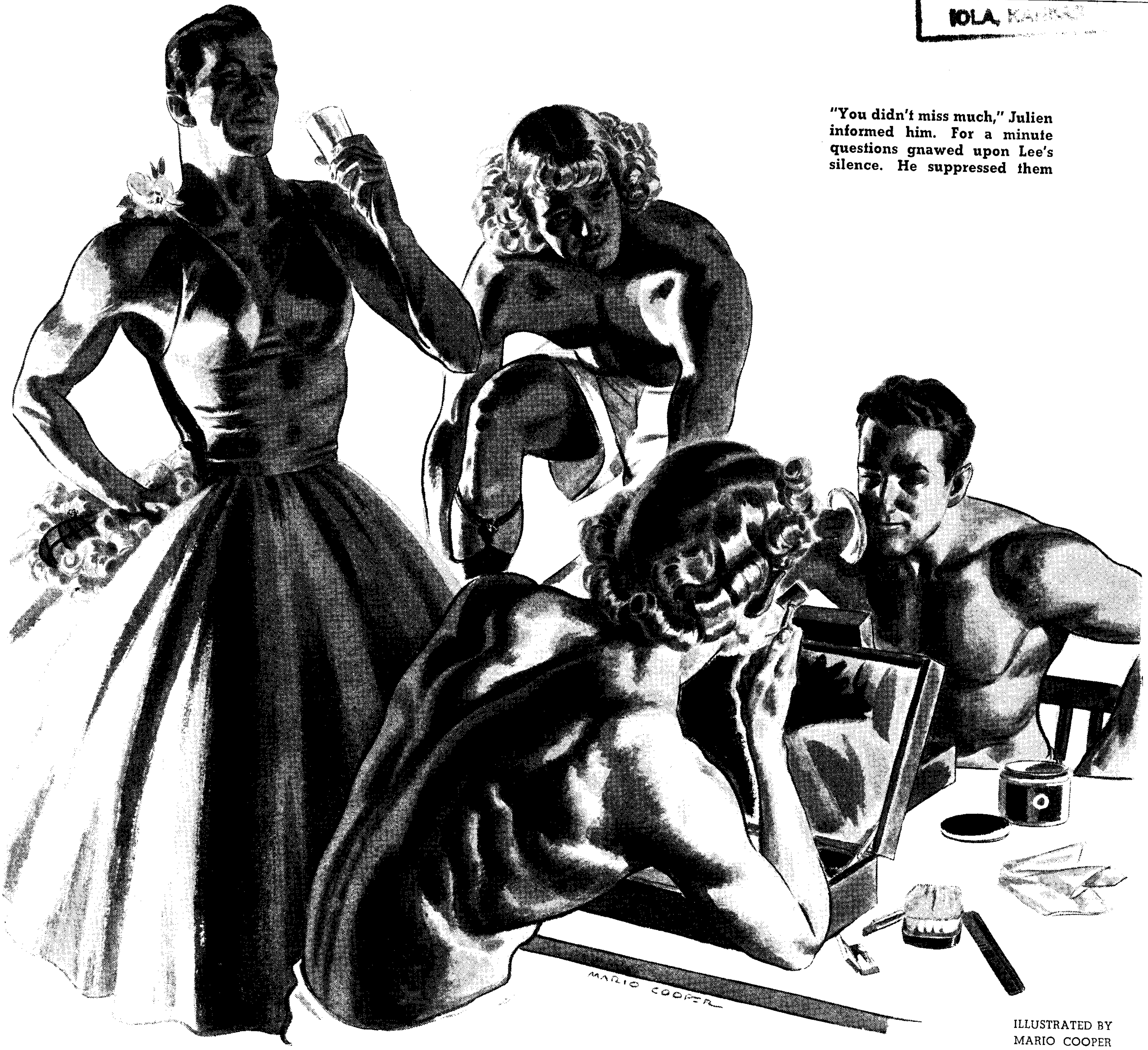

"You didn't miss much," Julien informed him. For a minute questions gnawed upon Lee's silence. He suppressed them

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The Passing Show

By Samuel Carter III

The dramatic story of a boy and girl who tried to put life and love on a faster schedule. Presenting Lee Faber and Sue Vaughn, their hail and farewell

CALL it Christmas Eve in Louisville or New Year's in St. Paul. Call it any night around that time, and any city east of Denver. And there would be always the same tireless, eager girls for whom this night would have no consequence because we would never be there again. Or if we were there again it would be a year later, and at seventeen or twenty-one a year is an eternity.

You got used to the girls the way you got used to everything. To grease paint and the dingy smell of theaters—to the rocking closeness of local trains—to sentimental graduates who'd been on Triangle Club trips themselves, and told you no class had done anything as good as Julius Caesar: "Princeton sent out real shows in those days." . . . You got used to the girls the way Lee and Julien were used to them; and it took somebody like Sue Vaughn to pierce the bored film induced by too little sleep and too much alcohol.

It had started out as just another tea dance, given for the visiting collegians who composed the staff and cast of Samarkand—the Triangle Club's musical production for that year. Fresh from the special train which hauled the troupe along a dizzy arc of cities in the East, Lee Faber stood inside the entrance to the Montmorency Country Club, dabbing with a handkerchief at wounds inflicted by too-rapid shaving. Beside him, Julien Holly, lead comedian, peered gloomily into the crowded room of dancers.

"About the same as Little Rock," he judged. "Let's find the locker room and take a shower."

Lee assented. When you live aboard a train for three weeks, showers go at something of a premium. They turned toward a probable, descending staircase, when their course was checked abruptly by Roy Hammond entering the lobby.

Roy was a senior, and president of the Triangle Club that year. He played the lead in Samarkand; and this was his home town. It seemed appropriate that he should have the pick of girls available. But *this* girl, by his side! She who languidly slipped off her wrap, and from bare shoulders lifted free the dark storm of her hair—who walked across the lobby with black chiffon shadowing each movement in elusive grace!

"Whew!" said Julien. "No one man should have that to himself."

With one accord they turned back to the main room where the dance was held, shook hands politely with a row of unknown hostesses and peered with secret eagerness among the dancers.

Lee saw her first: her head against Roy Hammond's shoulder, her lithe body moving in a languorous surrender to the music's rhythm. Promptly he cut in.

"Hello," he said. "I guess you don't remember me."

As she moved into his arms she looked him over, out of dark and laughing eyes.

"Now let me think," she said. "I have it! The Wyoming gold rush."

"Not Wyoming. California."

"I know. I said Wyoming just to see if you'd remember."

UNCONCERNEDLY—ah, quite—he guided her toward a corner of the room far from the stag line, hidden by a shoulder of the wall. Within his arms she whirled as light as gossamer, as fragrant as the flowers her lips suggested, moving to the music.

"Are we going to stay here, twirling in this corner?"

"Till the ice age moves us," he said gravely.

"Look: I see a bottle on a table!"

Scotch, the label said. Before the proper owners could return, they stalked it, poured themselves a drink, and retreated to the safe lair of a sun porch.

"Roy won't let me drink," she said. "Roy Hammond, you know."

"Yes, I know," he said. "Our president and leading man. He has an option on you?"

"Well, we've known each other for a long while," she said shyly, suddenly strange. She asked quickly: "You're in the show?"

"I swing from horizontal bars. Act two, scene one."

"No, seriously."

"Yes, I dance," he said.

"I thought so. You're Lee Faber then. I've heard about you. I'm Sue Vaughn."

Inside the main room, music blue as smoke coiled round a hundred gliding feet. Train-weary undergraduates supported slender, pirouetting waists; received about the same line they had listened to in Memphis—Little Rock—Milwaukee; cast the expected looks of sympathy at one another. And while Roy Hammond peered among the dancers with increasing bitterness, Sue Vaughn was telling someone else:

"I don't think Roy would like it if he found us here."

And not expecting any answer, didn't get one.

Several hours later, white shirt fronts and evening dresses jostled one another down the aisles of the Adelphi Theater, while behind the curtain stagehands finished putting up the walls of "An Enchanted Garden, Samarkand." On the conductor's stand above the pit, V. Merle-Smith—president-elect for next year—peered through dark-rimmed glasses at his orchestra, and prayed that they were soberer than they appeared. Backstage, deep-throated and tough-muscled ladies of the chorus shaved or smoked or smeared on make-up with intense distaste.

In the dressing room they shared together, Julien Holly looked up from his make-up box.

"Well," he said, "it looks as if you struck oil."

Lee said: "She's not bad."

"You've got a little of her make-up on," said Julien.

Lee wiped it off: His mind was occupied with the impressions she had left with him; the baffling recklessness, the warm desire, the impulsive nature of somebody very young and slightly spoiled and lovely beyond censure. He was thinking that in three more hours—maybe less—he'd meet her at the stage door.

"You'd better duck when Hammond comes around," said Julien. "He looked mad as blazes. That's the trouble when you hit somebody's home town. You find the hostess you've insulted is a classmate's mother—or the best girl in the city is a clubmate's fiancée."

Lee said quickly: "Sue Vaughn's not engaged to Roy."

Said Julien: "Well, I bet he thinks she is."

The overture to Samarkand came up the iron stairway, muffled by descending footsteps. . . .

THE house, warmed genially by cocktails and collegiate sentiment, applauded long at the finale. But Lee wasn't there to hear them. He was in his dressing room, erasing train soot from his dress shirt, when V. Merle-Smith came in.

"You weren't there at the finale," Merle-Smith told him injuredly.

"One person more or less in the finale doesn't matter," Lee said. But he knew it did to Merle-Smith who, with the nervous pride of authorship, was passionately loyal to the show. A little guiltily, he ducked the other's anxious and reproachful look, and punched his way into a raccoon coat. By the alley leading to the stage door, Sue was waiting in an open roadster. Down deserted streets they sped toward open country—till the stars raced with them over tops of trees.

"The show was good," said Sue, and meant it. "You were first-rate."

He had meant to be first-rate that night—to hear her say it. In the one-night love affairs of other trips—the girls one kissed, or sat with, raccoon-coated, in parked cars in front of country clubs—there had been glamor in the fact that you would probably not meet again, that anything you said or did would not be reckoned in the future. But with Sue he didn't feel that. From the brief time they had been together, there had sprung an intuition that, whatever happened, he would not forget this girl. The warmth, the untamed youth, the dark impulsiveness would leave its mark upon him somehow.

Again the Montmorency Club, this time with midnight pressing down upon the frosted windows, colored lights above the heads of dancers and discreetly glowing fires in the side rooms where young couples parted at the sound of footsteps, came together at the sound of their recession. Roy Hammond wandered dismally among the dancers, looking for a girl he had not seen since three that afternoon; and in somebody's parked sedan Sue Vaughn's dark head was on Lee's shoulder, while Lee offered up a silent prayer of gratitude that this was Saturday and there was a whole week end here before they moved along to Cleveland Monday morning.

Muffled by distance and closed windows, music came to them across the snow—songs that Lee was later to remember with a sharp pang of identity.

Make my bed and light the light,
I'll be home late tonight,
Bye, bye, Blackbird . . .

And Sue was finishing some childhood story: "After that I didn't think I'd ever fall in love again, but—"

"But you did," said Lee. "Roy Hammond."

"No," said Sue. "I thought I loved Roy once; I'm not sure now."

In the luxurious warmth of her leopard coat, scented with frost and perfume, her small body was soft and yielding. She turned her face to his, her throat white-shadowed from the snow light, lips like opening flowers. As he turned to take her in his arms, his elbow hit the driver's wheel. There was a shrill wild protest from the horn, and from the locker room a chauffeur hurried anxiously, his diligence translated into moral indignation as they fled across the snow.

"Maybe that's an omen," Sue said, laughing, as they came into the clubhouse. She stopped to pat her hair in place before a mirror, when Roy Hammond passed them on his way home. "Roy," Sue called to him, in guilty consternation. And the door closed sharply on her cry.

For a minute her bright face was disturbed.

"He's angry," she said wretchedly. "Perhaps I *have* been mean to him."

But just as quickly her mood changed, and she'd forgotten him in the surging pulse of music and Lee's arm about her waist. The night progressed in swift, intoxicating moments, as they sought out corners where they'd be alone, or danced in obstinate refusal to be cut in on. Till finally through chill blue-colored dawn she drove Lee to the house where he and Julien were staying, and their lips brushed coolly in a parting that would last, they both agreed, till nine that morning.

As Lee finished breakfast, Sue's horn sounded from the driveway, and he gulped his coffee, grabbed his hat and coat, and told a somewhat startled host that he'd be back some time before his train left. At the sight of Sue his heart beat fast—faster still at her warm kiss.

"I didn't sleep a wink because of you."

"I didn't either," Lee said, wondering with sudden jealousy how many other men she'd told that.

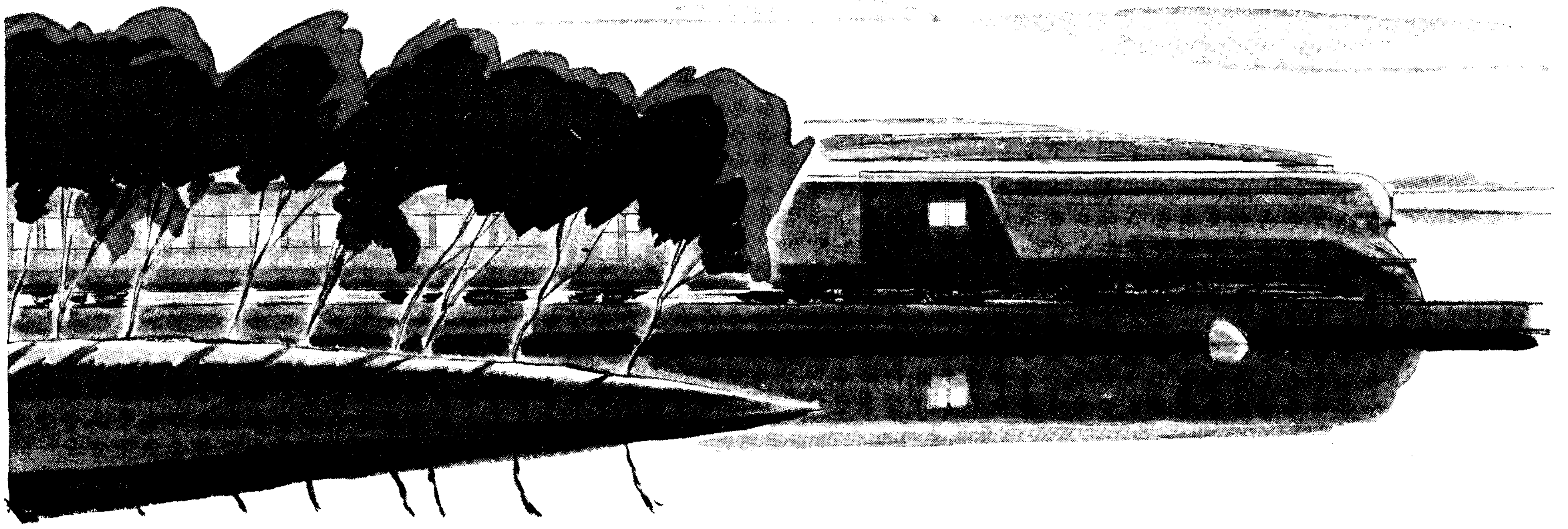
THEY drove out Fremont Avenue to Ashland, Ripley, Bellfont—past the dismal boarded shacks of summer colonists—to pine woods, and the better summer homes beside the lake. To the secluded house where Sue had spent her summers between Wykham Rise and Vassar—growing tanned and lazy and athletic and a little spoiled from too much male attention.

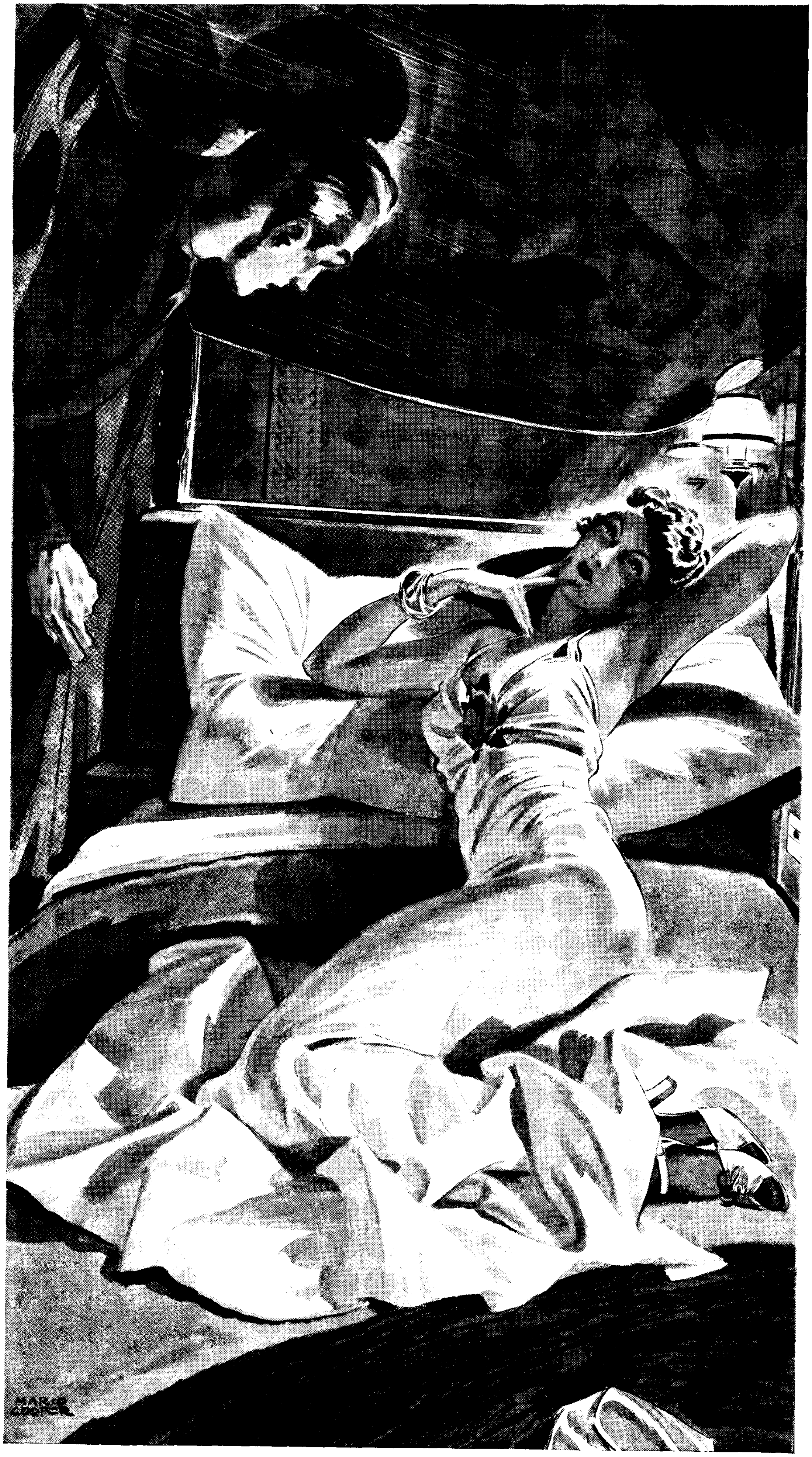
From the shore Lake Erie spread a frozen marble-colored apron to the distant stain of open water. They walked across the ice, Sue talking idly of times she'd spent here on the lake, and Lee imagining—with a faint sense of loss—the moments she described: Sue, young and lithe and golden-tanned on beaches, known to other men but not to him—or sitting on porch steps at midnight, hearing words of adoration he could never be the first to say.

"It seems funny," Sue said, when they'd stopped to rest, half a mile out, in an unreal arctic world of their discovery, in which the white plumes of their breath were strangely mortal in the sweep of ice and sky. "I feel as if I'd known you so long—and it's only been since yesterday."

"You just forget," he told her. "I was that cunning little tike you went to kindergarten with."

Then, out of his imagination, he created a past for them—what they had done at ten, and twelve, and fifteen,





When he saw her it was more with anguish than surprise. Lying in the corner, in a slight evening gown, she watched him for a moment out of grave eyes. "Sue!" he sai

while she listened, half amused, half wistful.

Until it became more than a game. Until it became an exploration of each other's lives—trying to make up for the time they had not known each other—trying synthetically to build a past on which to build the future.

For she'd known Roy Hammond almost all her life.

When it grew dusk they came back to the shuttered house and lit a fire, and Sue mixed cocoa, using melted snow for water. Lee sat against the chimney, watching the firelight rekindle in her eyes and stroke the delicate white carving of her throat. They had known each other just twenty-four hours, and under stress of that compression everything they'd said and done had counted double—every emotion had been magnified by shortening time.

"Sue—"

"Honey?"

"Look. I love you."

"Yes. I know." Her voice was tender with the thought that many men had told her this, but it had never seemed to matter quite as much.

"It's all right?"

"All right! Honey, it couldn't have been different."

Dark pines scratching at the shuttered windows; wind across the lake, beneath a sudden showering of stars; frost creeping back across the snow left soft by sun. And in the dark room, flames receding into embers, unattended.

IN THE empty yard the train stood, puffing in impatience for the start to Cleveland. Roy Hammond slammed the door of his compartment, pulled the shade down, poured himself a drink. He was telling himself that when one loses there is little comfort in resentment (only, he had known her—been in love with her—for how long?). On the observation platform, V. Merle-Smith was worrying, watch in hand, about the late-returning stragglers—when an open sport car skidded to the roadside just above the yard. In it, Lee bent again to Sue, her small arms clinging to him in a surge of longing.

"Honey—you won't forget? You'll write?"

"Yes," he said. "And you'll come down, when I get back to Princeton."

"All you have to do is ask me—anything," she whispered. "Just believe that, honey—always."

Always, Lee thought, lying in his berth in Lower Seven while the train swung through Ohio. Always, he thought—attaching the word with reverence to everything he thought about her, every promise they had made. Until to leave her now became a tantalizing contradiction.

It was as if a thread caught somewhere deep inside of him were drawn out as the train moved, drawn more tightly with every mile. At dawn he made his way, half-dressed, up to the locomotive. As he stepped across the coupling the vibration shook him in an iron grasp.

"Got to stop at Harmon," he shouted to the soot-smirched engineer.

"This train ain't stopping no place, buddy, before Cleveland."

"Family trouble," shouted Lee. "Got to change at Harmon."

"You an officer of this club, buddy?"

"Yes," he lied.

(Continued on page 54)

The Infernal Twins

By Winston Churchill

What makes the Spanish civil war so inhumanly bitter? Not the Spaniards. Behind this quarrel stand two opposed and godless religions—Fascism and Communism. Both are enemies of democracy. Strip them of their externals and you can't tell them apart. Mr. Churchill reveals the essential character of these unlovely twins

PICTURES, INC.

BLACK STAR

Three Russians died when this armored car, made and equipped in Russia, was wrecked by shellfire from the Spanish rebel battleship Almirante Cervera. At the right are three Italian army officers captured by Loyalists during the fighting on the Guadalajara front

SINCE the Great War two new religions have been born into the world. They are the Nazi creed and the Communist creed. Do not let us blind our eyes to the power which these new religions exert. They have been adopted by most powerful and most heavily armed nations. They have at their disposal vast armies equipped with every agency of destruction, fleets of growing size and, above all, the new and dangerous weapon of the air. They have degraded the good gifts of science to the most insidious forms of propaganda. The press, the broadcast and the cinema have placed the mass of the people entirely in the hands of their rulers, who are also the high priests of these religions. Such creeds do not lack champions, preachers, devotees, nor even martyrs. Today they seek to divide the world between them, to range the men and women in every land under their garish standards and outlandish symbols; and with strange shouts and ugly gestures they wish to pervert or subvert the ancient nations of Christendom and hurl them at one another in ferocious conflict.

We can see them at this moment both ranged against each other in deadly conflict in Spain. What a strange monstrous spectacle is presented there! A horrible explosion of animal hatred has torn the Spanish people asunder. Half the nation wishes to slay the other half. They fight a war of extermination, a war of no quarter, an inexpiable war. They imbrue their hands in fratricidal blood. They desecrate the soil of Spain with Spanish corpses, victims as often of cold-blooded execution as of battle.

A War That Is No Longer Spain's

But it is not only Spanish hatreds which inflict these miseries on the Spanish people. Left to themselves the Spaniards would probably in time reach some national compromise. The mighty Nazi and Communist states are, however, each pumping petrol on the flames, each backing its own partisan color and lashing the Spanish people with renewed frenzies. The governments of Germany and Italy on the one hand, and of Russia on the other, pour weapons, munitions, airplanes and technical experts to the side each favors. Nay, they have even sent large numbers of their regular soldiers. Germans and Italians fire their rifles or cannon at Russians or at German and Italian exiles in a quarrel which has nothing to do with territory, trade or dynastic disputes.

Spain has become the arena where a conflict of ideas is being fought out with all the brutal savagery of the religious wars of the 15th century. To this strange welter large numbers of French, English, Irish and some American volunteers have proceeded, some going to join one side and some the other. Sometimes they travel out together to where their roads divide. Nothing like this has ever been seen since the Thirty Years War tore all Europe to pieces. If it spreads it may indeed lay the whole world in ruins, dividing not only nation from nation, but family from family, and brother from brother.

There are two strange facts about these non-God religions. The first is their extraordinary resemblance to one another. Nazi-ism and Communism imagine themselves as exact opposites. They are at each other's throats where ever they exist all over the world. They actually breed each other; for the reaction of Communism is Nazi-ism, and beneath Nazi-ism or Fascism Communism stirs convulsively. Yet they are similar in all essentials. First of all, their simplicity is remarkable. You leave out God and put in the Devil; you leave out love and put in hate; and everything thereafter works quite straightforwardly and logically. They are, in fact, as alike as two peas. Tweedledum and Tweedledee are two quite distinctive personalities compared to these two rival religions.

I am reminded of the North Pole and the South Pole. They are at opposite ends of the earth, but if you woke up at either pole tomorrow morning you could not tell which one it was. Perhaps there might be penguins at one, or perhaps polar bears at the other; but all around would be ice and snow and the blast of a biting wind. I have made up my mind, however far I may travel, whatever countries I may see, I will not go to the Arctic or to the Antarctic regions. Give me London, give me Paris, give me New York, give me some of the beautiful capitals of the British dominions. Let

© INTERNATIONAL

Three members of the International Brigade fighting in Spain illustrate its cosmopolitan character. In this group are a Russian, a Mongol and an Irishman. Below, Loyalist boats surround a Russian freighter in Barcelona harbor to unload food and supplies for the government troops

ACME

us go somewhere where our breath is not frozen on our lips because of the secret police. Let us go somewhere where there are green pastures and the shade of venerable trees. Let us not wander away from the broad fertile fields of freedom into these gaunt, grim, dim, gloomy abstractions of sterile thought.

There are, of course, differences between the dictatorships. Yet they are largely discounted by one significant fact. It is easy to imagine Mussolini or Hitler as head of a Communist state, or Stalin as Fascist Duce or Fuehrer. Nothing in Communism or Fascism, as we know them, or in the characters and records of these three men, makes such a situation incredible.

Mussolini was the son of a Socialist and at one time himself an apostle of the class war. When, in 1902, he was arrested as a vagrant for sleeping under a bridge at Lausanne, his one possession of value was a medallion bearing the portrait of Karl Marx. Before the war he was editor of Italy's leading Socialist newspaper. He had been the associate of Lenin and Trotsky.

"I know Mussolini," Lenin once told a deputation of Socialist exiles from Italy. "He is a strong and a hard man. It was a great pity to have let him go out of the Socialist party." To which Trotsky added: "It was, indeed, a great pity. He was the only man who could have brought about the revolution of the proletariat in Italy."

But Socialism was a weapon which broke in Mussolini's hand. Therefore he threw it away and looked for another. To this student of Machiavelli and Nietzsche, of Sorel and William James, no creed or principle is of value except as the instrument of his will. He is both daydreamer and opportunist. There was a time when, doubtless, the background of his waking fancies was a Socialist Italy. But he himself occupied the foreground as the Sword of the Revolution, an Italian Lenin. When that dream became impracticable a new one replaced it. But what he saw this time was not so much Italy repeating in the modern world the glories of ancient Rome as himself as architect of a new empire of the Mediterranean.

To say that is not to deny or belittle his extraordinary qualities of statesmanship, his magnificent courage and audacity, his untiring energy, his resolute will, his sure grasp of the possible. His dreams, like those of Warren Hastings or Alexander Hamilton, have been a preparation for deeds. He has realized his fantasies in action—or some of them. For he has brought them all unflinchingly to the test of facts, and those which have become impractical he has never hesitated to abandon. He is probably the greatest, as he is certainly the most picturesque, of the European dictators.

Hitler was also brought into contact with Marxist ideas early in his career, and the original Nazi program borrowed to some extent from Socialist sources. Though Hitler was not, like Mussolini, a Socialist, it was the accident of his early experiences in Vienna that made him hate Jews and Socialists rather than landowners and capitalists. This would-be artist, who was refused admission to the Viennese art school because his test drawing was "below standard," had to hate someone to preserve his self-respect. Yet, even while his followers brawled with the Marxists in Berlin streets, the future Nazi dictator was making speeches which might almost have been delivered in the Red Square in Moscow.

The third of the dictators, Stalin, is, in some ways, a more enigmatic figure than either of the others. He has shunned the limelight in which both Mussolini and Hitler have gloried. He has come to power by hidden ways. But it is now possible to assess this mysterious figure, molded by the Siberian silences, more accurately than would have been the case a few years ago. He has brought to the Kremlin the shrewdness, the craft and the long memory of the peasant stock from which he sprang. He has brought also the infinite patience which he learned, on the fringes of the Arctic Circle, when he was dependent for food entirely on his own prowess as hunter and fisherman. Lenin, on his deathbed, believed that Stalin and Trotsky, even while hating each other, could work in double harness. He reckoned without Trotsky's arrogant self-confidence and Stalin's profound purpose. Now the Georgian rules alone—and behind the façade of a Socialist state builds a nationalist Russia, a great military power, self-contained and self-sufficient.

In all Stalin's work there has been little of the Socialist theorist. He is essentially an organizer—an efficiency expert with power of life and death over millions. Who shall say that this man would not be equally at home—and equally formidable—as chief of a Fascist or a Nazi state?

Things Intolerable in Democracies

The conditions of life under Russian Communism or German Nazi-ism present the same features even when viewed in detail. They would certainly be intolerable to the British, American or French democracies. Our peoples would be miserable in the last degree if they were suddenly put under Nazi or Communist rule. How could we bear, nursed as we have been in a free atmosphere, to be gagged and muzzled; to have spies, eavesdroppers and delators at every corner; to have even private conversation caught up and used against us by the secret police and all their agents and creatures; to be arrested and interned without trial? How could we bear to be treated like schoolboys when we are grown-up men; to be turned out on parade by tens of thousands to march and cheer for this slogan or for that; to see philosophers, teachers and authors bullied and toiled to death in concentration camps; to be forced every hour to conceal the natural normal workings of the human intellect and the pulsations of the human heart? Rather than submit to such oppression there is no length to which we would not go.

Let me recapitulate the great resemblances of Nazi-ism and Bolshevism. First, there is the worship of the one-man power. All the wisdom of our common ancestors, the main theme which made the parliamentary system in Britain and framed the Constitution of the United States, was dominated by the conviction that one-man power was a thing odious, pernicious and degrading to the nature and stature of men. This miserable fetish worship and the setting up of a single individual, investing him with superhuman, almost Godlike, power, has always been a temptation to the weak and ignorant. It has always been obnoxious to the architects of English and American institutions

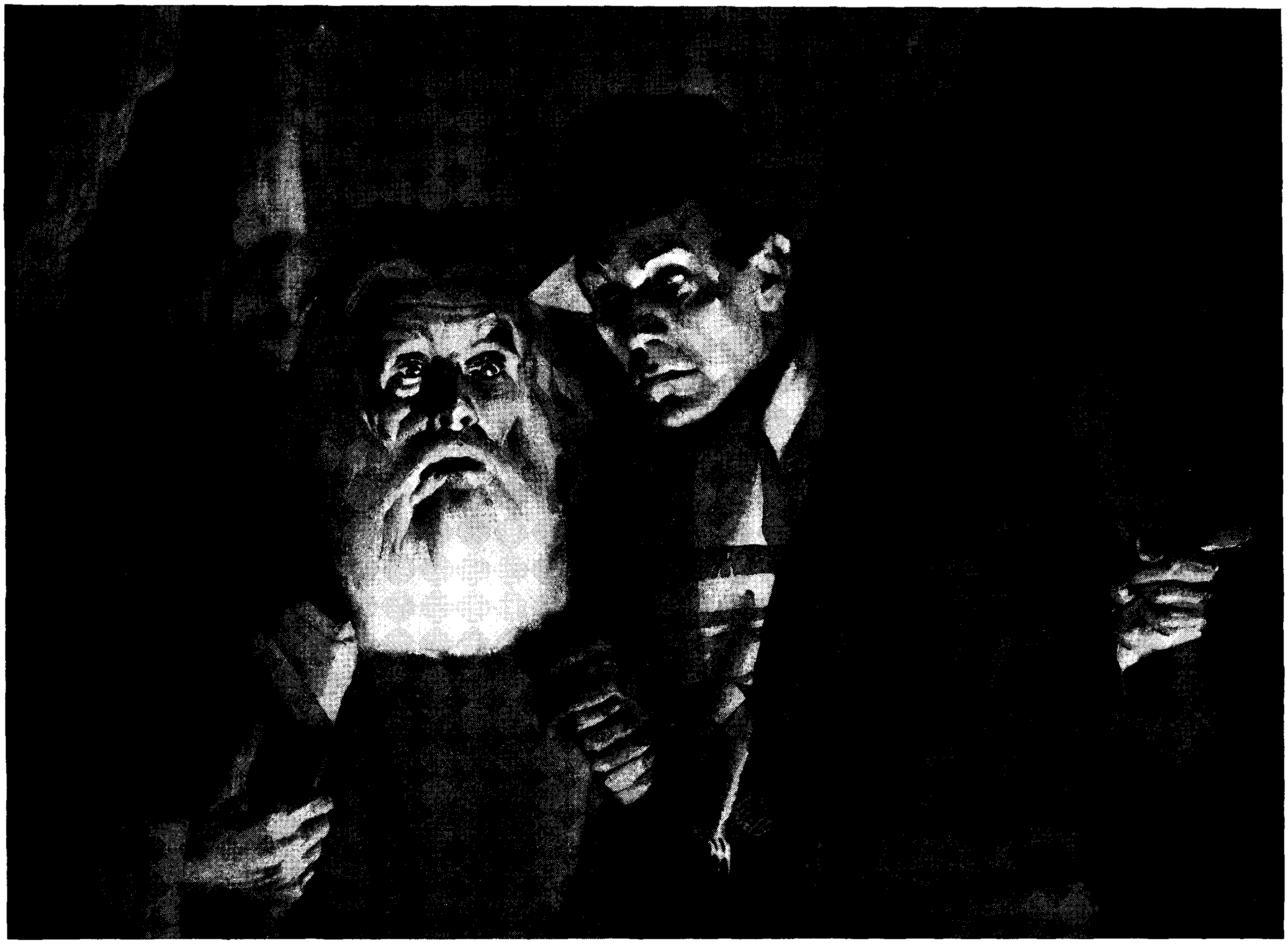
(Continued on page 28)

The Bat King

By James Hilton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The strange story of a monarch's escape—and return —to the weirdest kingdom the earth has ever seen



"Can't you see anything?" I asked. "Can't you see the light in the distance?"

I SUPPOSE the Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico, are the most interesting of their kind in the world. I had made the tour of them before and remembered the way the guide insisted on the party keeping together, and also the way we were all carefully counted before going down the elevator. The authorities took no chances, and you can't blame them, because apart from the caverns that they show you there are miles and miles of side galleries, many of them still unexplored.

There was a local cowboy named Jim White who let himself down into these caverns thirty-six years ago by a lasso rope. You can say, in a sense, that he discovered them. He ventured a few miles with a lantern, unwinding cord as he went along, so that he shouldn't get lost on the way back. Today Jim White stands behind a counter in the main cavern selling his own book about them, and I dare say he sometimes feels it was more fun swinging down on a lasso rope than watching dollars click into a cash register.

Anyhow, I was in Carlsbad again with nothing much to do and I thought I'd pay a second visit. But one thing I did see for the first time—and that was the evening flight of the bats. Toward dusk in summertime there's a sound like the drone of airplanes at the cavern mouth, and suddenly the bats appear—millions of them, it seems—wheeling around in blind circles and suddenly streaming across the sky like a smoke cloud. They fly for miles in search of food, and return to the caverns by dawn.

That was worth seeing; but, after all, lots of people have seen it, which to a journalist lowers the temperature. You have to be pretty smart to concoct anything readable out of something that's been guidebooked and picture-postcarded to the *n*th degree; which is why, when I paid my two dollars at the top of the elevator shaft, I carried in my pocket a flashlight and four balls of cord. I figured that if I could slip out of the way of the touring party I might have some fun on my own.

They take you through very slowly, making a two-hour job of it, because some of the old folks get tired; and as you plod along an official switches on the lights ahead and another official switches them off behind you when you've passed by. It wasn't difficult to hang back to the rear of the party, but it was taking a chance to hide behind a big rock and trust that the rear guard wouldn't stop me. However, he didn't; and presently he switched the lights off and I could see nothing but the distant glow where the party was entering the next section. Rather an eerie feeling, to be left alone while the lights and the voices disappeared. I waited about ten minutes, till there was silence and complete darkness; then I switched on my flashlight and pulled out the first ball of cord.

You understand that I just wanted a thrill, that's all. I wanted to feel, in a counterfeit, secondhand sort of way, something of what Jim White felt thirty-seven years ago. And I reckoned I had more than an hour to explore in before anyone would find I was missing. I didn't want that to happen. The cavern people looked the kind that wouldn't sympathize.

I tied the end of the cord to a jutting rock and began clambering over rough surfaces toward an opening that looked to be a promising lead into a side gallery. It also looked as if I'd reach it in a couple of minutes, but you can't judge either distance or difficulties in a cavern. Actually it took me a quarter of an hour and one and a half balls of cord to get to that opening; but when at last I did I found I was lucky; the flashlight revealed a staggeringly beautiful vault tapering in the distance toward further enticements.

I walked on, using up two more balls of cord, hoisting myself over sharp rocks and touching the cool stalagmites as I went by. (That was one of the things the guide had warned us against—we mustn't touch the stalagmites. But I guess Jim White had touched them.)

You can't describe the loveliness of those fluted walls and roofs, glimpsed in the fugitive rays of a flashlamp. I shan't try to, but the thrill was there, all right. Then all at once, through gazing up at them, I stumbled and fell; my right arm grazed a rock; there was a little tinkle of glass—and darkness. Too bad—and I hadn't even a box of matches. Well, there was the cord, anyhow; I had only to rewind it and I'd be back on the main track of the tourists. Not so bad, maybe. But without a light I knew I should have to hurry.

I TELL you, it's pretty difficult to find your way over the rough floor of an unknown cavern in pitch darkness and with no guide but a trail of string. I reckon it took me a minute at least to walk a dozen steps, because I had to feel every step in advance, not only with feet but with hands as well, for some of those jutting stalagmites and stalactites would hurt you pretty badly if you ran against them. And I was, honestly, a little bit scared. I got hot and breathless, and once, when the cord wouldn't wind up, I had a second of real panic. But it was only caught round an edge of rock.

Maybe it was half an hour I walked; but I still hadn't come to the knot where I'd joined the last two lengths of cord. I kept feeling for that knot, and when I didn't feel it I kept getting hotter and hotter and a bit more scared. Surely I couldn't have passed it without noticing? My hands grew clammy, and somehow the steps I was making didn't seem over the same ground that I'd passed on the way—which was absurd, because the cord couldn't lead me astray. But still, I wasn't enjoying myself so much, and then, as I stopped to get my breath, something happened that made me lose it, so to speak, before I could get it. That cord in my hand suddenly pulled tight and gave a twitch.

I think I just stood still for a whole minute, wondering if I could possibly have been mistaken. Then I felt sweat pouring down my face. Steady, steady, I told myself, actually speaking the words aloud, I think. I took a few cautious steps forward, trying to believe that nothing had really happened; but then two things happened simultaneously: my fingers came to the knot in the cord, and the cord twitched again.

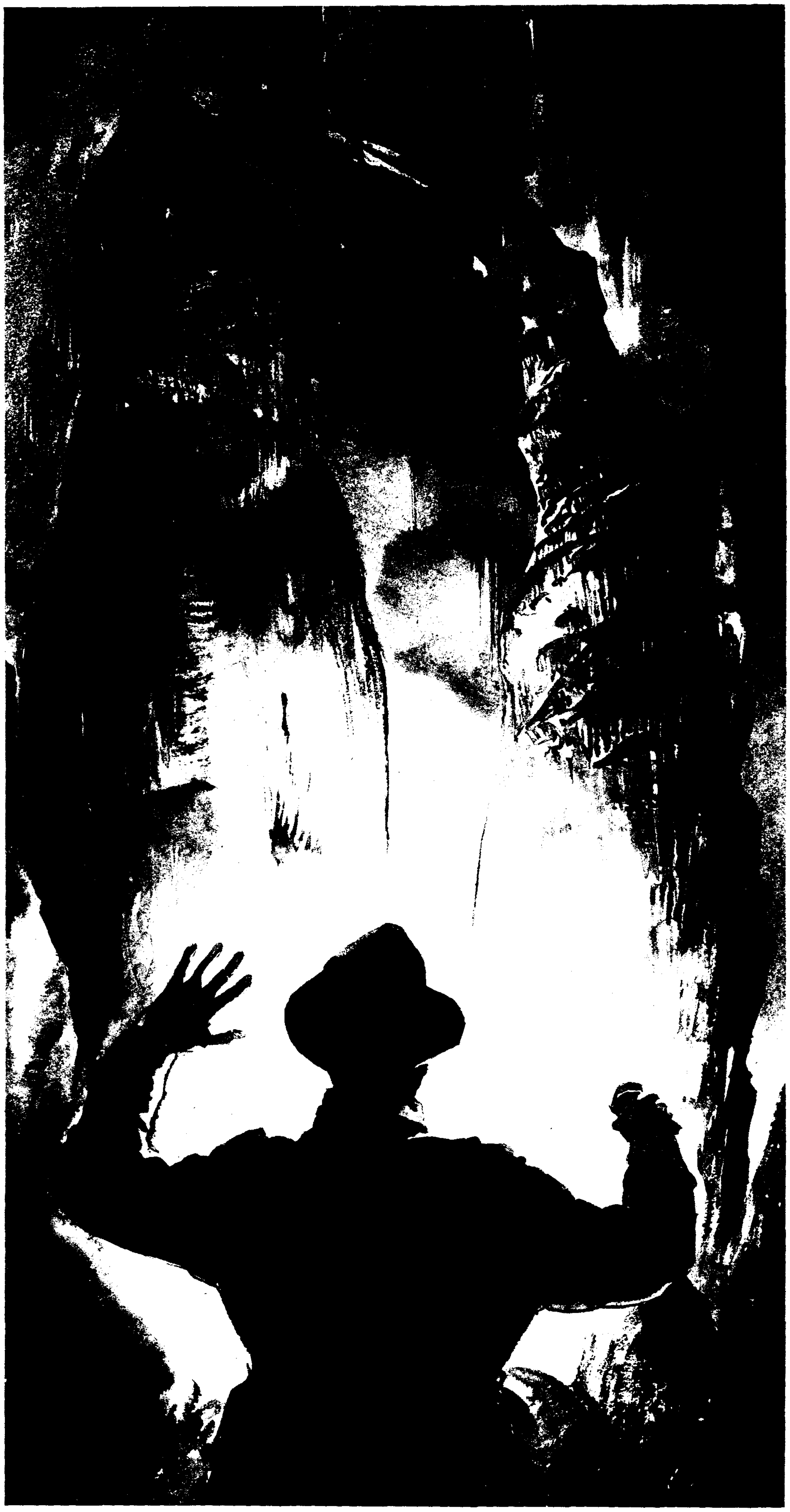
So I was there where I was, a couple of thousand feet from the tourist track, half a mile or so of difficult walking in between, and also—perhaps—someone or something else in between. Probably one of the cavern officials, I reassured myself with ghastly self-control; somebody must have seen the end of the cord and begun to follow it along. But in that case, reason suggested, why wasn't he flashing a light to look for me? Surely a cavern official wouldn't grope about in the dark? And the answer was, it couldn't be a cavern official.

YOU think at first it's hard to meet danger; but when you know or think it's coming at you, it's really easier to meet it than to stand still and wait for it. Maybe that's why, when I heard a faint sound echoing from the vault ahead—a whisper of a few stones disturbed as by some stealthy footfall—I hurried ahead, winding the cord as fast as I could and giving it a few twitches myself. Let the other fellow have a fright, too, I thought.

We approached each other—myself and who or whatever it was that was coming; I half decided to shout, but somehow the words wouldn't come. I certainly was—why not admit it?—as terrified as I have ever been in my life. I'd have climbed to one side and hidden myself but for the fear of losing the cord. That was the dreadful thing about it. I had to hold on to that cord, and it was that cord which was leading me direct to—what?

I walked on farther, my right hand ready for emergencies while I held the cord in my left. Every few seconds I stopped, wound in the slack length, and listened to those footfalls creeping nearer. At last I judged them only a few yards away and I couldn't hang to myself any more—I rushed ahead and collided with something soft and squashy.

Queer what imagination will do, and how subservient it makes our senses. I couldn't see what it was I had run into; I could only feel it, and fear so dominated my sense of touch that it lost all power to recognize and identify. Not till I heard a voice did I cease to shudder. The voice said, "Well, who are you?"—and in a mad kind *(Continued on page 29)*



The flashlight revealed a beautiful vault tapering in the distance toward further enticements. I walked on, using up two more balls of cord

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

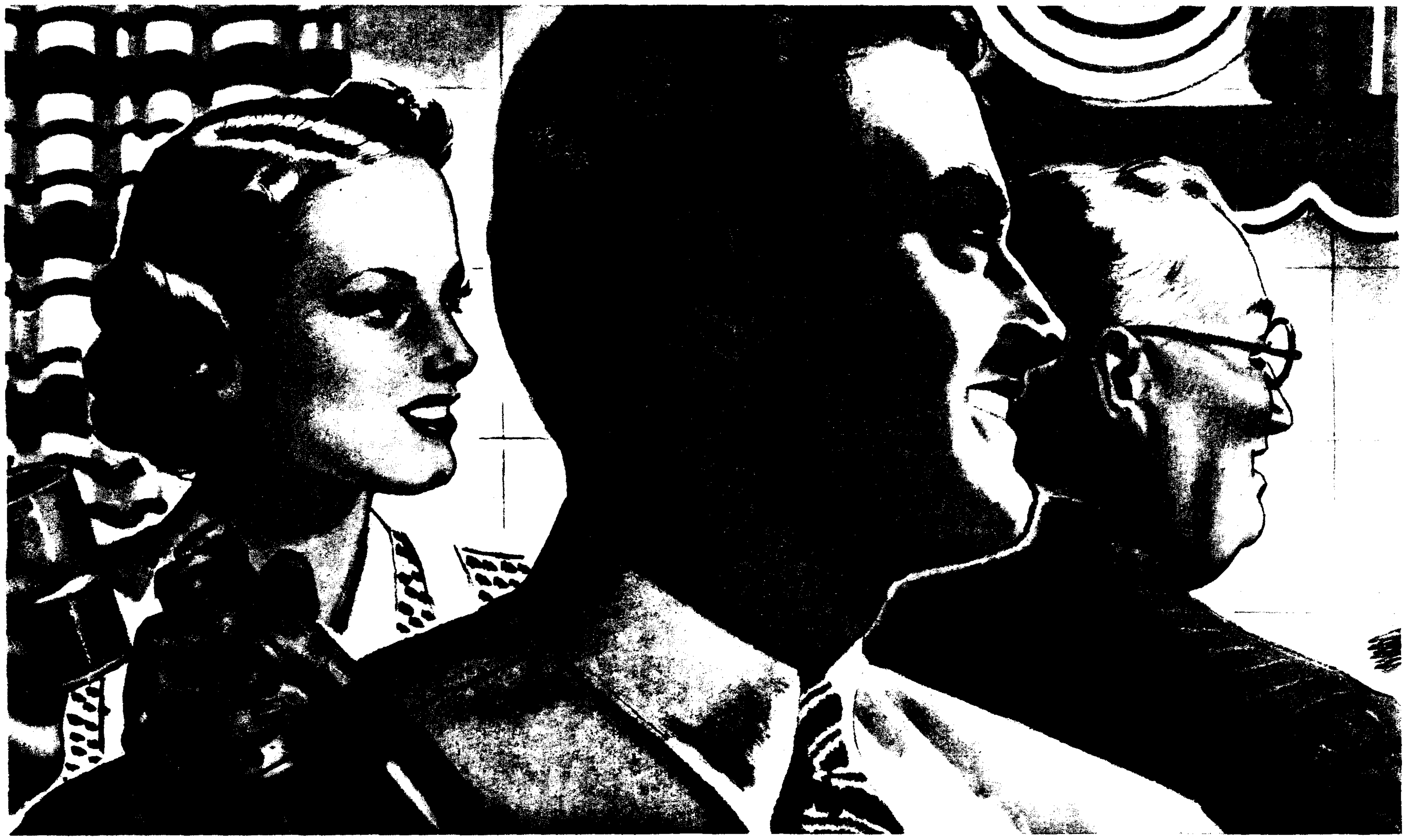
The Story Thus Far:

A YOUNG doctor, just beginning a practice in California, Dr. Andrew Lane can give his wife, Cornelia, and his small daughter, Jennifer-Jenny, only the barest necessities of life. By dint of rigid economy, however, Cornelia is able to put Jennifer in a private school, conducted by Miss Florabel Lee, once a movie star and still a close friend of David Morris, a noted producer.

In need of a school sequence for a picture in which Baby Kitty, a great child star, is to appear, Morris turns to Florabel and presently von Loben, his most brilliant director, is at work at The New-way, with a squad of cameramen. While selecting his cast, von Loben sees Jennifer who, far from being a beauty, is just a "plain" little person with no trace of distinction. "A poor child," he mutters. "Not much chance in life. Comes from nowhere. But is coming." And (to the amazement of Cornelia, who is present) he gives her a part!

Cornelia is beautiful and longs to become an actress. To her delight, the director asks her if she will play the role of a rich child's mother. She will. And she does—the "shooting" begins at once.

When Andy Lane comes home that evening, Jennifer gives him a joyous greeting. Then: "Mummy's a moving-picture actress, Daddy!" . . . Later, just before he drifts off to sleep, Andy—under no illusions concerning Hollywood—decides that, after all, there's no harm in Cornelia's playing the part; it will "get a lot out of her system."



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CORNELIA'S bright moment was short-lived. At the end of the second day, Fritz von Loben and his crew vanished with the same abruptness with which they had appeared. The school returned to such routine as was compatible with its modern theories and Cornelia sank back into the humdrum monotony of everyday living.

There wasn't a word of the picture until one afternoon, a few weeks before the end of school, Florabel called Cornelia to tell her that there would be a sneak preview that same evening in one of the suburbs. It was all a great secret, and even Florabel wouldn't know where it was until David's car called for her. She asked Cornelia and Andy to be her guests, and promised to stop by for them at eight o'clock. "Oh!" cried Cornelia, with her heart beating in her throat, "I can't believe it's actually going to be shown!"

Andy was almost as excited as she was. Neither of them ate any supper. It seemed an eternity before Florabel drove up for them.

The picture, a Baby Kitty vehicle, was a leisurely succession of songs and dances. Cornelia's agony of suspense grew to a point where she was picking at the arms of her seat. Maybe they hadn't even used the scenes they had made at the school. Maybe they had cut it all out, or, worse still, had cut her out. It was the chance of a lifetime and maybe it just wouldn't happen. . . . Then it suddenly did happen. They were in the school. . . . And there she was. . . . She felt sick and trembling inside, the way she had felt the first time she had had a part in the theater in Scranton. She had never seen herself before. She couldn't have stood like that! She couldn't have walked like that! . . . Andy's hand clutched hers, his fingers were cold. . . .

AND all of a sudden Jennifer was standing before them! She looked so lost and forlorn and pitiful. Cornelia had a sudden wave of homesickness to be with her and take her into her arms . . . and then she, Cornelia, was getting into the big car with the pretty rich child. She tapped on the window to tell the chauffeur something and the car started out of the picture. There was a brief moment when Jennifer stood looking after them, just wistfully looking, and holding a little doll by one leg as she sometimes did when she was tired of playing.

The rest of the picture was a meaningless blur. Andy kept a tight hold of her hand even after the lights went up. There was a lot of milling about in the lobby when they went out. Ushers distributed stamped postcards for audience comment. Andy took one, while Florabel dashed across the lobby to speak to David Morris.

"How did you think I was, Andy?" Cornelia asked.

He smiled. "I'll tell you later."

Florabel dropped them at their house. Cornelia dashed upstairs to Jennifer's room. Seeing her in the picture, seeing her in some strange way in which she had never visualized her before, had suddenly created a great longing within her for the child. Andy dawdled about downstairs before coming up. She was glad to have this moment alone by the crib.

As he was blubbering in the basin

later, she called in to him, "But really and very honestly, Andy, what did you think of me?"

Unintelligible gurgles were his only answer. She began to turn down her bed and came on a card on her pillow. It was one of the cards they had passed around in the lobby after the picture. She started to put it aside before she realized that Andy had filled it out.

DAVID MORRIS PRODUCTIONS
LAUGH BABY LAUGH
A BABY KITTY SPECIAL

Did you enjoy this picture?—*So-so.*

Would you recommend it to your friends?—*That would depend.*

Who did the best work in the picture?—*Cornelia Lane.*

Who was the best supporting actor or actress?—*Cornelia Lane.*

What suggestions occur to your mind after seeing this picture which might help David Morris Productions?—*I would suggest that Cornelia Lane be put under immediate contract at five thousand dollars a week and recognized as America's finest actress. She's tops with me.* Signed,
ANDREW LANE

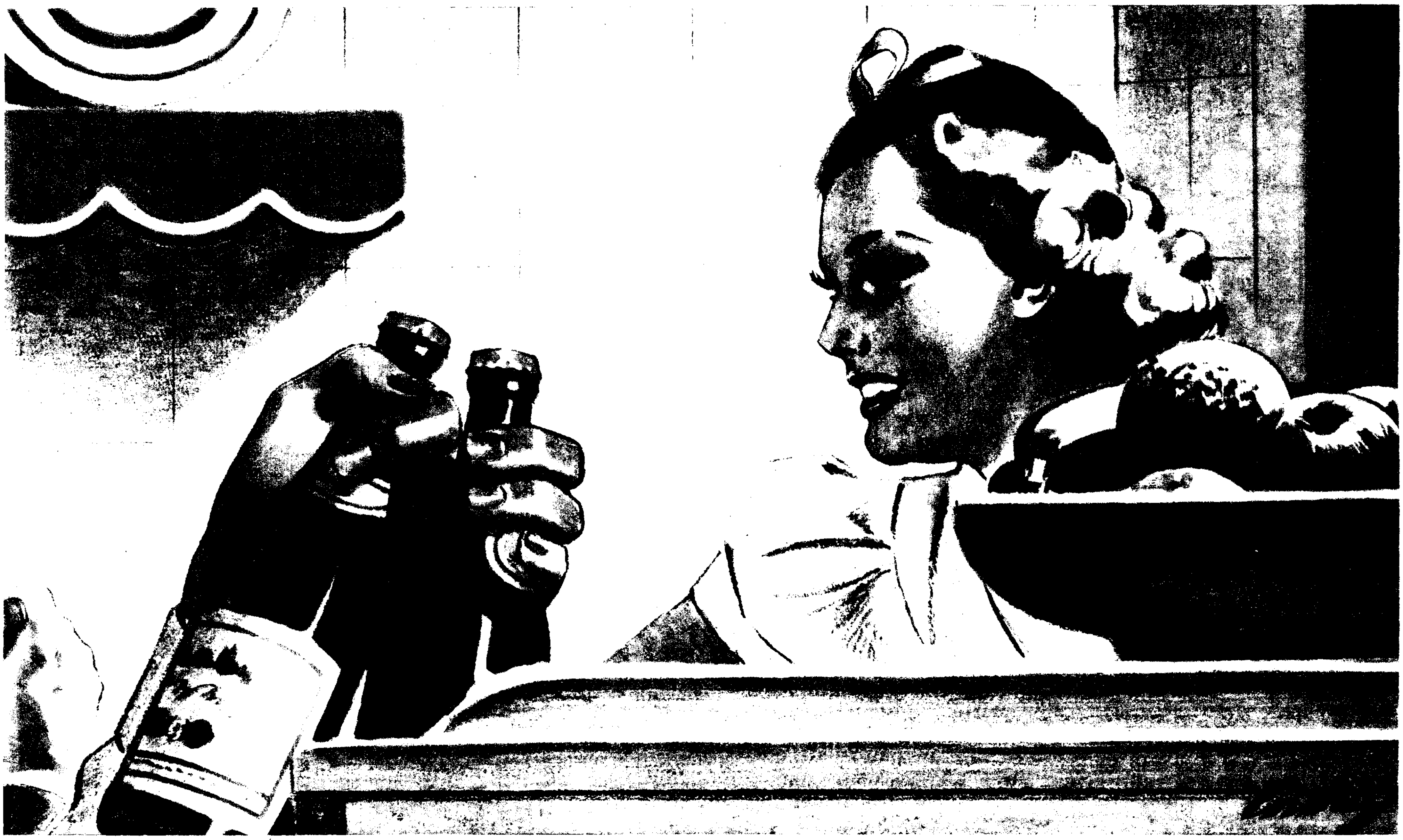
P. S.—*I love you, darling.*

There were tears in her eyes when she kissed him, and she thought that she would always remember this moment as the happiest of her life.

"You're kidding though, aren't you?" she asked him unsteadily.

"Not on your life I'm not. But I'll admit that when you're having an affair with a woman your point of view may be just a little biased."

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



"David!" she shrieked. "What on earth are you doing here?" "Cooking sauerkraut," said David, poking the quartered apple into the pot

The telephone rang the following morning, while they were at the breakfast table. Cornelia answered it.

"Hello? . . . Who?" She thought, for an instant, that she was going to faint. Then she was talking, her voice as quavery as a little girl's and her eyes as bright as stars. "Hello? Yes, this is Mrs. Lane. Yes, Mr. Morris. . . . Why, yes. . . . What? But I don't understand. . . . Oh. Yes. . . . Of course. . . . Yes, I will. Thank you. . . . Goodby. . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she put the telephone down on the table, and just stood there, staring straight ahead of her with the color draining out of her cheeks and her lips trembling a little.

Andy touched her arm. "What's wrong, dear, what is it?" he asked gently.

She turned slowly to look at him. Her eyes weren't like stars any longer—they were blank and stunned. Her lips moved. She had to wet them with her tongue before she could speak. She said, "It's Jennifer they want, not me."

THE David Morris Studios were a miniature city which lay on the outskirts of Los Angeles. It boasted its own post office, hospital and police department—a world within a world. Cornelia's heart thumped as the taxi—a necessary extravagance since it was Andy's day for the car—approached the elaborate Moorish gates which barred the entrance. The taxi came to a halt. An elderly man in a uniform approached them. Cornelia opened the window. "I'm Mrs. Lane," she explained. "I have an appointment to see Mr. Morris. Can you tell me how to get to him?"

He rummaged through the pocket of his coat and brought forth a slip of paper. He scanned it. "Mrs. Lane and daughter," he read aloud in a strangely deep and arresting voice. He looked at Jennifer and smiled. He was a very handsome old man, Cornelia discovered, although his eyes were a little watery and his speech very faintly blurred. "So you're the little girl in the picture?" he said. "Well, well, well!" He rummaged about in his pocket again and pulled out something which he surreptitiously slipped into her hand. "You can give it back to me when you go out," he whispered.

"Thank you," said Jennifer politely.

"It's the Administration Hall on the right," he addressed Cornelia, and passed them through the gate with a courtly bow.

"What was it he gave you?" Cornelia asked, as the taxi rolled on down a wide parklike thoroughfare, edged on either side with imposing buildings.

Jennifer unrolled her tight little fingers. It was a rabbit's foot.

"Throw it away," Cornelia ordered. "It looks full of germs."

"But the man wanted it back," Jennifer demurred, holding on to the charm.

Then they both forgot about the rabbit's foot, for a Mexican regiment filed past and, a few yards farther on, a chorus of toe-dancers poured from some dressing rooms and disappeared, chattering, around a corner. In another moment the taxi drew up before the Administration Hall.

THEY were on time. In the spacious reception room, a secretary said: "Mr. Morris can see you now, Mrs. Lane."

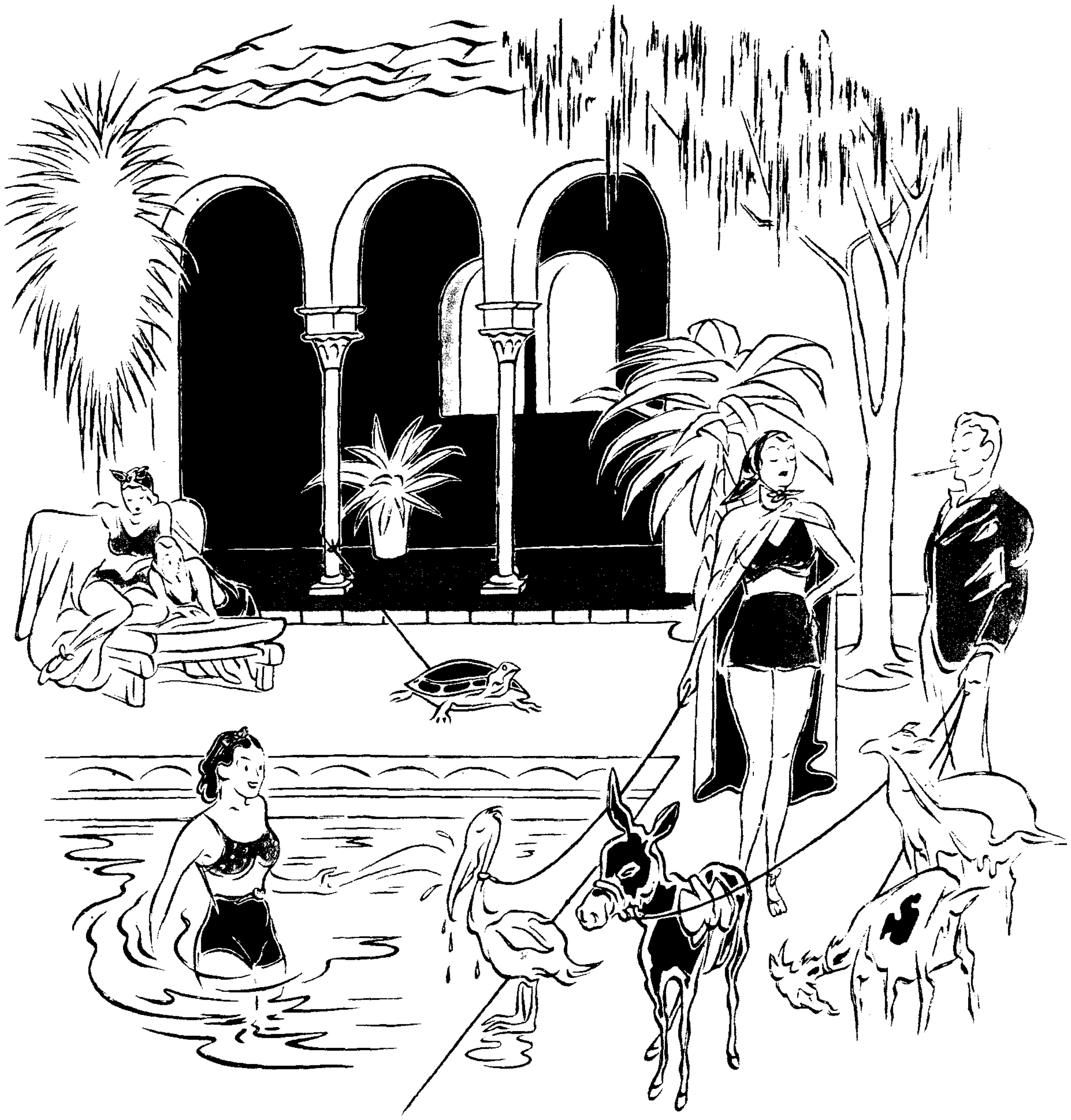
Cornelia thought she would never forget the walk across David Morris' office. It was endless. The room seemed as large as a theater and as unreal as a stage set.

"Mrs. Lane, please be seated." David Morris waved vaguely about him, and squared himself behind his desk—a squat, plumpish man, with shrewd kind eyes, and a large mole on his swarthy cheek. Cornelia waited for him to speak. He picked up an ivory elephant and toyed with it.

"Mrs. Lane," he said, "I'm going to put all the cards on the table. You saw the picture last night, and I guess you were surprised. So were we. Maybe not entirely surprised," he corrected himself. "We knew we had found something by the daily rushes, but we didn't know whether the audience would get it. Audiences are funny that way. They take a lot that's phony but they don't pass up much that's good."

Cornelia's head was swimming. What did he mean? Was he talking about Jennifer? Or about her? Or about both of them? Mother and child. It might be exactly that angle of it that was so different.

(Continued on page 40)



Collecting odd pets keeps Hollywood's stars happy and their managers busy

Star Straighteners

By Kyle Crichton

The management companies, wet nurses of the stars, work early and late pampering their charges and solving the ever-present problem of how to keep them from starving on a salary of $2,000 a week

THEY have something new in Hollywood and it's likely to throw you when you hear about it. Just get a load of this: It is three o'clock in the morning and a certain man gets a phone call from a certain movie star.

"Ralph," says this movie star, "what I want you to do for me is this . . . I want a Harz singing canary in an ivory-and-gold cage delivered to my apartment by five o'clock this morning."

"Now, wait," says Ralph, trying to get the sleep out of his eyes and the fuzziness out of his brain. "Are you sure you have to have a canary and are you sure it must be in an ivory-and-gold cage and are you sure you must have it two hours from now?"

"Yes," says the lady, for she is no other, "I must have all those things and no mistake."

Whereupon Ralph calls up an assistant of his named Jack Crosby and turns the task over to him and goes back to bed.

"Don't worry about what it costs," is all he says to Mr. Crosby before oblivion overtakes him.

Mr. Crosby on his part starts getting innocent bird-store men out of bed all over Los Angeles. Most of them say they have the canary but not the cage. At last he finds one who has both, but is in bed and doesn't intend to get out, movie star or no movie star.

"Now, wait," says Mr. Crosby, "this is something large, something extraordinarily large. This is no small matter. It doesn't make any difference if it costs $75 or $750, you have to get out of bed and you have to produce the canary singing very lustily in his little ivory-and-gold cage. I will send a car and chauffeur to your house and will return you home later in the best of shape. All you have to do is wake up the canary and talk to it a bit about the nice home it is going to have."

That stunt cost the star around $125 when it was all over, but she had her canary and cage at five o'clock. By this time you will be getting an inkling of what goes on in that dull place called Hollywood. The Ralph referred to in the narrative is Ralph Ring, who runs what is known as Hollywood Management, Inc. What he does for his clients is everything. Their lives become his responsibility. All they do is turn over their pay checks to Hollywood Management, Inc., and forget home, business or personal worries.

The plan arose out of a very real need. When a player who has previously been making $35 a week in a bit part on Broadway suddenly is catapulted into a Hollywood contract for $3,000 a week, he not only goes wacky but he literally finds it impossible to look after his business. He wakes up one morning to find that, despite the $3,000 a week, the sheriff is on his doorstep with a writ of foreclosure and the government has his passage to Leavenworth all arranged because of some difficulty with income taxes. It is then that such an agency as Hollywood Management, Inc., comes in. The idea seems to have originated with Rex Cole, who is still tops at it, but we cling to Hollywood Management, Inc., because it was there that we first had our eyes opened.

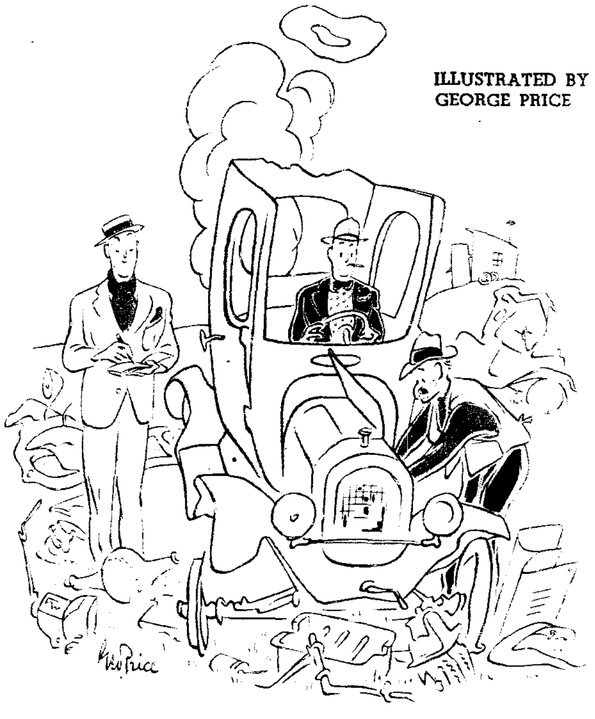
What opened them was a phone call from Mae West saying that what she wanted was a tall Japanese chauffeur who spoke good English and had a pleasant countenance. It must be understood that Hollywood Management, Inc., is not an employment agency. It is merely Miss West's personal representative for handling her affairs. If she wants a chauffeur or a cook, she gets it. If she wants a yacht, she gets it. If she wants to go over her budget and buy something that is not arranged for in her plan of management, she doesn't get it.

Binges Only within the Budget

"There's always a row when that first comes up," explained Mr. Crosby. "We work that thing out scientifically. . . . I'll show you the figures a bit later on. But it's done carefully and they promise to stick to it. But the first thing we know, they want to throw a party which will run them $400 over their weekly budget. We say no. They say, 'Well, it's a damned shame a man can't spend his own money,' but we have control of the money and we won't give it to them. They stalk around like Napoleon for a while but eventually cool down and it's all right after that. They want sympathy and we give it to them, but they also want a firm hand and they get that too. After all it's their money and we're protecting it for them. They soon get that idea."

When it comes to giving service to their clients and humoring them, the management boys will go to all lengths. The need becomes great just after a picture is completed. The players have been working on it for months and the end is such a relief that it calls for a binge. Such binges have been known to last for three weeks, starting in Beverly Hills and ending in Mexico City. They are characterized by an endless series of gags, thought up by people who should be doing something more important with their brains.

"We had a call one night," says Bill Ring, who is also in the firm, "for fifteen American Beauty roses. They were to be delivered to fifteen different persons simultaneously. That was bad enough but the worst was when our client said the roses had to have stems four feet long. If you'll go into the matter you'll find that stems three feet long are easy but four is almost impossible. By using twenty telephones and messenger boys, we finally made *(Continued on page 34)*



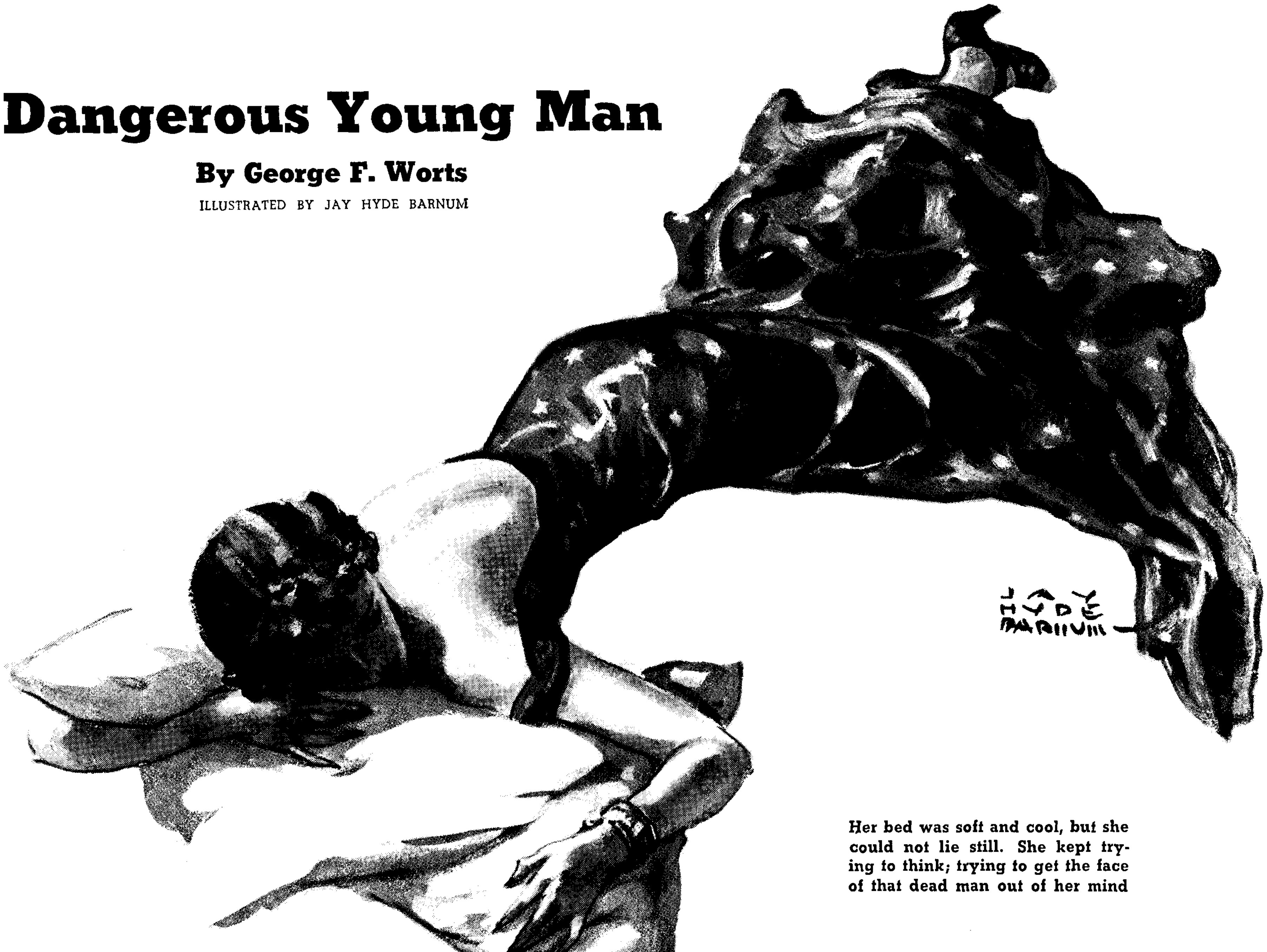
ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE PRICE

Getting a first-edition Model T was a bit of trouble—but the boys got it

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Her bed was soft and cool, but she could not lie still. She kept trying to think; trying to get the face of that dead man out of her mind

The Story Thus Far:

FRANKIE FIFE (alias Frank Merricka), Steve Tetlow, Roderico Hova and others need a girl, a "society girl," to assist them in their plot to blackmail Jane Griffin, a New York debutante. In Franziska Rilling (who is in debt and who has lost the man she loves, Roger Van Tyle, to Jane) they find someone who can be made to co-operate.

Young Peter Banyard, of Nevada, arrives in New York with one desire: To meet the girl who, flying East with him, has snubbed him. The girl's name is *Franziska Rilling!* Knowing nothing of her other than that she is beautiful, Peter consults a wise old valet, Oliver Hooper, who had once served his father. Oliver solves his problem, with ease; and a few evenings later (having "crashed" a party given in honor of Jane Griffin) Peter, following the old valet's advice carefully, actually dances with Franziska.

Each time he cuts in, however, the girl insults him; and after a time he realizes that she thinks he is someone else! Someone whom she hates.

A comfortable Park Avenue apartment, with Oliver as the major-domo, awaits Peter. But he does not leave the party. And when Jane Griffin and Franziska go out, hop in a taxicab and ride away, he follows them. For by this time he is beginning to suspect that Franziska and Jane are engaging in an adventure which may turn out disastrously for both of them.

He follows them to the apartment of Roderico Hova. There he finds three men, one armed with a camera, making frantic efforts to overcome a girl and take compromising pictures of her—blackmail pictures. The girl, struggling furiously, is Jane Griffin. A strong, clever boxer, Peter beats up the blackmailers and escorts the girl back to the party. . . .

Meanwhile, Franziska has not been idle. She has slipped away from Hova's apartment. Now, feeling fairly safe, she steals up to Frank Merricka's rooms, to report. Merricka is there—dead; he has been shot through the forehead! Horrified, Franziska walks down to a lower floor, takes an elevator and returns to the party.

Peter tries to dance with her. "You contemptible crook!" she whispers, and dances away with some other man. When she leaves, Peter again speaks to her. Her taxi starts. "Aren't you just too clever!" she exclaims—and leaves him.

III

WITH his hands clasped behind him, Oliver watched critically as Peter Banyard paced up and down the living room in those long, pantherish strides.

"Both of them said the same thing, Oliver. The Cuban said, 'Well, what are *you* doing here?' and the one with the camera said, 'Well, what the hell are *you* doing here?' I suspected it the second time I danced with her, and when she mentioned that apartment, I was sure."

"Just what was it, Mr. Banyard?"

"I asked her if we couldn't go somewhere and talk, and she said, 'Your apartment again?' Oliver, it's got to be someone who looks just like me. It's someone who looks enough like me to be my twin brother. He played a dirty trick on her once, and he's certainly in the blackmailing racket now. The Cuban proved that, didn't he? She called me a crook, didn't she? And she asked me what my game was this time. And the last thing she said was, 'Oh, you're just too clever, aren't you!' Just the way she said on the plane, 'Would you mind awfully pretending I don't exist?' "

Peter walked rapidly toward Oliver and stopped. "I couldn't have a twin brother, could I, Oliver?"

"How could you, Mr. Banyard, without knowing it?"

"No. But I don't know what to think. It isn't possible. At the same time, Dad has always been close-mouthed about my mother—about everything that happened in New York. It's a possibility, isn't it?"

Peter walked away, then turned back. His eyebrows were flattened. "No. No, of course it isn't. That's a wild idea. But who is it, Oliver?"

Oliver looked tired and worried. "You might wire your father, Mr. Banyard."

"Yes. I'll wire him. He'll think I'm crazy. But we'll see what he says. Then I'm going to the police about it. Somebody who looks exactly like me is working this extortion racket. I'm going to be in a sweet mess."

"Will you mention Miss Griffin, sir?"

"No. She naturally wants it kept quiet."

"Did she explain about her grandfather, Mr. Banyard?"

"She just said he'd throw a fit if he heard about it."

"It would be worse than that, sir. That must have been what they were working on. The old gentleman is very domineering. All the money Miss Griffin's father has is what the old gentleman gives him. It's a huge allowance, but it would be cut off instantly if a thing like this came to his notice."

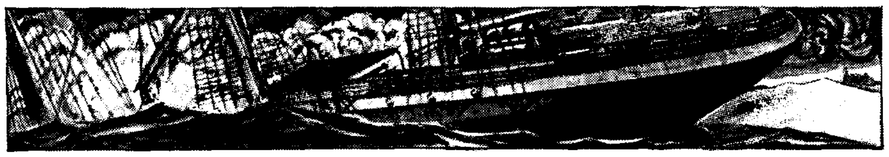
"WHAT is this gang, Oliver? It's certain that Tetlow is in it. And this fellow who looks so much like me that three people have mistaken me for him. And Franziska Rilling."

"I'd hesitate, Mr. Banyard, to jump at so many conclusions with so little actual evidence."

"Good lord, do you suppose I want to think so? But what else is there to assume? Is it the Brunetti gang?"

Oliver shook his head. "No, sir. Steve Tetlow broke away from the Brunetti gang over a year ago, after the Courtenay jewel robbery. He may have organized a new gang. Two of your assumptions don't dovetail, if you'll

(Continued on page 43)

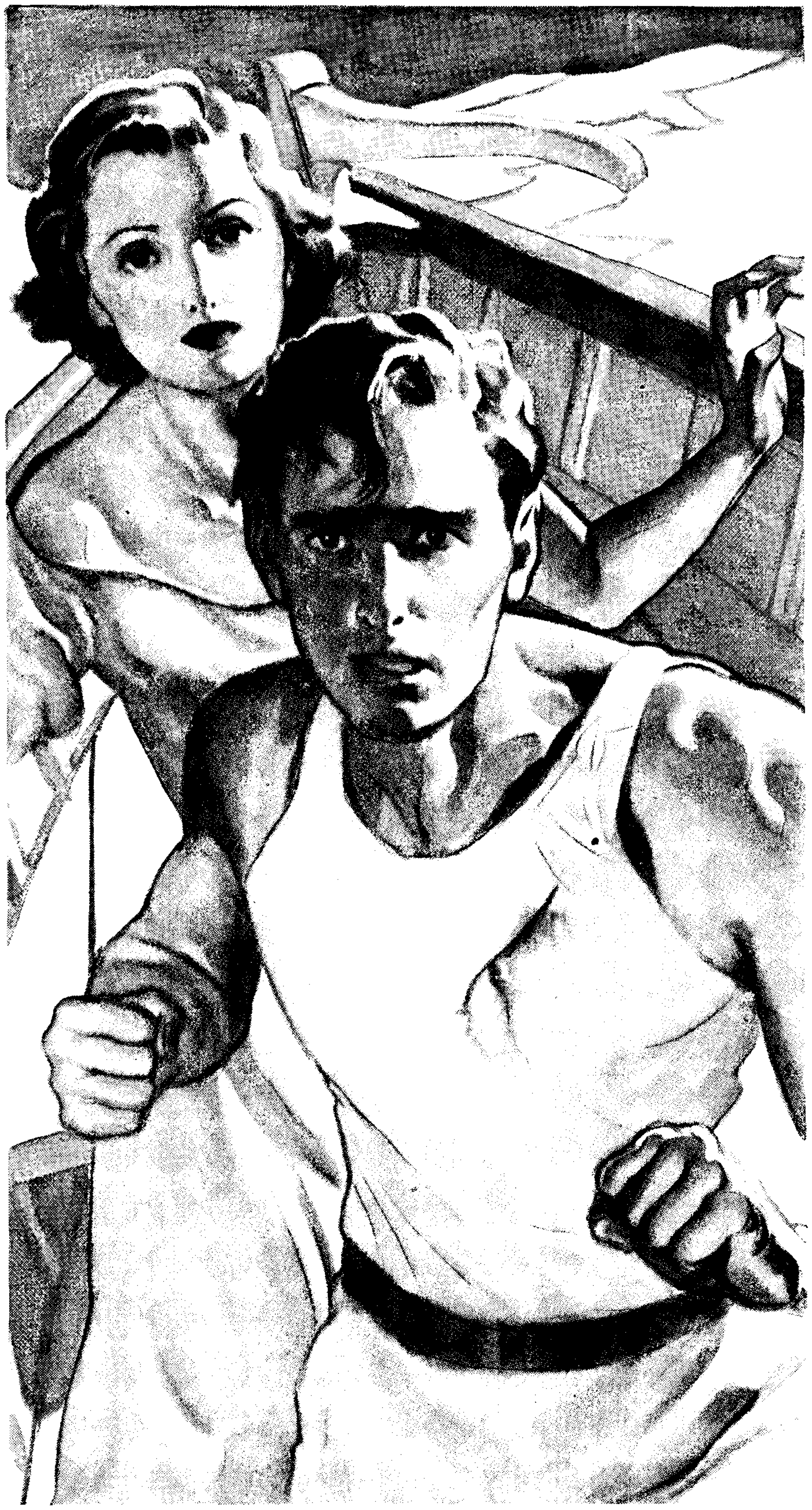


Burden of Command

By Jacland Marmur

An open boat on the China Sea, with little food and less water—and the landfall three hundred miles away. The story of those three hundred miles, and the lesson they taught

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



The next fellow came on with a loud hissing of his breath. Harry's fist smashed against his chin. The impact was all that saved him

THE bark Natuna had a clean-throated bell. Young Harry Gardinet, the second mate, loved the sound of it tonguing the half hours with its rich, clear peal.

Its sound was well known in the odd little harbors of the East and all the crooked river mouths where the Natuna went on the hunt for gambier, pepper, gutta-percha and bêche-de-mer. And Harry heard it on that night, faintly, as he lay in his bunk under the poop. It was the last thing he remembered with any great degree of clarity for some time. It rang out twice with that quick, characteristic double stroke.

HALF asleep, Harry's lips smiled with subconscious pleasure. Five o'clock in the morning already! An hour of his watch below gone, yarning by the mizzen shrouds with the mate. He didn't begrudge it, though. The loss of one hour's shut-eye out of four is a joke when you're Harry Gardinet's age. Life was a grand gay lark, and there was fun in every harbor. . . .

So he heard that pealing double stroke of the bark Natuna's bell. And then he fell asleep at once.

When the explosion jarred him brutally awake, he hadn't any notion what it was. It happened in an instant, with a shuddering, sickening roar, and he simply leaped into white duck trousers and singlet. But as he flew up the ladder to the poop, he thought: "There's something for you. The damned coal's gone up!" He was right. It had. "And there's the Rajah of Sibu's gunpowder, too!"

The main deck was a welter of men and wreckage. The Natuna was already down by the head. It was a deathblow: you didn't have to sound any wells to know it. Harry Gardinet spotted Captain Buntner—a big, heavy man with a square-cut beard—and went for him, because that's where he belonged. But he saw Jessica Baldwin, the Natuna's only cabin passenger, starting down the ladder.

"Here, you fool!" he shouted at her. "Stay aft! Don't move!"

That was the last thing he could recall definitely. Until he found himself in the open quarter-boat on a lumping sea that was still untouched by the faint gray twilight dawn beginning to stain the eastern sky. Of course, he did many things in between. But they were hurried actions of a reflex nature, performed without thought or memory. There was very little time. He never did remember, for instance, actually tending the davits. And still, as he sat in the stern sheets now, he felt no depression whatever. On the contrary, a feeling of elation kept bubbling somewhere deep within him. . . . Here's something for you, it seemed to murmur slyly to his youth. Here's a chance to show you what you've got. To test your strength. It doesn't happen every day, you know, or to every chap who ships to sea. This is the real thing, Harry! What do you say? . . . That's what seemed to pass lightly across his untroubled mind. And it didn't bother him at all. That was plain, for a boyish grin, almost of pleasure, seemed to be trembling at the corners of his wide mouth. That was because he was a youngster, in spite of his twenty-odd years, on his first voyage as a ship's officer. And then, too, subconsciously he realized the burden wasn't his. He was in the mate's boat; and there was the skipper, fairly close at hand, bobbing up and down in the longboat to the lift and sag of a heavy swell. He looked about him now, quite calmly. It was a scene he couldn't ever forget.

THE bark Natuna, almost broken in two, burned with a fierce and crackling fury. The flames seemed to issue from the very lip of the sea, and every now and again she sent great jets and spouts of sparks flinging skyward: a magnificent and terrible spectacle.

Miraculously, her mizzenmast still stood. Her poop, consumed in flames, tipped to a steeper angle. And presently, with a furious hissing, she slipped slowly downward as through a thin slit in the sea. That one masthead remained visible for an instant, a mutely pointing finger. Then it, too, disappeared, and there was nothing left but blackened wreckage floating carelessly on a wine-dark sea with the noise of the ocean suddenly very loud and very close.

Harry Gardinet remained very quiet in the stern sheets of the quarter-boat, fascinated by the tip of a spar that kept bobbing in and out of the sea's surface as if it meant to call his attention to something of great importance which he mustn't overlook. But that thin, sly little voice inside of him was still there. . . . You're young and full-blooded, Harry, it seemed to be saying now: and it's really none of your affair. The mate's in charge, you know. You just sit tight. Ain't a thing in the world can touch you. Not with your strength. This is fine, Harry. Fine! . . . He grinned.

"Mr. Gardinet!"

Harry looked up quickly at the master's melancholy hail. The captain's boat had come up, under oars. "Aye, sir!" Harry answered across a heaving strip of sea.

"You are in charge of that boat, Mr. Gardinet." Captain Buntner's voice carried with a remarkable sonorous quality.

Harry grinned broadly at once and shook his head. Why, that was silly. "Beg pardon, sir," he called back. "This is Mr. Lefner's boat. The mate—"

"The mate," Captain Buntner interrupted stolidly, "is dead."

(Continued on page 50)

GEORGIA KANGAROO

By Weems O. Baskin, Jr.

Did you ever see an airplane "hedge-hopping?" That's the impression you get when you see Spec Towns soaring over the high hurdles. His coach tells you here how Towns set a world's record

IT WAS [illegible] 1934, when a [illegible] split pretty well up to the wishbone, came out for practice with the freshman track team at the University of Georgia. His name was Forrest Towns, he came from Fitzgerald, Georgia, by way of Richmond Academy at Augusta, and he was called Spec because he was so freckled he looked as if he had been sprinkled with gingersnaps. He told me he was a high jumper and had done six feet in the rain at prep school. I looked at his legs and thought about hurdling. Apparently Spec had heard little or nothing about hurdling, and cared even less. So I gave him a pair of spiked shoes and told him to put them on and we'd have a shot at the sticks.

Spec didn't like the spiked shoes. It seemed he had always jumped in tennis sneakers. We had quite a time getting him into the new footgear, and then I explained the general idea of the high hurdles and told him to go to it.

Spec went to it. And he hit the third [illegible] took one of the nastiest falls [illegible] saw.

Now, whether you know it or not, that frequently is plenty, for a greenhorn. A sprawling, scraping spill on the cinders—well, it's rough. And Spec had said he didn't want to be a hurdler, and I had gone ahead and sold myself on his legs. So I was picking cinders out of him and feeling sorry about it all when he spoke up.

"Coach," he said, "how about trying that again?"

Right there I had a hunch that this kid would be a hurdler.

Sometimes a hunch pans out. This was one. Inside two years and a half this speckled country boy came from nowhere and a sprawling fall on the cinders to the collegiate record over the high hurdles, and the Olympic record, and the world record, all at 14.1. That broke the mark Percy Beard had set in 1931 in the National A. A. U. championships at Lincoln—the mark of 14.2 that had stood up five years. And at Oslo, Norway, following the last Olympic Games, he was clocked in 13.7, a mark that will come up for consideration at the next meeting of the International Committee, in a year or so.

All boys, at some time in their kid days, do a lot of running and jumping. Some of them keep on with it. Spec is one of the latter.

And Spec Towns is still in there running. He's got another track season at Georgia, and another season of football—he's a darned good end. And I've another hunch that his fastest trip over the sticks is still ahead of him. Since last season he's had his appendix and a couple of front teeth yanked, and he's bigger than ever, and maybe better.

On second thought that sounds rather goofy—that part about being better. You see, in 1936, as a two-year-old, you might say, Spec Towns, in regular competition, tied or beat the previous world record of 14.2 fifteen times. He did the 120-yard hurdles, or the 110-meter hurdles—the latter flight being ten inches farther—seven times, in his own record time of 14.1, and then there was that incredible flight at 13.7 at Norway.

Back in 1898 a track miracle named Alvin C. Kraenzlein, wearing the Red and Blue of Pennsylvania, ran the 120-yard hurdles in 15.2, which was set down as 15⅕ in those simple days, before they began splitting seconds into tenths.

No one ever beat Kraenzlein in his career; and his record did last a decade. Then in 1908 Forrest Smithson of the University of Washington cut the mark to 15 flat. And that stood up eight years, when a lad named Bob Simpson of Missouri sliced two fifths, or four tenths, of a second off the record and set it at 14.6.

Simpson's performance was at the World's Fair in San Francisco, and there was a younger hurdler in that meet named Earl Thomson, of Dartmouth, who picked up a tip from the Simpson arm action, and in 1920, at Franklin Field, ran a flight in 14.4.

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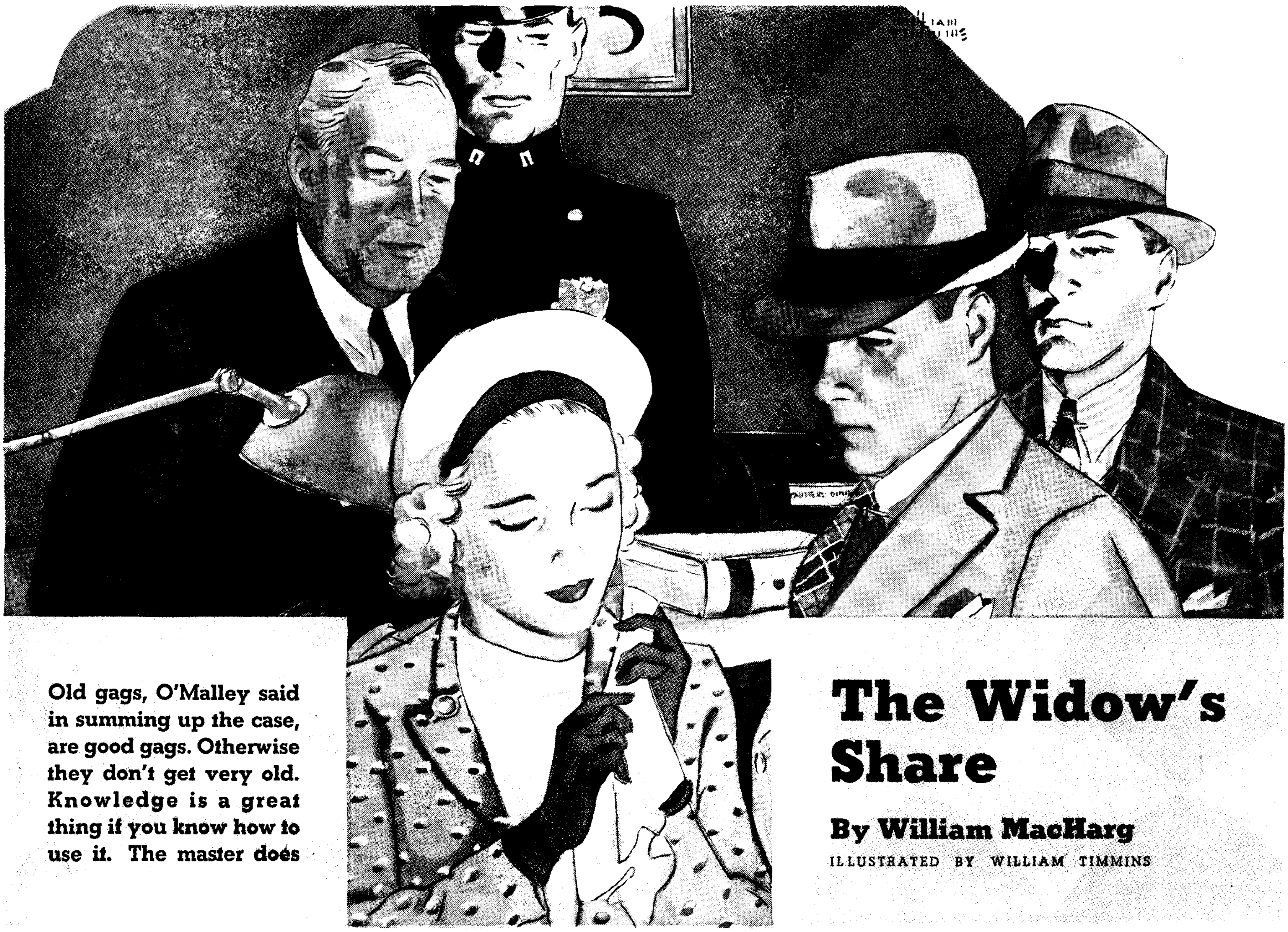


Old gags, O'Malley said in summing up the case, are good gags. Otherwise they don't get very old. Knowledge is a great thing if you know how to use it. The master does

The Widow's Share

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM TIMMINS

"This is tough luck," O'Malley told her. "When a woman marries an officer," she said, "she knows this might happen"

"A COP got murdered," O'Malley said. "Well, he wasn't exactly a cop—he was a special officer, but they hadn't ought to kill no kind of policeman. This was a pay-roll stickup. Four guys come to a factory where they manufacture clothing. The people in the office was making up the pay roll and the four guys held 'em up and got twelve thousand dollars, and then they shot the cop."

"What kind of cop?" I asked.

"He was from a detective agency. Well, I don't like to look at no dead policemen, but I got to look at this one."

We went and looked at him. His name was Carmel. He was a decent-seeming young man and they had put three bullets in him. His wife was there. She was a small and quite beautiful woman and I was extremely sorry for her.

"This is tough luck," O'Malley told her sympathetically.

She cried a little. "When a woman marries an officer," she said, "she knows this might happen, but now that it really has happened I find that I wasn't prepared for it."

"Sure, a cop takes that chance. . . . That's a swell lady," he remarked to me when we had left her. "When that dead guy married her he got something."

I agreed with him.

"How was this holdup done?" I asked him.

"I don't know only what I heard about it. The cop come over from the agency, the way he always did on paydays. The factory office is on the second floor. The guys from the armored car brought the money up to the office and the paymaster locked the cage door and him and the bookkeeper and two girls begun putting the money in the envelopes, and the cop stood outside the door. Then two guys come up the stairs and asked to see the paymaster, and the cop told 'em they'd have to wait. Then another guy come up the back stairs and stuck a gun in the cop's back and took the cop's gun away from him and kept guard of him, and the first two guys pried open the cage door and held 'em up and put the pay roll in some brief cases they carried. Then they shot the cop and run down the stairs and got away in a car where another guy was waiting for them. They can't give us no good descriptions of the four holdups."

"Didn't anybody see the car?"

"Sure, some people got the number of the car but it might not help us any."

"Those holdups seem to have known a lot about that factory."

"Sure, they knew all about it. They asked for the paymaster by name, and they knew when the money would be there, and they knew about the back stairs and where the cop stood."

I THOUGHT it over. "It sounds like an inside job," I decided. "As though someone who worked in the factory must have given them all that information."

"You're good—except you are a little late. They pinched the bookkeeper."

They had the bookkeeper at the station house. He was a thin, pale young man, twenty-six years old, and he looked frightened. His name was Neland.

"What part of them twelve thousand was you to get, boy?" O'Malley asked him.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yeah, sure you do. We found out all about you. You asked 'em to raise your pay because you wanted to get married and they told you they couldn't do it. So you looked round to try to get another job but you couldn't get one—so then the place got held up."

"It's true about wanting to get married and not getting a raise but I don't know anything about the holdup."

"Boy, you ain't fooling nobody. You think you'll keep your mouth shut and them guys will see you get your money, and will get a lawyer for you and give you what help they can. I'll tell you something: Them guys ain't even thinking about you. They'll give you nothing. The only one that can help you is yourself, and the only way you can help yourself is by telling who they are."

"I tell you I don't know a thing about it."

When we came out from talking with the bookkeeper, a girl about nineteen years old was talking with the desk lieutenant. She would have been pretty if she hadn't been crying so much.

"Who's this lady?" O'Malley asked.

"This is the dame that guy we got inside there was going to marry. Her name is Derin. Well, there won't be any marrying now."

"What do you know about this holdup, sister?" O'Malley asked her.

"I don't know anything about it."

"I think you do. It'll make it a lot easier for him and you if you tell us all about it. You tell him that."

"They found that car," the desk officer informed us. "It was in the Bronx. They got it at the police garage."

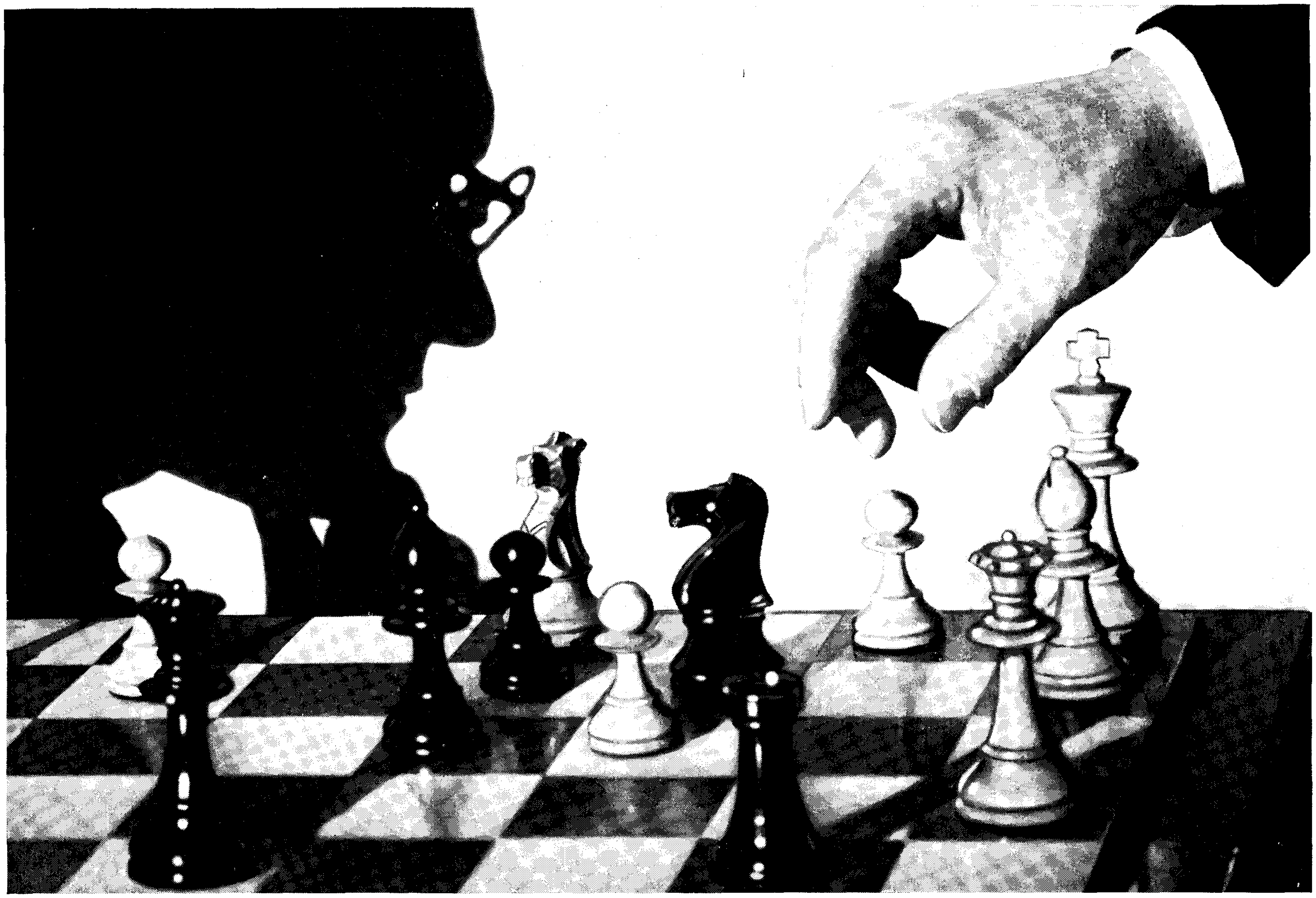
WE WENT and looked at the car. It didn't tell us anything. It had been stolen just before the holdup and had been abandoned right afterward. There weren't any fingerprints. The empty pay envelopes had been left scattered in the car. There were no prints on those.

"What do you think about it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Why, I don't see no thinking to be done. We got this case right. Only the people in the office knew what time the pay roll would be there. The two girls have been looked up and they are in the clear, and the bookkeeper had a motive. When we've kept him locked up a while he'll talk. Or else his girl will. I guess I'll see a lot of picture shows while I'm supposed to be working on this case, but right now I got to write out a report, so I got to see that factory."

We went to the factory. It was easy to see how the holdup had been done. We talked with the paymaster, whose name was Kittleman. He was still excited about the holdup and he acted it all out for us. He made the two girls take the places in the office where they had been, and he showed where he himself had been, and then he went and was the bookkeeper. Then he went out in the hall and was the cop. Then he was the

(*Continued on page 48*)



Foresight Wins

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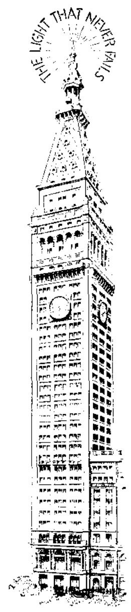
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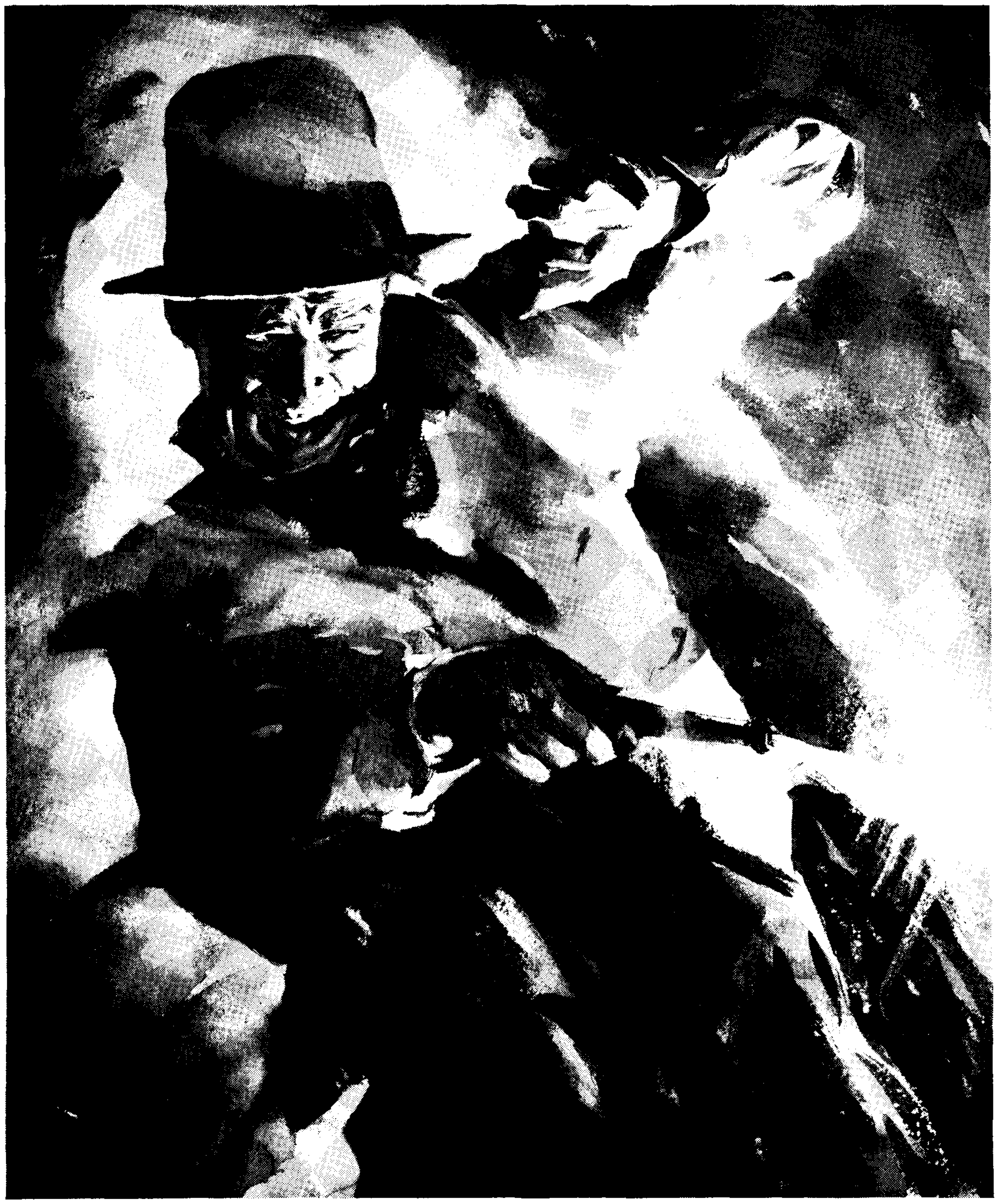

The man was standing on the dynamite itself, sprinkling about him with a slender line of hose

Man with a Future

By Alan LeMay

THE last man to run was the company doctor—not because he was any braver than the rest, but because he was a terrific sleeper. He did not hear the shouts of fire, nor the bosses' bellowing, nor the stampeding of the four hundred men. He would have slept through it all, perhaps on into eternity itself, if a muleskinner named Bill something had not come back to wake him up.

Once awake, the good doctor made excellent time up the mountain. He ran with a sort of cool fervor, calculating as he ran just how far and fast he would have to climb to escape being assisted by the coming dynamite blast. He finally collapsed behind a forty-ton block of granite about a quarter mile above the camp, blowing magnificently.

As soon as he could breathe without seeing stars he crawled to the corner of his granite block and looked back. The night was a black one, and nowhere blacker than in the deep cut of Cinnabar Gulch. In that blackness the long, racing arms of the brush fire ran like rivers of the purest red-gold light.

Luckily, the brush grew only in the bottom of the gulch; the high-piled black rock on the mountainside was bare. The danger derived from the four tons of dynamite which, by an act of utter folly, was stacked under a tarpaulin at the upper end of the camp. Dynamite in that quantity is supposed to be stored with the utmost care, but this time, through a slight error, it had been hauled in before the storehouse was dug.

The doctor seriously considered climbing higher, but little time was left for climbing. The gulch was drawing the fire up it like a chimney. As he watched, the first tents caught and went up in flames, burning nicely. The flanking arms of the fire had reached the full length of the partly cleared camp. Already they were on either side of that insanely placed dynamite. He could see the square block of dynamite cases plainly, its tarpaulin-covered sides gleaming clear-cut in the golden light.

Right then the doctor made a sudden strangling noise, and his chin hit his knees, and his eyes popped; for he saw the man.

The man was standing on the dynamite itself, sprinkling about him with a slender line of hose from the water tank.

Even at that distance there was no mistaking the immensely long stilt legs, and the awkward, lurching stride of that fellow stepping around on top of the dynamite cases. It was the muleskinner named Bill.

THE doctor's voice burst out of him in a hysterical, futile shout. "Bill! For God's sake—"

He stopped shouting. The brush fire was booming and roaring like the surf of a sea in hell; Bill could not have heard if the doctor had been shouting in his ear.

But now a pair of hands grabbed the doctor, startling him so that he almost fell off the mountain. "What is it? What's the matter?"

The number-two refugee behind the granite block was a girl. Her name was Caroline Schultz, and she was the daughter of one of the hard-rock bosses.

"There's a man down there!" the doctor gabbled. "Some blockhead is trying to save the dynamite!"

She crowded close to look around the rock. He saw her mouth twist open as if she were going to scream, except that she did not. Then the doctor made a wild snatch and caught her wrist just as she dodged around him.

"You can't go down there!" He braced against the rock, and pulled.

"Let me go!" the girl whimpered. "I've got to get him out of there!"

"Not a chance! That stuff lets go any second now!"

She gave up then, beginning to cry, and he let her look down at the camp again. The smoke was rolling over Bill in heavy waves, but they could see that he was still on his feet. Sometimes they could see the red flash of the water he threw.

The girl subsided into the doctor's arms. She said, "It's my fault. He wouldn't be down there, except for me. He's followed me everywhere I've been for the last two years."

The doctor pulled the girl down behind the rock. They sat there, then, and waited. They waited a long time.

Strangely, nothing happened. And when at last they looked again they saw that the worst of the fire had swept on up the gulch. A big piece of burning brush whisked upward on a puff of breeze and tumbled to rest upon the dynamite. They saw Bill take two long lazy strides and kick it away. Then they stopped breathing again. Nonchalantly, casually, Bill was stamping out the sparks! The big, swinging wallops of his high-heeled boots looked as if he were determined to blow up, even yet.

NOW a few of the tougher of the hard-rock men were moving back in, running clumsily through the hot ashes in their heavy boots. Some of them joined Bill on top of the dynamite, and made him stop that stamping around. In another five minutes they had a bucket brigade going, damping out the edges of the tarpaulin where it had dried and begun smoldering in the heat. Presently, when the girl started down the mountain again, the doctor let her go.

The doctor followed, more slowly. A dazed, flabbergasted, but admiring crowd was banked around Bill. Caroline was in Bill's arms, crying on his scorched shirt, and hanging onto him as if she would never let him go.

The doctor pried her loose, however. A couple of the cook tents were still standing, and the doctor dragged Bill into one of these, laid him out on a table and began smearing him with lard.

He was thinking sentimentally that Bill had a future yet. A man with Bill's courage, and the devotion of a girl like Caroline, would surely—

"If I'd 'a' knowed it was fixing to get so hot," Bill said, "I wouldn't've stayed. I never been so discommoded in my life."

"You're sure the hero around here now," the doctor told him.

"I oughta be," Bill agreed. "The whole darn' camp would shore be going hongry if it wasn't for me. That pile of grub would have gone up like tishy paper. You realize it takes four days to haul grub from—"

"Grub? What grub?"

"That pile of grub under the tarpaulin."

The doctor stood back and looked at him. "Bill," said the doctor, "don't you ever breathe this to a living soul. You just sit back and take the credit as it comes. But there wasn't any grub under that tarpaulin, Bill."

"Huh?"

"That's a stack of dynamite cases, and—"

There was a faint bleat, and the doctor's voice trailed off. The hero of Cinnabar Gulch had fainted cold.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

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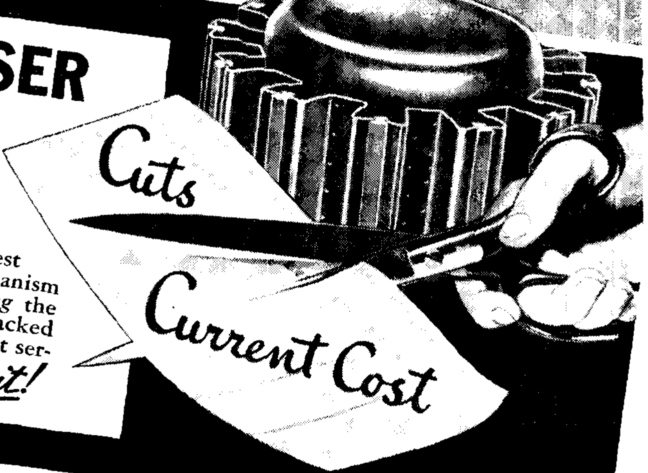

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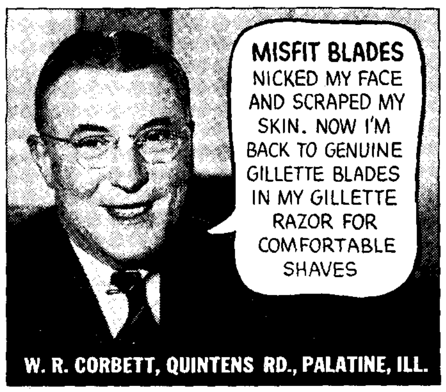
"Misfit Blades Nicked My Face Scraped My Skin

—says Illinois man

Now I'm back to Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor."


MISFIT BLADES NICKED MY FACE AND SCRAPED MY SKIN. NOW I'M BACK TO GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR FOR COMFORTABLE SHAVES

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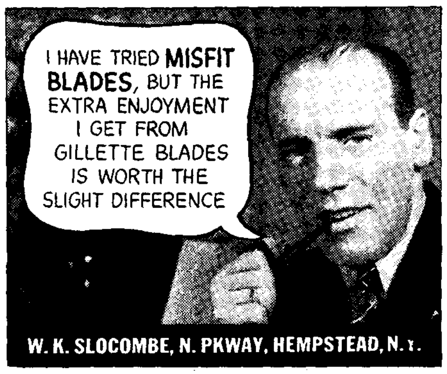
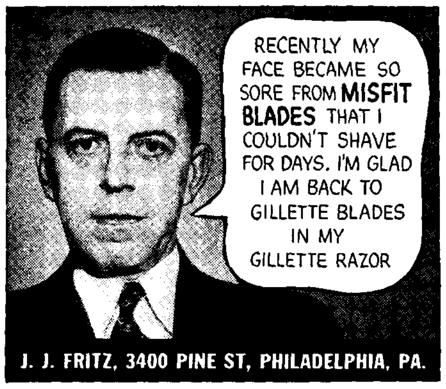

I HAVE TRIED MISFIT BLADES, BUT THE EXTRA ENJOYMENT I GET FROM GILLETTE BLADES IS WORTH THE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

W. K. SLOCOMBE, N. PKWAY, HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.


RECENTLY MY FACE BECAME SO SORE FROM MISFIT BLADES THAT I COULDN'T SHAVE FOR DAYS. I'M GLAD I AM BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR

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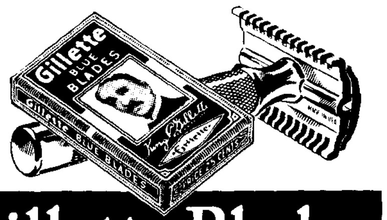


Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

The Infernal Twins

Continued from page 13

Always they have sought checks and counterchecks to the despot, or even to the concentration of power. Indeed, the division of power has been carried to the logical extreme in the American Constitution, often beyond the point of convenience, and broad gulfs have been deliberately created between the Executive, the Legislature and the Judiciary.

The next resemblance is the conception of a totalitarian state where no one is allowed to differ from or criticize the bosses who have collared the machine guns and the radio. Think of it! No one in Germany, in Russia or in Italy is allowed to say: "This is unfair. This is untrue. That is not right. This is cruel. That is evidently stupid." To utter such comments, even in your own home, is to run the risk of betrayal and severe punishment.

Betrayal opens up a new field. The child betrays its parent; the wife's lover betrays the husband, adding civic injury to sexual insult. The genial and engaging acquaintance turns out to be a police spy drawing you out and writing it all down afterward to your undoing. The business rival, the other local greengrocer or garage owner has the pull with the powers that be, is very punctual at the parades, and gradually lets it be known that he is doubtful whether you really think that Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin, as the case may be, is the finest thing ever seen on earth. Not only the police, but overgrown, hobbledehoy schoolboys will beat up the man of learning and letters, flog the professor or the philosopher, drag the suspect—and very often his family too—to the concentration camp and crush the life out of him with cold, hunger, toil and a hateful kind of drill-sergeantism.

And all merely for criticizing the government! There is no freedom where governments cannot be criticized, and no government that is not criticized is ever healthy or clean or capable of progress. Even with the most fierce criticism governments tend to imagine themselves the masters instead of the servants of the people.

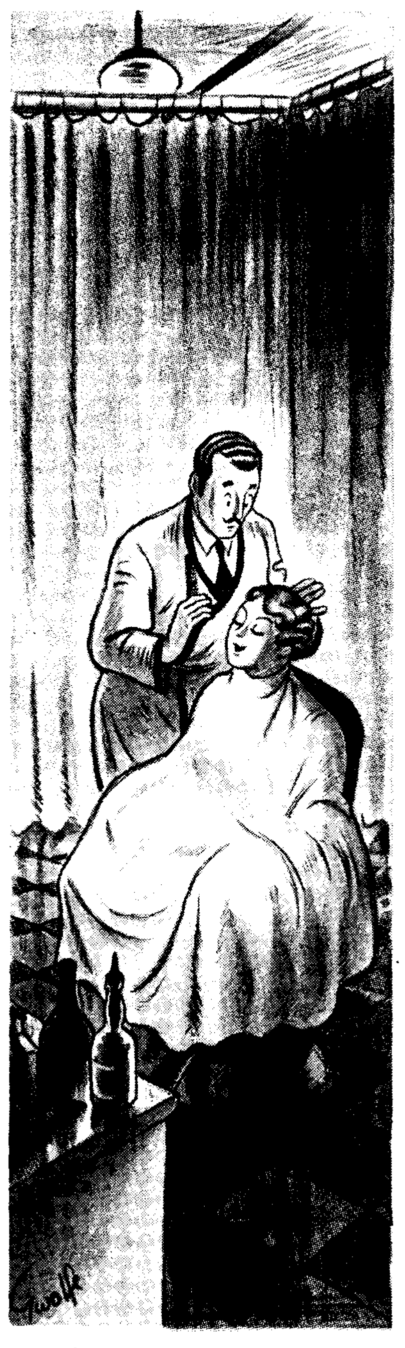
Criticism Makes Good Government

Imagine the state of Society which emerges from this eavesdropping, spying and private treachery! Every word has to be calculated, every thought is guarded at its inception. No one dare confide even in his most trusted friend.

What a contrast when we turn to the great democracies! In Britain, as I write this article, Parliament is discussing a proposal, embodied in a Government Bill, to pay to the Leader of the Opposition an annual salary of two thousand pounds—nearly ten thousand dollars. It is being supported, from the Ministerial side of the House of Commons, on the ground that the Leader of the Opposition has important and exacting duties to perform, and that he should be placed in a position of financial independence, so that he can devote his whole time to them. And what are these duties? Primarily to criticize every measure which the Government brings forward, every administrative act which appears open to question, and, all the time, to work to bring about the defeat of the Ministry at the polls when the next General Election takes place.

It is not only in Fascist and Communist states that this may seem Gilbertian fantasy. But the most serious doubt expressed regarding the proposal is that it may in some way limit or curtail the freedom and independence of the gentleman who is thus to be paid from public funds. In both sides of this discussion we may see the high value that is placed on criticism and reasoned opposition as elements in government. In dictator countries words are feared.

Such contrasts may be multiplied endlessly from the records of the despotisms and democracies. One more will suffice for the moment. In the United States we see the Supreme Court guarding the edifice of the Constitution, interpreting the fundamental law of the Great Republic according to the conscience of its members, without regard to the convenience, the exhortations, or the threats of the President and his colleagues and supporters. And although new blood may be introduced, although the Supreme Court of tomorrow may allow a greater flexibility to the Constitution, it is still upon legal grounds, with a full sense of judicial responsibility, and in the spirit of the oath that its members have taken, that its judgments will be given. But when we turn to the series of State trials which has taken place in Moscow, we see the judicial function degraded and perverted to an instrument of terror. There are no Judges, independent of the Government, doing equal justice between man and man, or between the State and the citizen. There are only Agents of the Executive, decked with comical juristic trappings.



"And I think your hair is lovely, too, Pierre!"

GEORGE WOLFE

These new religions and new principles of statecraft are, indeed, but old barbarism writ large and armed with high explosives and poison gas.

The great theories of government which the British race devised and which the English-speaking peoples have adopted, closely associated as they are with the system of Christian ethics, are the foundation upon which civilization stands and without which it will fall. The British and French democracies, standing together in these days of danger, have nothing in common with either Nazi-ism or Bolshevism. The people of the United States have nothing in common with them either. For good or for ill we dwell in a different atmosphere. We have been reared in it. We are habituated to the parliamentary system. We believe in government by assemblies freely elected and by public opinion freely formed and freely expressed. We believe that it is the duty of the State to guard the rights of individuals. We hold that the State exists to give full expression to the family and the cottage home. We are the opponents of totalitarian tyranny in all its forms.

Treasures That Should Be Valued

With all the many shortcomings, evils, abuses and shams in our present policy, we can claim first that it has produced a greater measure of material well-being for the people, man for man, household for household, than can be shown elsewhere. As the families gather round the fireside they see not only the glow of comfort but the gleams of freedom and hope. Secondly, with all its faults, our capitalist parliamentary system carries within itself the faculty for almost unlimited self-improvement. We should value these treasures, true glories I call them, as we do our lives, and there should be no sacrifice we would not make, and no lengths to which we would not go, conformable with honor and justice, to hand them on unmutilated, unsmirched to our children.

Is not our cause, "The Better Way," worthy to be defended? Does not our system of free democracy embodying the law, the wit and wisdom of a thousand years, claim allegiance as faithful, a service as punctual, an ardor as valiant as Nazi-ism or Bolshevism? And ought we not to take all the measures necessary for the preservation of our way of life? Why should our faith, the result of so many centuries of patient building, not also be confident and capable of defending itself? Why should we, who are marching on the true path of progress, even though the road be stony, halt abashed and humbled while error, oppression and scientific villainy are blatant and armed? Must the good cause always lack hearts as resolute, swords as sharp, as those who champion evil? Is it not time that the free nations, the liberal and parliamentary democracies, great and small, on whichever side of the Atlantic Ocean they may dwell, should not only take all the necessary measures to place themselves in a state of security but also ought they not to become "cause conscious" and from a hundred angles, and upon a thousand occasions, endeavor to build up a broad security for those treasures of peace and freedom our ancestors rescued for us from the long confusions of the past?

The Bat King

Continued from page 15

of way I thought to myself: Goodness, I know that voice. I've heard it somewhere before. I must recollect—I must—I *must*. . . . And, then, with the almighty effort that one can sometimes command in a crisis, the answer came: Why, it sounds like old Glasier, who used to lecture on Constitutional History at Yale. . . .

"I'm a tourist," I said, as calmly as I could. "I wandered off from the main party and here I am. I had a flash but I broke it. You don't have to be afraid of me. Who are *you?*"

"My name is Glasier," came the answer, surprisingly and yet not surprisingly; and then I suddenly remembered the way I had shuddered, that sense of contact with something soft and squashy.

"That's all right," I said, quite cheerfully now. "I thought I recognized your voice—I used to attend your lectures. . . . But why the devil haven't you got any clothes on?"

A FEW minutes later we were resting for a moment on a ledge of rock. "I thought there might have been a small paragraph in the papers about it," he was saying, in the same half-apologetic manner he had always had.

"Maybe there was," I answered, "but I didn't see it. Or if I did I don't remember. After all, if it's as long ago as you say—"

I said that to humor him and he sensed it. "You don't believe me, do you?" he queried.

"Whether I believe you or not, I'll get you out all right," I said. "All we've got to do is wind up this cord for half a mile or so. No need to worry."

"It's funny to think I've been so near—all the time."

"You might have been nearer still and not found a way out of these caverns. They're honeycombed with passages and in pitch darkness like this. . . ." I wanted to put him at ease. I thought he'd been lost for perhaps a few days and had taken his clothes off because *he'd gone a bit nutty. After all, it* wouldn't be surprising.

Then he said: "Since you are kind enough to suggest helping me, might I first of all gather a few of my personal possessions together? They're only a few steps away. You see, I put them down in case you were going to attack me."

"That's how I felt about you," I replied, laughing, and added: "Yes, of course; pick up your things, and put your clothes on, too, while you're about it."

"I haven't any clothes," he answered. "Only shoes. Everything else wore out, and as it's quite warm down here . . . But there's my spectacles and pipe and money and a book and one or two other little things I brought with me. . . ."

"All right," I said, and then it occurred to me that I couldn't very well join the crowd arm in arm with a naked man. "Look here," I said, "you'd better put on this raincoat I'm wearing—button it up at the neck and maybe we'll get through the cordon all right. Fortunately tourists rig themselves out in such weird costumes nowadays that we've got an outside chance." I wanted to get through because I realized I had a front-page story if only I could park the fellow in some hotel and give him time to come to his senses.

He put on my raincoat and we began to move along. He held on to me and I held on to the cord. I must say, though I judged him to be pretty well off his head, he behaved calmly and talked quite naturally about things. (Maybe that proved he *was* off his head.) "The first thing I must do," he said, "is to telegraph my wife in New Haven. She must have given me up for dead."

"Sure," I answered, "we'll wire her tonight. . . . And I've got to get you some clothes, too—and I dare say you'll feel like a bite to eat. . . ."

"No," he answered. "I'm not very hungry. I had my usual meal."

"What d'you mean—your usual meal?"

"Oh, insects, you know—various kinds of insects. The bats bring them to me—every morning."

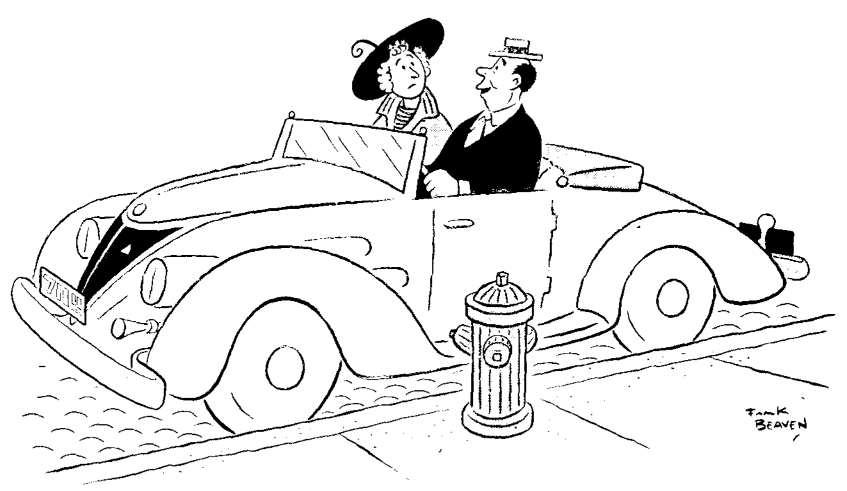
Of course I realized then that he was completely nuts. But nuttiness is a bit fascinating, in a way—you can't help encouraging people, somehow, to show how nutty they are. So I went on, pretending to take it all in: "The bats are friends of yours, are they?"

HE REPLIED, with a curious sort of dignity:

"They are my friends, yes. You have no idea how kind those little creatures are. They will miss me. They haven't intelligence enough to understand why I have gone, but they will miss me, I know. I've trained them to do my bidding—we've all got on so well together these past eight years. This is their kingdom, you see, and I—though it may seem a strange thing for a Yale professor to be proud of—I am the King of the Bats."

"I guess you are," I said, under my breath.

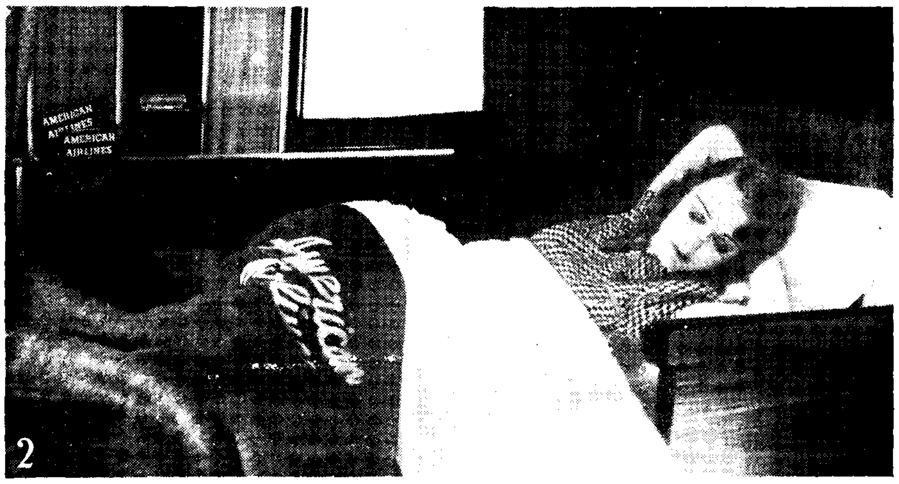
I let him talk on while I wound the



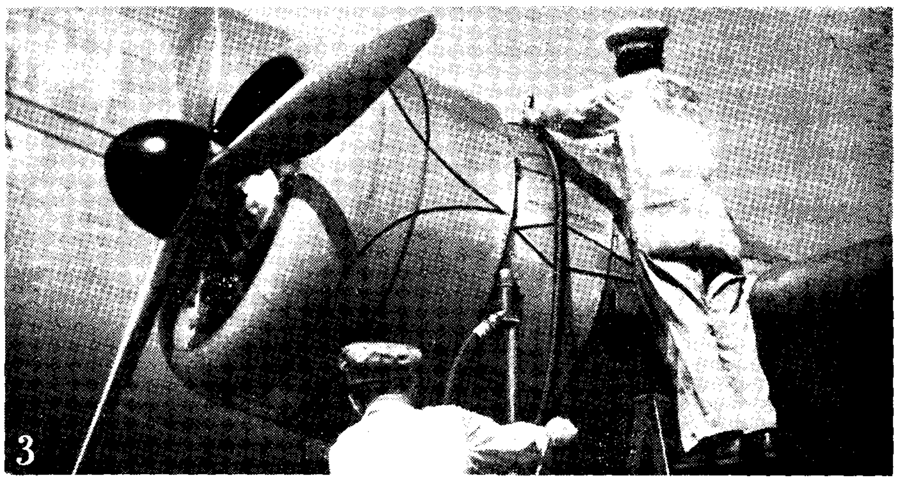
"I'm going to park right here by this plug. I just thought of a swell comeback for a cop!"

FRANK BEAVEN

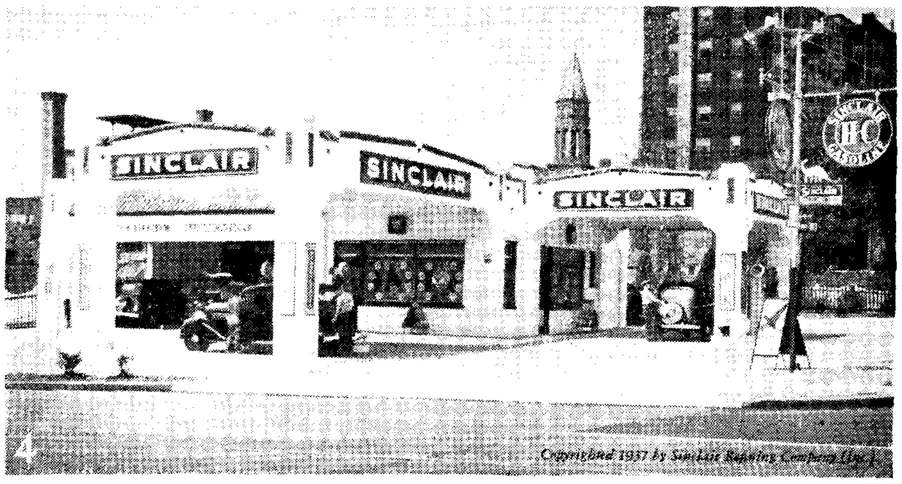
Stewardess Martha Bonnell, of American Airlines, sees to the comfort of her youngest passenger, just seven weeks old. Another American Airlines passenger is . . .



. . . Judith Allen, star of the Republic Picture, "Bill Cracks Down", who finds real comfort in a spacious berth on an overnight flight. American Airlines relies on . . .



. . . aircraft grade Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil exclusively to lubricate its fleet of 56 transport planes. This is the same motor oil sold . . .



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. . . by your nearby Sinclair dealer for your car. See your nearby Sinclair dealer today, and ask him to drain and refill your crankcase with Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Grapefruit
Pin
Lemon
Strawberry

"THIS SUMMER, TONY, I'M SAYING TO COLLIER'S READERS

Treat Your Taste To A Dozen Thrills

MY FRUIT-FLAVORED GINS ARE AS REFRESHING AS YOUR FRUITS"

Give new excitement, new pleasure, to your drinking. Old Mr. Boston now offers tangy lime, tart lemon, golden-juiced orange, mellow pineapple, dew-drenched mint, tingling cherry, luscious strawberry — in fact, a whole set of the most refreshing, deep-down satisfying flavors that ever slaked a thirst. A dozen delicious liquors — different in flavor but alike in enjoyment — the refreshing tang of luscious fruit with just enough vigor for a mellow glow.

Start collecting your set of Old Mr. Boston Fruit Flavored Gins tonight. They're 1937's cleverest "host kit." Instead of the usual "have a drink," give your friends a true touch of hospitality, and say, "Take your choice!" In a Tom Collins, Rickey, or Fizz, use these twelve flavors the same old way and be prepared for a brand new tingling treat.

OLD MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN – 90 PROOF
Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits
OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON ORANGE FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON WILD CHERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LIME FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON LOGANBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON PINEAPPLE FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON STRAWBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON RASPBERRY FLAVORED GIN – 70 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF
OLD MR. BOSTON GRAPEFRUIT FLAVORED GIN – 80 PROOF

BEN BURK, Inc., Boston, Mass.

OLD Mr. Boston Gins

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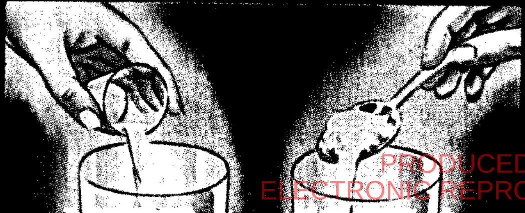
Raspberry
Sloe
Mint
Dry
Wild Cherry
Lime
Orange
Loganberry

MIX DRINKS THIS QUICK EASY WAY

1 SELECT YOUR FLAVOR CHOICE FROM THESE TWELVE DIFFERENT GINS

OLD MR. BOSTON Distilled Dry Gin
OLD MR. BOSTON Sloe Gin
OLD MR. BOSTON ORANGE GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON LEMON FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON WILD CHERRY FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON LOGANBERRY FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON PINEAPPLE FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON RASPBERRY FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN
OLD MR. BOSTON GRAPEFRUIT FLAVORED GIN

2 POUR 2 ozs. INTO A TALL GLASS. ADD SUGAR AND LEMON JUICE TO TASTE



3 ADD ICE AND FILL WITH CHARGED WATER

cord up to the rock it was tied to; then I found the main track and we began the fairly easy walk to the crowd. It was still quite dark, but I knew I should soon be seeing the glow of light from the main cavern ahead, and I was eager to have my first look at Glasier. I was afraid if he looked as loony as he talked there'd be no getting him through the crowd. Presently we came to a spot where a faint dimness showed in the distance, and in that gray light I found—to my relief—that things weren't quite so bad as they might have been. The professor looked much the same as when I had known him ten years before—a little older, perhaps a little fatter; he had also grown a beard. He had never been exactly handsome, but there had been and still seemed to be a sort of nondescript benignity about him. Suddenly, however, as I began to take stock of him I noticed a strange thing: his eyes were staring into mine without meaning or life. "Can't you see anything?" I asked, as he clung to my arm. "Can't you see the light in the distance?"

He shook his head. "I thought as much," he replied, calmly. "I'm blind. After all that time in darkness I expected it."

Autosuggestion, I told myself, and added, without arguing: "Things are bound to be strange at first—just hold onto me and don't worry." We reached the crowd in the main cavern and though a few people stared at us I guess we only looked the kind of freaks you see in most places where there are guides and turnstiles. The elevator man stared at us pretty closely too, and at first I thought he'd spotted us from the count. But, no—it seemed that the cavern people were satisfied if as many people came up as went down. One extra they didn't expect and consequently weren't looking for.

But it was in the elevator I got my second big shock. I noticed that the professor was carrying under his arm a book and a newspaper. The book was "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the newspaper, yellow and beginning to crumble at the edges, bore a name and a date that I could read by stooping—it was the New York Times for May 17, 1929.

ALL that evening in the hotel we sat talking things over, and the first result was that I begged him not to telegraph his wife. It would be too much of a shock, I said; he had better let someone break the news gently—perhaps I could do it myself. He agreed that that was a good idea.

His story hung together pretty well, though it was still, in any ordinary sense, incredible. In that spring of 1929, he said, he had been tramping alone in the Guadalupe Mountains, fussing about in some vaguely archeological way. He had wandered into one of the caves that belonged to the vast underground system of which the Carlsbad group is just a section. Lost, without food or light, he would have faced death from starvation—but for those bats. Somehow I couldn't believe in that item of the story, though if it weren't to be believed, how else? "And they didn't help everybody like that," he said, "because one day I found a skeleton—the skeleton of a child."

"Did you?" I said, thinking to myself that his story didn't really need the skeleton of a child added to it.

"Well," I replied, "that's that. And we leave for New York tomorrow, so you'll soon be all right."

I had already decided not to break the story yet, partly because I wanted to verify it before making a possible fool of myself and partly because if Glasier's mind were unhinged as I judged it to be I thought he had a better chance of recovery without a horde of newspapermen worrying him. He was my own discovery, just as the caverns themselves had been Jim White's, and I intended to look after him with a nicely blended mixture of self-interest and altruism.

All the way to New York he talked quite sanely about his former life at Yale, his job, his wife, and so on. He seemed very fond of his wife. "She'll be overjoyed," he said. "We simply lived for each other—she must have been dreadfully lonely without me all these years."

He still couldn't see a thing, and I had to guide him in and out of trains. At Chicago we heard a public radio giving out stock-market figures. "Good heavens," Glasier exclaimed, "is Steel Common down to a hundred?"

"That's how *you* look at it," I answered. "To me it's *up* to a hundred."

"Tell me," he said, later on, "how is the cause of world disarmament prospering? I devoted a great deal of my time to it before I—er—disappeared."

What I told him didn't give him much comfort. "Every nation," I said, "is arming to the teeth—arming for peace, so they say, but that's what they said before 1914."

Reamer Keller

"We'll be needin' a larger still soon, Bessie; the kids are beginnin' to grow up"

REAMER KELLER

By the time we reached New York he was obviously ill; he was breathing asthmatically; the novelty of the overground atmosphere evidently didn't agree with him. I took him to a hotel adjoining the station, engaged an apartment for the two of us, and made him as comfortable as I could. "And tomorrow," I said, "I'll run up to New Haven, find your wife, and bring her back with me. Meanwhile you stay here and look forward to seeing us." He agreed to the arrangement without argument.

BEFORE taking the train I went to the library and searched the files of the Times. Sure enough, it was there—in the issue of May 20, 1929—a short paragraph headed: "Yale Professor Disappears." Similar paragraphs continued for about a fortnight, petering out into a final sentence: "All hope has now been abandoned in the search for Professor Glasier, of Yale University, believed to have lost his life while climbing in the lonely mountains of New Mexico."

It was noon when I reached the trim little house in New Haven. A rather nice, elderly woman opened the door to me herself. "Does Mrs. Glasier live here?" I asked.

She seemed startled. "I used to be Mrs. Glasier," she answered. "Now I am Mrs. Strong. My husband is Professor Strong."

SO THAT was that. I didn't know what to say. Just then a heavily built man came out of an adjoining room into the hallway, evidently having heard the question and answer. He advanced toward me menacingly, motioning the woman away. "What is it you want?"

I took one look at him and replied: "Pardon me, sir, but I thought I could perhaps interest your wife in the latest and most economical type of electric refrigerator—"

"You can't," he snapped. "And if you had any sense you'd get your names and addresses out of a modern directory."

"Thank you, Professor Strong," I said, as he banged the door in my face.

I thought before leaving the town I'd call on a friend I knew there, a lawyer closely connected with the staff of the university, who might tell me something about the Glasier situation without my having to tell him much that I knew about it. I paid him what was apparently a casual call and artfully drew the talk in the right direction. "Oh, yes," he said, reminiscently. "It was very tragic. Poor Glasier." When people call you poor after you're dead it means they either think you were a fool or else they liked you or both.

"Yes," I agreed; and then it occurred to me that Glasier's money, if he had left any, had now passed under the control of Professor Strong; and somehow that seemed a pity. But the reply was, in that sense if no other, reassuring. "Poor Glasier—all he left was a lot of stocks carried on margin, and you know what happened to them in the fall of 'twenty-nine. He'd bought Steels at two hundred and Montgomery Wards at a hundred and fifty—that sort of thing—what idiots college professors can be in finance! A good thing he'd put the house in his wife's name or she'd have been properly cleaned up—I know, because I handled the estate. . . . Anyhow, she married again, so that was all right. Strong's a shrewd fellow—much better head for money than Glasier had." I could believe that.

So I went back to New York in a rather troubled mood. Somehow, though it would be a front-page scoop, I hadn't the heart to let loose the story while Glasier looked so tired and weary of things. We went out to dinner, but he was too ill to enjoy anything; the change of diet didn't suit him, he said, and I left it at that. Then we went back to the hotel. "Tell me why you didn't come back with my wife," he asked, and I told him why, because, after all, he had to know sooner or later. He took it very well. "I think she did a very sensible thing," he said.

We talked for a while about various aspects of his situation, and I told him that in my opinion the best thing he could do would be to let me splash the story in the papers for all it was worth and live as long as he could on the proceeds. "It'll be a hell of a story," I said. "That is—if you go easy on the bats. I don't see how anyone's going to believe much in *them*. . . . You ought to rake in a few thousand dollars, one way and another—I'll handle the whole thing for you if you'll let me. Then when the story's cold you can settle down in some quiet little place. . . ."

"Yes," he said at length, "I suppose that's all I can do."

WE WENT to our rooms, but the next morning, when I got up to wake him, I found his bed empty. They told me at the desk that he had checked out very early, having asked a porter to help him.

It was easy enough to trace him. At the ticket office they told me where he had booked to, and when, three days later, I got there myself, I found that several people remembered his fumbling along the street late at night.

I guessed he might have gone to one or other of the chief hotels of the place, and at the second I tried the manager took me aside into his private office.

"It may have been your friend who arrived here yesterday," he said quietly. "But I'm afraid, if so, I have bad news for you. He was found dead in bed this morning. The doctor thinks it was heart failure, but of course he can't be sure. Perhaps you can help us with the identification?"

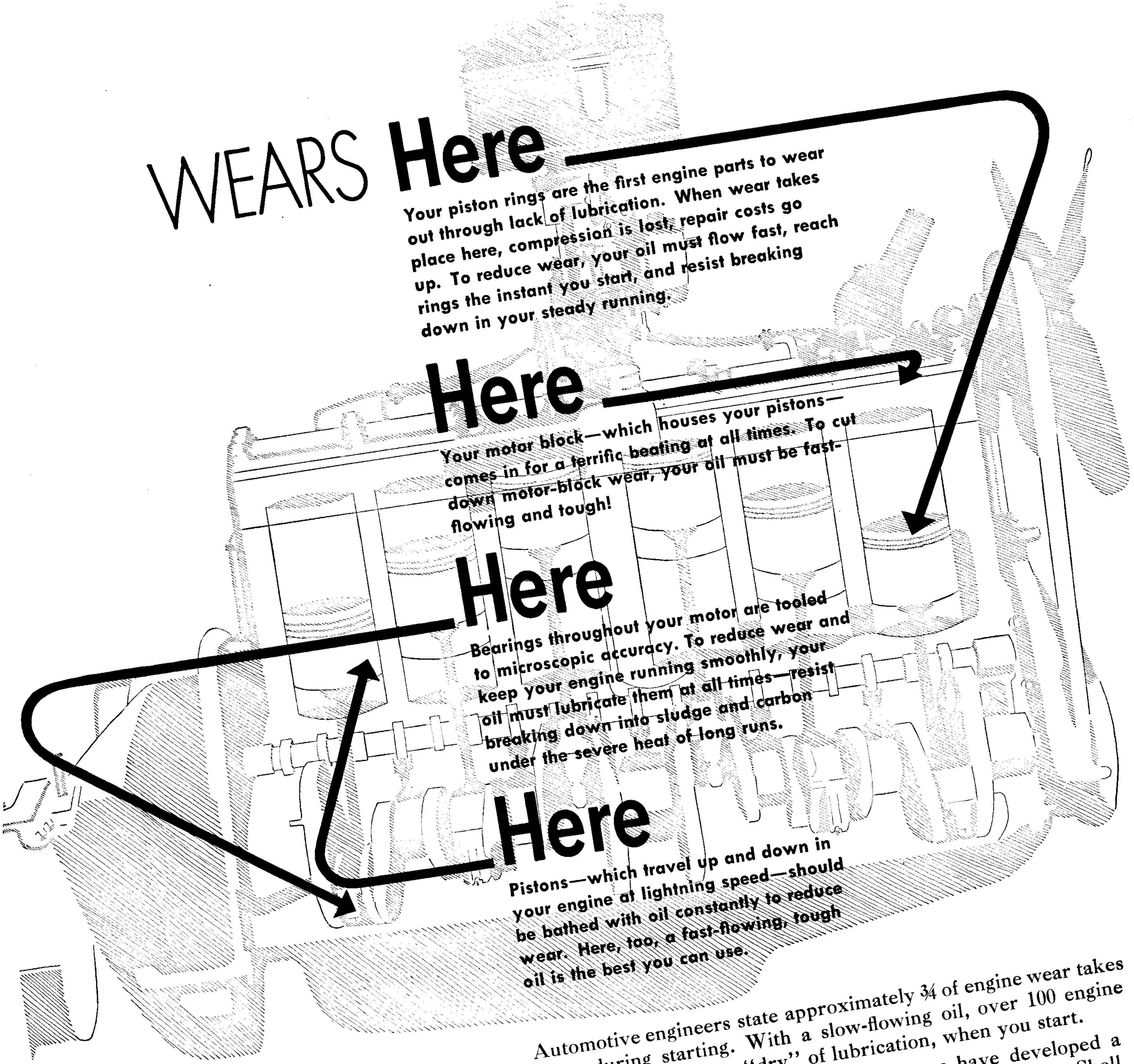
We climbed to the third floor, and there, lying fully clothed on a bed in the kind of room that hotels always have, lay the body of the professor. Poor little man—there he was; and at last, at last he looked happy.

"Yes," I said, "that's my friend."

The manager eyed me curiously.

"A rather peculiar thing," he muttered, as if wondering whether he ought to tell me or not. "When we broke into his room, we found it full of bats. Flying about all over the place—he must have opened the windows and let up the screens. . . . Horrible creatures, bats. We had an awful job driving them out. They come from the caverns—you know the caverns near here? Several people say they saw a whole pack of them round the hotel last night—thousands and thousands. It's a very peculiar thing—please don't talk about it outside—it might do harm to my business: people are so superstitious. I only told you because I thought—well, do you think it possible that the bats scared him, or anything like that?"

I looked down at the tranquil, half-smiling face again and shook my head. No, they hadn't scared him. Far from it. He hadn't even seen them, but he had heard their wings—welcoming him home.



WEARS **Here**

Your piston rings are the first engine parts to wear out through lack of lubrication. When wear takes place here, compression is lost, repair costs go up. To reduce wear, your oil must flow fast, reach rings the instant you start, and resist breaking down in your steady running.

Here

Your motor block—which houses your pistons—comes in for a terrific beating at all times. To cut down motor-block wear, your oil must be fast-flowing and tough!

Here

Bearings throughout your motor are tooled to microscopic accuracy. To reduce wear and keep your engine running smoothly, your oil must lubricate them at all times—resist breaking down into sludge and carbon under the severe heat of long runs.

Here

Pistons—which travel up and down in your engine at lightning speed—should be bathed with oil constantly to reduce wear. Here, too, a fast-flowing, tough oil is the best you can use.

Starting causes more engine wear than all the running

Automotive engineers state approximately ¾ of engine wear takes place during starting. With a slow-flowing oil, over 100 engine parts scrape together, "dry" of lubrication, when you start.

To reduce starting wear, Shell engineers have developed a new-type motor oil—Golden Shell. Fast-flowing, Golden Shell puts a protective oil cushion between each engine part the instant you step on your starter . . . tough-bodied, resists breaking down into sludge and carbon under high heat.

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The NEW motor oil—**Golden Shell**

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Star Straighteners

Continued from page 18

it. The ultimate cost was $12 a rose."

Each client of the management company is handled as a going business concern. A complete set of books is set up. A bank account is opened upon which checks are drawn by the management company and countersigned by the client. The company takes care of all bills, household, business or investment. They do the hiring and firing of help. A second bank account is started for the personal expenses of the client, but that is rigidly restricted, being often as low as $50 a week in the case of a man earning $2,000 a week.

The principal expenses of a screen star are these:

Federal and state income taxes
House
Auto
Insurance (life and general)
Annuities
Wardrobe
Studio expense
Publicity and advertising
Agent's commission (10 per cent)
Business manager's commission
Personal expense
Charities (mostly members of the family)
Investments (real estate, stocks, etc.)

The company checks all accounts and generally does all buying of an important nature. By getting estimates and prices from various dealers, they save a great deal of money for their clients. In the case of what seems to be flagrant instances of overcharging, they ask and get reductions on their clients' bills.

Checking on the Relatives

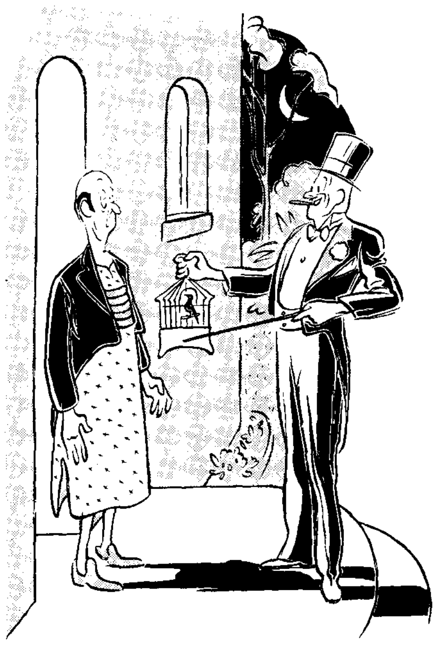
What follows is the budget of a movie star, male and unmarried, who receives a salary of $3,000 a week. The figures are taken from his actual budget and cover a period of one month.

Reserve for Federal and State income taxes	$4,335
Agent's commission (ten per cent)	1,300
Business manager (Management Company)	260
Apartment Rental	435
Servants	550
Automobiles (upkeep, depreciation, etc.)	540
Allowance for relatives	985
Insurance	465
Studio savings (taken out of pay by studio)	650
Household expenses (food, light, liquor)	555
Entertainment (personal account)	360
Charities	195
Investments and savings	1,900
Publicity	150
Trainer	170
Doctor	85
Voice, dancing, etc.	65

The slight prospect of making a million in Hollywood may be seen from this budget. This star is unmarried and has no particular responsibilities outside of members of his own family, whom he is assisting. According to most Hollywood contracts a player works and is paid for only 40 weeks a year. A man making $120,000 a year will be fortunate if he saves $25,000 of that. The days when Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin could make $2,000,000 and have it clear without taxes are gone forever. Of a total income of around $500,000 in 1935, Mae West paid approximately $260,000 in federal and state taxes.

But they seem to get along, with the assistance of the management people. There are personal managers who act in the same capacity for the stars, but the thing is the same in essence: an attempt to protect the players from themselves and from the people who take advantage of them.

Much of the management's time goes to looking after the star's relatives, who come popping up out of the ground like ants after a rain. Anybody in Hollywood who isn't keeping half a dozen families is really not a star at all. As a way of killing two birds with one club, it is often best to have them in Hollywood where they can at least contribute a little work toward their keep. The management company sends them railroad tickets, arranges for the transportation of their household effects, meets them at the train, has a house already rented, moves them in, has the light and gas turned on, the first groceries in the icebox and a check ready for spending money. Their personal affairs forthwith become a charge on the management company, which is under the necessity of bailing them out after wild nights, getting them tickets for previews and recommending places to buy the children's underwear.



The stunt cost $125, but Madame had her canary and cage at 5 A. M.

Because they have such a close hold on the purse strings, there are rumors that the management companies profit from kickbacks from stores where they place their orders, but they deny it strenuously.

"Whenever there is anything particularly expensive to buy, we get bids from various places and let the client do the choosing," they say. "The general practice in Hollywood is to soak the movie people and we break that up whenever we can."

A big house expense these days is liquor, which comes to almost half of the grocery bill. With prices of all commodities rising lately, there has had to be an adjustment of household budgets. Much thought is given also to investments, with the stock market coming in for attention in recent months. All deals of this kind are placed through a broker and after consultation with the client.

"Through experience," says Mr. Ring, "we've built up a directory of little-known things and shops dealing in rarities. We can sometimes talk a client out of a wild notion but if he insists we get what he wants. We had a man who wanted five Boston bulldogs in the middle of the night and we supplied them without any trouble. We had trouble getting a first edition Model T Ford, but managed it eventually. Somebody wanted it as a birthday gift for a friend. They're always giving screwy birthday presents. We've furnished mules and goats and turtles with the initials of the recipients carved on their shells. If they need a few new gags for an after-dinner speech, we dig them up. The trick is never to be surprised. If they want it badly enough, we act as if it were the most natural request in the world and get it for them. That's what they pay us for."

Father Confessor and Simon Legree

When a client moves into a new home, they attend to such details as the color of the phone and the length of the phone cord (some people are jittery about such things). They arrange with a dog-feeding service for daily deliveries of Fido's diet. If Hollywood wants to be nuts, it is no responsibility of the management company. It does what it is asked and keeps still.

"There's a psychological factor in the matter," says David Fisher, who is the chief accountant of the firm. "We generally get a man after he has failed to make it go in the regular way. We had one actor who was making $750 a week and was broke all the time. It weighed on him so greatly that it began to affect his acting and he was going downhill rapidly at the studio. We straightened his finances out, put him on a close budget and his peace of mind improved so greatly that the effect was seen in his work. He's getting $1,250 now and is in demand everywhere."

When a star is taken over it is often found that he has property all over the place. In one case a woman had five houses, two of them empty and at least four of them she had no intention of ever living in herself again. It was costing $400 a month to maintain them. The management people began to adjust the situation even at a loss. For a house which had originally cost $30,000 they took $18,000 and were glad to be out of it.

It seems plain that the grown-up children who pose under the Kleig lights and bring heart-bumps to the populace of the universe need looking after and this is as good a way as any. The management firms are a cross between a father confessor and Simon Legree, but their work may result in an end of the broken-down actors who were once great stars and are now Hollywood extras struggling for a day's work. The town is full of once-famous stars who threw away their money and it is not a pleasant sight.

We neglected to say that Miss West's order for the tall Japanese chauffeur, which at first seemed so hopeless, was filled with entire satisfaction.

"I've never in my life seen a tall Japanese," the manager remarked when the order first came in. But two days later the place was full of them. It seems that the Japanese, contrary to all historical evidence, grow to extreme heights, speak English elegantly and are of the most joyous disposition. It was a mere matter of choosing from a flock of them.

"And he mustn't wear glasses," Miss West had said as a parting admonition.

She got a man who could see for miles around, unaided by science.

Georgia Kangaroo

Continued from page 21

"That mark will never be beaten," said the experts. "Never again will there be so perfect a setup of track and weather and the combination of technique, speed and physical condition."

But eleven years later, at Lincoln in 1931, Percy Beard traveled the route in 14.2. Now, this Percy Beard brings us back to the narrative again. He came to Alabama Polytechnic at Auburn, six feet four and a half inches tall, and was trying to be a baseball pitcher, in my last two years as a hurdler at Auburn. Wilbur Hutsell, head track coach there, curbed Percy's hurling ambitions and made a hurdler of him instead.

I wasn't so bad as a hurdler, myself, in those days of 1927 and 1928. I picked up a number of championships, like the National Collegiate, and the National Indoor championship at 70 yards. And I held the world record at 60 yards in 7.4 until Spec Towns beat it in 1936. And after my college career was done I became assistant track coach under Wilbur Hutsell and perhaps had a little something to do with the further development of Percy Beard, until in the National A. A. U. championships of 1931 he finally got himself organized and set the new record of 14.2, which stood until the Towns boy came along.

Percy was taller—six feet four and a half to six feet two—and he always said he wished the hurdles were a couple of inches higher (they are three and one-half feet) and that they were spaced at eleven yards instead of ten, because his stride was a bit too long. You see, in the ten yards between the sticks the hurdler has to accommodate his stride so that the take-off will always come for his jumping foot.

Percy, now track coach at the University of Florida, says Spec Towns has the ideal build for the high hurdles, and I am beginning to think he's about right. Both of them. Both these boys are strongly constructed as well as rangy; not just long, gangling lads, but with lots of power and drive—and the good Lord knows a hurdler needs all there is of those qualities.

A Hurdler in Slow Motion

Just for fun, let's try to take a good hurdling stride apart and see what makes it click. In going over the hurdle, the back leg (the take-off leg) comes through slowly in one motion, to "scissors" with the lead or front arm; and the leg is brought around the side with a good high knee lift. It should be said there are two schools of thought in this department. One school insists on the fast scissors—bringing the take-off leg through as quickly and emphatically as possible. We found, or maybe I'd better say we thought we found, that a slower drag in the rear leg obviates one motion in bringing it across, and reduces the action to one motion instead of two—which should mean a lot in "coming down running."

On the action of the front leg there also are two opinions. Some say it should be straight and others that there should be a slight bend in the knee; but all agree that the leg swings up and down in a straight line, like a vertical gate, and is not "cradled" as in the earlier days.

Anyway, the general result has become noticeable in the latter-day arm action, known as the "shoestring" style. The faster rebound of the take-off leg is accompanied by a quick backward lash of the arm on that side, while the other arm is almost straight out forward, over the leading foot. So far as I have been able to figure it out, the "shoestring" method affords a smoother balance going over the hurdle—and there never was a great hurdler who did not keep relaxed over the stick and as he came down; and with less break in the stride, of course it's easier to "come down running."

All that probably never occurred to you, watching a flight over the sticks. Well, watching Bobby Jones playing golf, did you ever stop to think of the reams of instruction and advice that have been written concerning the action of his left hip?

So much for form and what we coaching fellows consider means the edge, other factors being equal. As for Spec Towns' ability to run the sticks faster than anybody else, I'd say simply that the boy is a racer—and when you've said that, you've said a lot.

Hard Knocks Sometimes Help

I told you at the start about that wicked spill the kid took, at his first trial, and how it didn't make him cinder-shy. And I've told you he is a racer. Now I'll try to illustrate a bit.

Many people, including experts, have criticized Coach Stegeman and me for letting Towns play football, which he has been doing since he was in the 85-pound class in grade school. They say it's a rough game and the chance of injury is great.

For one thing, Towns wants to play football. And while most people don't know it, hurdling is a rough game, too. You get some hard knocks in it, and if you're accustomed to the hard knocks in football, they don't hurt your feelings. The kid showed he could take it in that first spill on the cinders. And I'll always believe that the wallops he got subsequently in football helped him along the hurdling route. Spec's not what you'd call sensitive.

In the final Olympic tryouts last July at Randall's Island, the kid had been stale for ten days and even a lot of rest didn't bring him around. I told him to stay away from me and go to shows and not talk about racing. But he still was stale.

Spec won his first heat in 14.3, and in the circumstances it was as great a performance as I ever saw. But instead of patting him on the back and all that sort of thing, I told him how terrible he looked—as if he was just halfway trying; anything but sympathy.

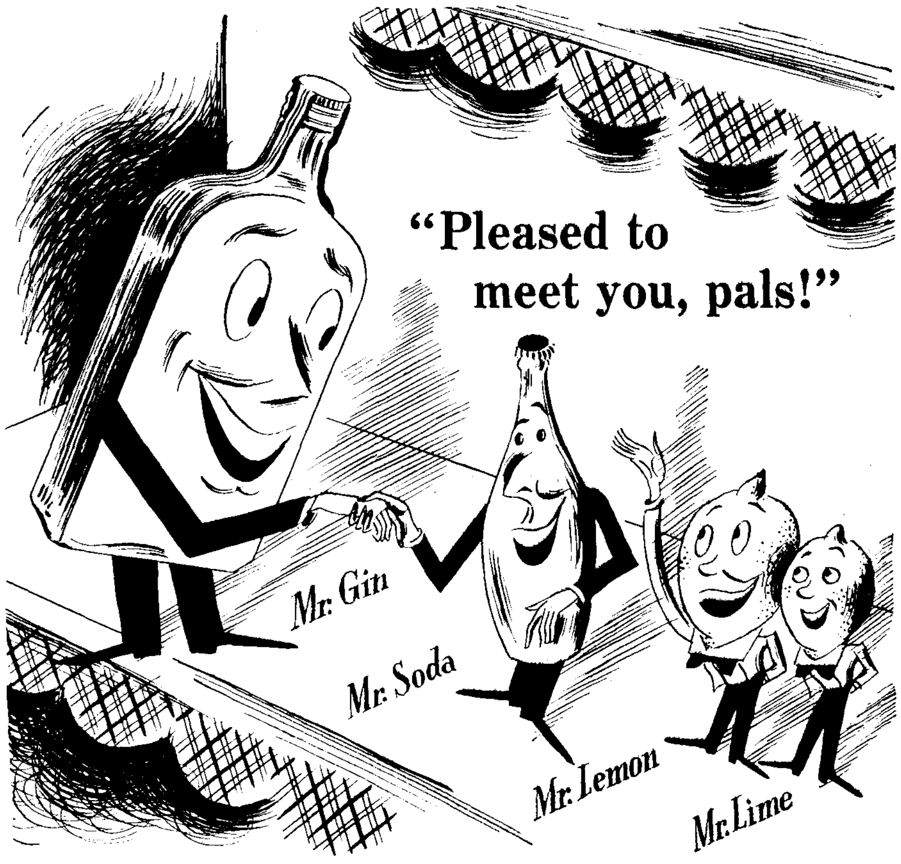
So Spec didn't realize he was stale. And he came out next day for the final heat—still stale as a dead cigar—and now the pressure was on and the blue chips were down.

And he did another 14.3 to win. He beat young Fritz Pollard by two yards and Staley by three.

Spec's attitude toward competition is another thing. You know, there are plenty of fellows who look very pretty, sailing over the sticks in practice or in some meet where the going is soft. But when the blue chips are down and it's the old knee-to-knee stuff and not merely the clock, Spec has a way of shaking hands with all the other fellows just before a heat or a race.

"See you at the other end," he says.

And maybe he isn't off in front—usually he isn't; he's not a slow breaker, but he has so much drive that it takes him about one hurdle to get it synchronized. And then, you know, there are fifteen yards between the last hurdle and the tape. And when the last stick is behind him, and he sees that yarn. . . . Well, he's a racer.



Does it make friends with all the fixings?

Not if you smell or taste the gin in the finished drink

When gin really mixes with its pals . . . the lemon, lime and soda . . . you neither smell nor taste it in the finished drink. That, we believe, is the kind of Tom Collins Americans want.

And since Americans invented the whole idea of mixed drinks, we feel that their judgment should be final.

So Fleischmann's, the original American gin, is especially distilled to *mix*. It makes friends with all the fixings, blends perfectly to give *you* a perfect drink.

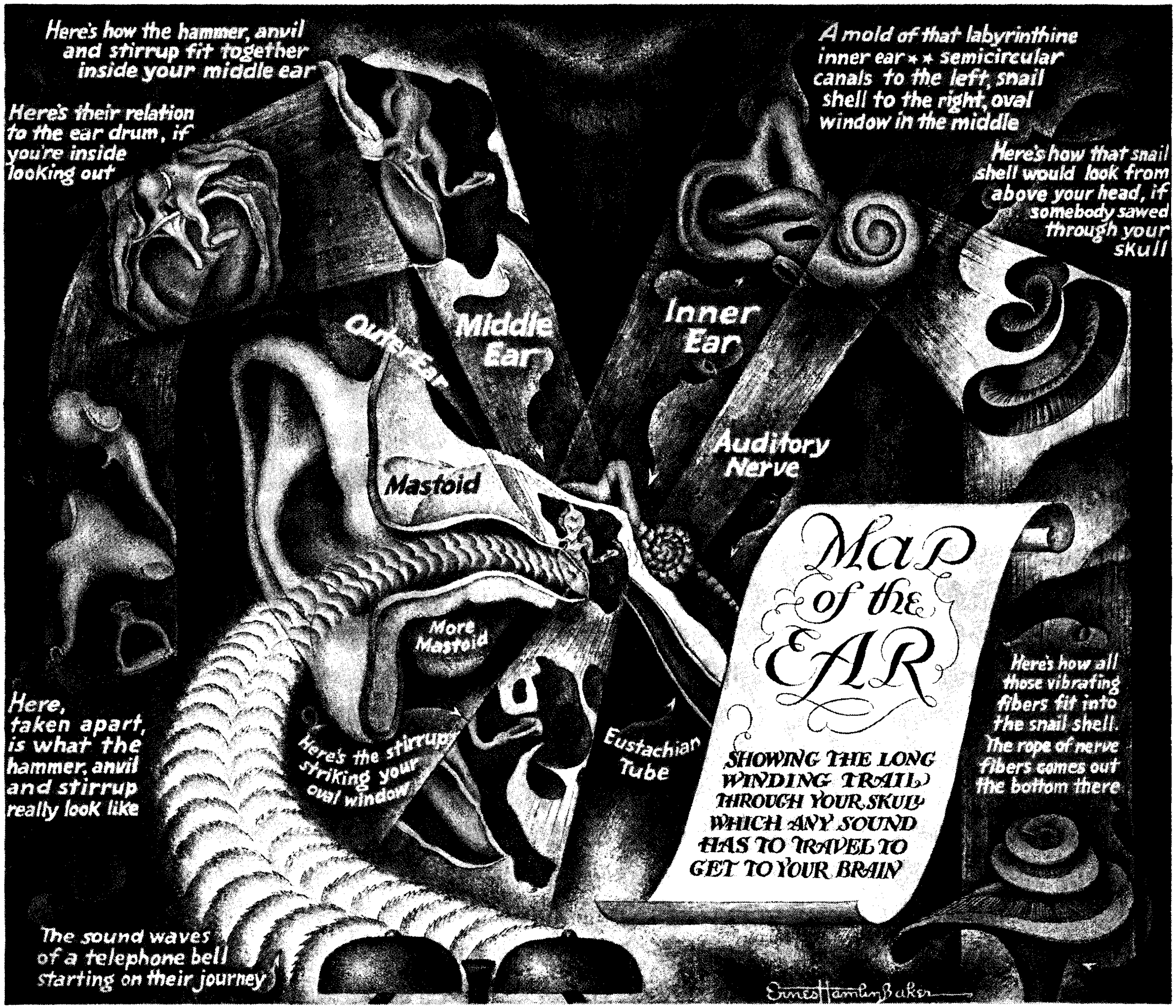
Fleischmann's formula is a secret—but Fleischmann's smoothness is known to millions.

When you order a Tom Collins, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's."

Distilled from American grain. 90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.

The real American Mixer
4/5 Quart
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin


Here's how the hammer, anvil and stirrup fit together inside your middle ear
Here's their relation to the ear drum, if you're inside looking out
A mold of that labyrinthine inner ear * * semicircular canals to the left, snail shell to the right, oval window in the middle
Here's how that snail shell would look from above your head, if somebody sawed through your skull
Outer Ear
Middle Ear
Inner Ear
Auditory Nerve
Mastoid
More Mastoid
Map of the Ear
Showing the long winding trail through your skull which any sound has to travel to get to your brain
Here's how all those vibrating fibers fit into the snail shell. The rope of nerve fibers comes out the bottom there
Here, taken apart, is what the hammer, anvil and stirrup really look like
Here's the stirrup striking your oval window
Eustachian Tube
The sound waves of a telephone bell starting on their journey
Ernest Hamlin Baker

ERNEST HAMLIN BAKER

In the center of the illustration you see the outer, middle and inner ear. The beams show the magnified details of the individual parts of the ear

What Do You Hear?

By Hannah Lees

That depends on a whole series of minor miracles that go on inside your head. It's important to know about them so that you can keep these miracles in good working order

IT'S all very well to say, "Prick up your ears," but try to do it. As a matter of fact, it's something we just can't do. It's one of the things we've exchanged for civilization. Dogs can prick up their ears—wave them in the direction of a sound, that is, to catch it better—and so can kangaroos and Koala bears; and rabbits and donkeys are marvelous at it. But as for us, we've lost the art, and what we think of as ears are not really much more use to us than that tactfully concealed little bit of bone at the base of our spines where our tails used to grow. Practically all of the hearing we do goes on inside—way inside.

It's rather overwhelming to discover the goings-on inside our heads every time we hear the telephone ring, the goings-on to make us hear that telephone ring, in fact. You knew you had an eardrum of course, and maybe you thought as I did until recently that sounds just sort of beat on that drum and were carried along by it to the brain. But that was pretty naïve of us both. Our eardrums, it seems, are just the beginning of a bit of machinery so complex it makes pressing a button and starting an elevator or talking into a microphone and making sounds come out of a box three thousand miles away seem almost simple. The sound goes in and beats on the drum all right, but then—

While we're still this side of the eardrum, however, let's quash a fashionable little myth, the one about its being so dangerous to get water in your ears while swimming. It isn't, and provided your ears are healthy it can't be, because when water goes in a normal ear it can't get any farther inside than if you held it in the hollow of your hand, and it can't do any more damage either. Other things you might think of poking in your ear can do damage by scratching and causing infections. A hairpin and the blunt end of a nail file seem to be the two most popular choices, and pretty dangerous choices too. That's why really intelligent people go to the doctor to have their ears cleaned, just the way they go to the dentist about their teeth. You may think water in your ears makes you deaf. If it does it's only because there is wax in there that has swelled from the water and blocked your eardrum. So it's a good idea to go for that ear-cleaning before the swimming season. But as for anything more damaging, the only thing that can get beyond your eardrum normally is sound. And this is how it does it:

Take the telephone ringing. The ting-

In Defense OF OUR Homes

LET THE DUTCH BOY GUARD YOUR HOME AGAINST THE ASSAULTS OF THE WEATHER!

GONE are those rugged days when the long rifle hung above every fireplace. Today, it's paint — not bullets and bayonets — that defends the American home.

For guarding your home, choose only paint of the highest quality. Choose Dutch Boy. Don't, under any consideration, be tempted to use "cheap" paint.

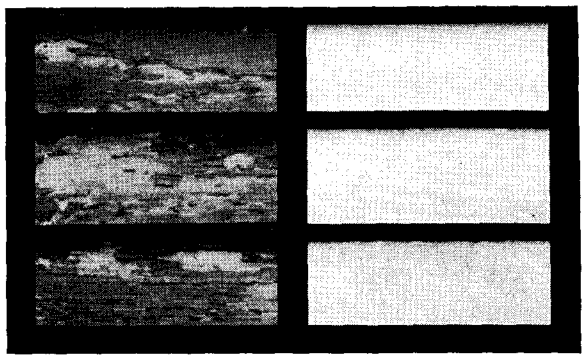
As shown at right, "cheap" paint quickly deserts its post. It cracks and scales. When this happens, the surface must be burned and scraped down to the bare wood. That costs money. It also makes necessary an extra coat—a new priming coat—in repainting.

You don't find Dutch Boy betraying its trust and surrendering to the enemy. This dependable paint does not crack and scale—does not put you to unexpected expense. On the contrary, it wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who is interested in giving you generous value for your money uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.

* * *

The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan is available if you prefer to pay for your painting in monthly installments. Check coupon for complete information. But even if you are not interested in this plan, send in the coupon anyway — for a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and painter. Mail coupon to nearest branch.

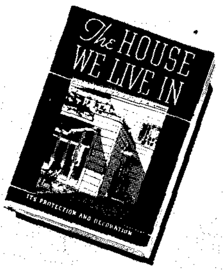


"CHEAP" PAINT *after 1½ years—Cost of job $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for in repainting—a new priming coat.*

DUTCH BOY *after 4 years—Located in same section as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120, or a per-year cost of $30 which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.*

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME



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NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 264 (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

*Name*______________________________

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P.S. THE PARTY WAS A RIOT!

"PUT THAT GUN AWAY," PLEADS MR. THOMAS, AS HE SPOTS MRS. T. GOING AFTER FLIES.

"WHY GET THE HOUSE SMELLING OF FLY SPRAY WHEN WE HAVE GUESTS COMING?," HE RAVES ON.

"HUSH YOUR CHATTER, AND SNIFF" MRS. T. RESPONDS, "IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED ABOUT GULFSPRAY!"

MRS. T. PLIES THE GULFSPRAYER. SOON ALL THE FLIES ARE DEAD, AND THE ROOM SMELLS AS CLEAN AS IT DID BEFORE.

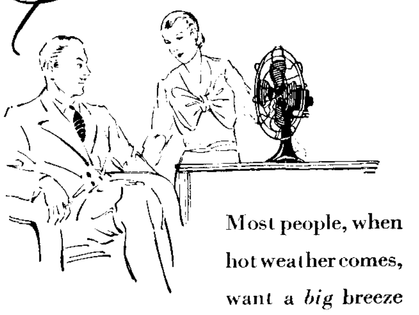
"GREAT STUFF, THIS GULFSPRAY," MR. T. ADMITS. "BY GOLLY, IT'S ONE SPRAY THAT REALLY KILLS AND YET IS PLEASANT TO USE."

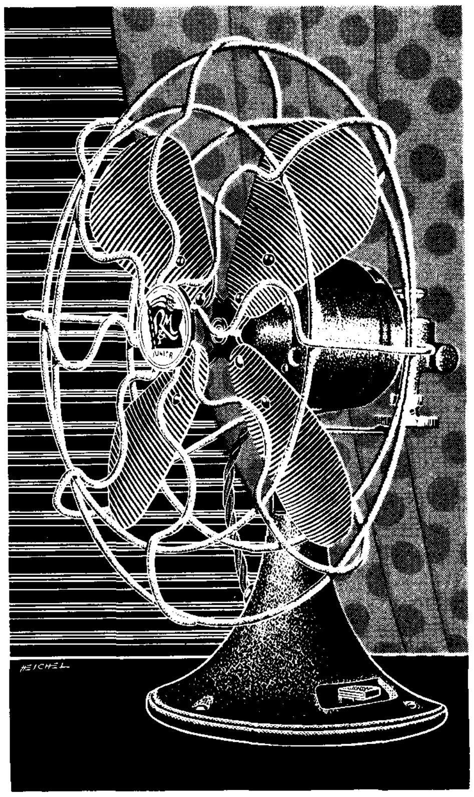
GULFSPRAY KILLS FLIES AND ALL INSECTS FASTER AND SURER BECAUSE IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS. GOES FARTHER. STAINS NOTHING AND HARMS ONLY BUGS. AT STORES AND GULF DEALERS.

GULFSPRAY NEW LOW PRICE 39¢ PINT QUART 69¢

GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

A GROWN UP FAN IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE





Most people, when hot weather comes, want a *big* breeze—and then they fool themselves and buy a *little* fan! But *you*, we believe, are going to remember last summer—and now, before every dealer groans, "We're all sold out," you're going to get the *big* fan that sets a new high for value—the R & M *Junior*. Take the 12-inch size for example—an oscillating fan of guaranteed R & M quality, delivering 850 cubic feet of air per minute, and costing only $16.95. Yes, and there's a 10-inch *Junior* oscillator for $8.95. See your dealer—and get more, for less! . . . *Robbins & Myers, Springfield, Ohio; Brantford, Ontario.*

ROBBINS & MYERS *Fans*
ALL TYPES • ALL SIZES

a-ling goes in the little hole of your ear and travels about a half inch through a straight smooth tunnel till it comes to your eardrum. Your eardrum, incidentally, is not flat like a drumhead but concave like a saucer. And beyond each of your eardrums is another hollow space known as the middle ear, and when you hear doctors speak learnedly of middle-ear infections it is that space they're talking about. It's a hollow about the size of a hazelnut with two holes in it, one toward the back and one toward the front, and just to make things difficult the sound doesn't get to your brain through either of those holes.

But since they are there you might like to know what they are. The hole to the front is the opening to a tube. You've heard of it. It is called the Eustachian tube and runs down into the back of your nose. As far as doctors can make out it acts as a sort of outlet valve to equalize pressure in your middle ear.

The other hole, the one toward the back of your ear, leads into that bony bulge which is your mastoid. It's nothing but a sort of honeycomb of bone, and doctors so far haven't been able to decide what it's for except a nasty place for infections to go to—nasty because that honeycomb is so dangerously close to your brain. But we will get back to that telephone ringing and beating on the little saucers of your eardrums.

Your Sound Box at Work

Just beyond the eardrum in that little hazelnut hollow are three tiny bones, and tiny is the word because the three of them fitted together are no bigger than a small carpet tack. They are all held together by tiny muscles and ligaments, and they're called—because of their shape, please, not their size—the hammer, anvil and stirrup, or, if you'd rather be Latin and medical, the malleus, incus and stapes. The handle of the hammer rests against the eardrum. The hammer head and the rest of the handle are all fitted into and around the anvil which is fastened at the other end to the top of the stirrup.

Well, the flat end of the stirrup, tiny as it is, is still big enough to cover another little opening known for some reason as the oval window.

The sound beating on your eardrum makes the hammer vibrate, which makes the anvil vibrate, which makes the stirrup sort of jump up and down on the membrane covering that little oval window. And why it is all necessary no one knows, except that with so many different kinds of sound in the world these three carpet-tack-size bones manage to transmit each one slightly differently.

So the sound has got as far as the oval window, but brace yourself because you haven't heard anything yet, not even the telephone ringing. Beyond that pinhead oval window is a regular labyrinth of tiny hollows in the bone of your skull, branching front and back and all filled with liquid. The back branch, shaped something like a bent pretzel, is your semicircular canals, which, in a way no one understands very well, control your sense of balance. And the front branch, winding in, something like a snail shell, is what you really hear with.

All the rest so far has just been a sort of sound box or transformer to get the sounds ready to be recorded. But inside this snail shell is a membrane made up of thousands and thousands of fibers—about twenty thousand in all—each a different length and each tuned to vibrate to a different kind of sound.

Attached to every one of these vibrations is a little nerve end, and all these nerve ends run together to form a sort of tiny cable which is the auditory nerve and runs directly to the auditory center of your brain. So when your sound box brings a sound to your inner ear it starts whichever fibers are tuned to it to vibrating. The vibrations tickle their special nerve ends, the nerve carries the sound along to your brain, and at last, believe it or not, you've heard that telephone ringing and can answer it if you still want to.

It is a little upsetting in a way to think that all those things have to go on for us to hear the least little thing. It's particularly upsetting, because it means that if any part of all that apparatus gets out of order we won't hear as well, and if much gets out of order we won't hear at all. And never think trustingly that it doesn't get out of order very easily. Here are a few statistics you might ponder on in a somber moment. There are some hundred and thirty million people in the United States and doctors have estimated that fifteen or twenty million of these have one thing or another wrong with their hearing apparatuses so that they don't hear properly. That means one person out of every seven or eight is going around missing sounds he ought to hear, and he isn't by any means bound to be an old person either. Doctors have estimated that probably five million of those twenty million people who can't hear everything are school children.

As for the things that can be wrong with all those forty million ears, practically any part of the complicated machinery of hearing might go wrong. There are parts more likely to give trouble than others and most of these are in the middle-ear transformer. It is natural in a way that this should be so, because there are so many things there to go wrong, and that Eustachian tube is such a very easy road for germs from the nose and throat to travel. And when they do, depending on how vicious they are, they either set up a minor chronic inflammation that keeps the hammer and anvil and stirrup from moving as easily as they should, or they start a real war in which pus is formed and the whole middle ear swells and bulges. When that happens the bulging saucer of your eardrum had better be lanced, and quickly, for if not it will probably burst and damage itself a lot more than a nice clean knife cut does. Or, worse still, the infection will burst out somewhere else; possibly into the mastoid honeycomb of bone and from there it is only a step to the covering of the brain, which may mean meningitis; or worst of all it may work under the stirrup and burst through the membrane of the oval window into the inner ear and damage those vibrators. I say worst of all because these vibrators once damaged are almost impossible to repair, and labyrinthitis, which is the name for inflammation of the inner ear, is pretty apt to mean permanent deafness, besides being every bit as likely to cause meningitis as mastoiditis is, and maybe more so.

Mild Infections Are Serious

Fortunately labyrinthitis, when the actual sound receivers are damaged, is comparatively rare. There are probably fifty or a hundred middle-ear infections for every inner-ear infection, because the inner ear is so cozily protected by the stirrup and membrane of the oval window. But middle-ear infections are serious enough, and the strange thing about it is that the mild chronic kind of infection is actually more serious than the acute inflammations. This is because the acute kind causes pain—the most excruciating kind of pain, ear specialists say, that there is—so that you know it is there, and can take steps to clear it up. And acute infections, even when the eardrum is lanced, seldom cause deafness when once healed. But chronic infection can go on for years and years without your knowing it, until the hammer, anvil, and stirrup have become so worn and weakened by infection that they are permanently out of commission.

Scarlet fever is a disease that may damage your ears. But chronic colds and sinus trouble and diseased tonsils are the most common causes of this insidious mild ear infection. So don't think it is either smart or brave to ignore a chronic sniffle or sore throat. You may go on for years thinking it's nothing at all, and then suddenly realize you've begun to say "What?" to the point of losing all your friends.

A very mysterious but not uncommon disease that can descend on your middle ear is called otosclerosis. Arteriosclerosis, you know, is hardening of the arteries. Well, otosclerosis is hardening of the middle ear. It doesn't seem to have a thing to do with germs or infections, but seems rather to run in families, and what it does is deposit little stray bits of calcium around those three tiny transformer bones. Research workers have been researching on the problem and a lot of them have decided that it may be due to some glandular upset, though they haven't been able yet to agree on which gland does the damage. They have discovered, however, that they can sometimes help it by limiting a person's intake of calcium and giving him medicine that makes him release it instead of storing it where he shouldn't. If this doesn't work, the thing for people with otosclerosis to do is put the middle ear in conventry, ignore it completely and wear a little hearing box on that bony bulge in back of the ear that will transmit sounds direct to the inner vibrator through the bone of the skull.

There are of course hundreds of other more or less rare things that can be wrong with people's ears, but there is one whole class of ear disturbances that the world is just beginning to be conscious of, and that is too much noise. Doctors have known for years that people working in boiler factories or other places where noise is constant and terrific were apt to get deaf, and have known, too, that deafness could come from hearing a very sudden and loud explosion. But it is only recently that they found out what these noises do. They tried subjecting various animals to one long loud note over a long period of time and then operating on the ear to see if that noise did anything. And they discovered that too-loud noises for too long, or too-loud sudden ones did actually either destroy certain of those vibrator nerve ends, or cause a hemorrhage into the inner ear that was just about as serious.

Measuring Your Sound Quota

Shortly after that scientists decided they had better find some way to measure sound, so they took a perfectly arbitrary measure, and called it a decibel. And as for how much noise that is, when you're talking at a bridge party you're probably contributing something like sixty decibels to the general festivity, which is plenty because anything over about fifty isn't very restful. If there is a riveter at play outside your window he may be stirring up as high as a hundred decibels of racket, and this is pretty high because a cannon salute is only about a hundred and twenty or thirty. As time goes on we're going to be more and more decibel conscious and do more and more about it. We'll have to if we're going to save our ears.

There are a lot of things we're going to have to do, as a matter of fact, in the way of saving our ears. Those five million school children who can't hear as well as they should, for instance; it's just beginning to occur to us that we'd better do something about them. And it's pretty ridiculous, too, because for years schools have made a point of examining eyes and tonsils and vaccination marks, but ears somehow were something they never thought about.

Even today there are only two states, New York and Minnesota, with laws requiring school children to be tested for hearing.

It's so easy to test for hearing too, because some bright man has invented a machine called an audiometer. This is really nothing but a highly educated phonograph, but so educated it can take on a whole room full of children at a time.

The first step, of course, is to separate the children who can't hear well into two groups: those who will be all right after a little medical treatment, and those who are just going to have to learn to get along with their handicap. New York City, realizing that it isn't good for this permanently handicapped group to try to compete with normally sharp-eared children, has devoted one whole public school to children who are more or less deaf.

Aids for Hearing

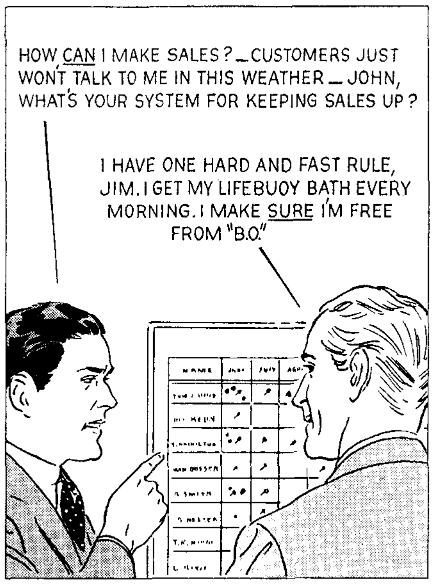
Probably the most important reason for this special training of deaf children is so they won't develop serious inferiority and persecution complexes. That, psychologists have discovered, is a perfectly natural way for deaf people to react. A deaf person is constantly seeing things he either can't understand or misunderstands.

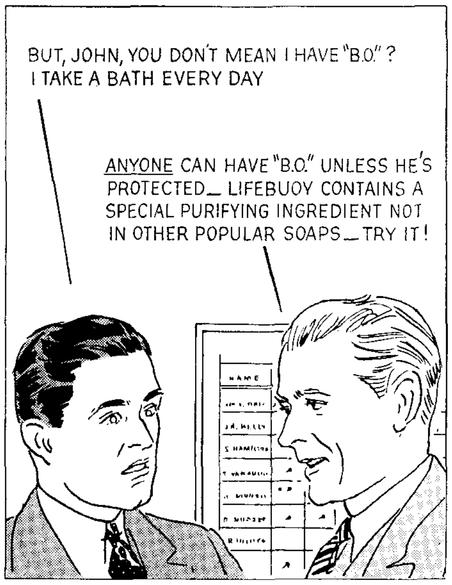
We are beginning, though, to realize how really tragic this can be and to do everything possible to let deaf people in on as much of everyday life as possible. There are special telephones marked for the use of the hard of hearing in a good many places now; theaters, churches and concert halls are beginning to have seats equipped with special hearing devices; and an American Society for the Hard of Hearing has recently been started which gives free lip-reading classes for those who need them and tries to place people who have lost their jobs through deafness in new jobs where hearing isn't so important.

One of the most important psychological hurdles in deafness is the perfectly ridiculous sense of shame that people feel about wearing a hearing device. Nobody has that feeling about glasses, which are usually much bigger and more noticeable than the tiny black domino or button required for better hearing; but it wasn't so long ago that people would rather stumble through life than commit the social breach of wearing spectacles. So it's probably just that ears are lagging behind eyes, and before long, people will calmly go to be fitted with a hearing device when they find their hearing dim just as they now go to the oculist.

And hearing devices are more comparable to glasses than you would think. Right now they're in the stage spectacles were some thirty years ago when you went to the store and bought the pair that seemed to help you see the most. But it isn't going to be long before hearing devices are fitted by prescription too—certain kinds for middle-ear deafness, that's the bone-conductor kind you wear back of your ear; certain kinds for inner-ear damage, that's the amplifying button you wear right in your ear; special types for people who miss low notes and others for people who miss high notes. It isn't quite as highly developed as that yet, but it's coming fast, and with that and training in lip reading, to say nothing of all the preventive work that can be done when deafness is caught routinely and the cause of it removed before it can do real damage, those twenty million people who have trouble hearing should soon be a lot happier—and a lot fewer.

Hurray! I'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF lasting freshness EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAYS


HOW CAN I MAKE SALES?—CUSTOMERS JUST WON'T TALK TO ME IN THIS WEATHER—JOHN, WHAT'S YOUR SYSTEM FOR KEEPING SALES UP?
I HAVE ONE HARD AND FAST RULE, JIM. I GET MY LIFEBUOY BATH EVERY MORNING. I MAKE SURE I'M FREE FROM "B.O."


BUT, JOHN, YOU DON'T MEAN I HAVE "B.O."? I TAKE A BATH EVERY DAY
ANYONE CAN HAVE "B.O." UNLESS HE'S PROTECTED—LIFEBUOY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER POPULAR SOAPS—TRY IT!

LATER
I NEVER FELT SO REFRESHED FROM A SHOWER—AND JOHN SAYS THE FRESHNESS LASTS.... WE'LL SEE....

"B.O." GONE—SALES IMPROVE
SAY YOUR SALES ARE WAY UP THIS MONTH—
THANKS TO YOU! YOU PUT MONEY IN MY POCKET WHEN YOU SUGGESTED LIFEBUOY. GEE, IT'S GRAND TO KNOW YOU'RE FREE FROM "B.O."

Lifebuoy's purifying lather keeps skin fresh in summer, too!

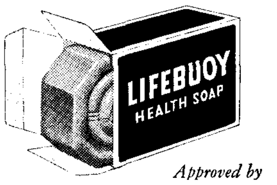
Women as well as men prefer Lifebuoy . . . They, too, appreciate the *extra* protection of the lather that keeps them dainty, alluring . . . that gives them *lasting freshness* . . . It is a fact that more American women—men and children, too—use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap. This was revealed when eight leading magazines recently questioned 120,000 housewives.

Lifebuoy is over 20% milder

Women who really care about their complexions protect them with Lifebuoy. The lather is *thorough* and *mild* . . . Removes all impurities from deep in the pores—it helps keep skin texture fine—helps prevent ugly, "stretched" pores. If you want *your* skin to be fresh, clear, glowing with healthy beauty, use Lifebuoy regularly! That same special purifying ingredient in the penetrating lather that stops "B.O." makes the soap gentler . . . Tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

"Use Lifebuoy a week and you'll use it always." That's what any regular Lifebuoy user will tell you. But *you* try Lifebuoy for yourself. And you'll enjoy this summer more! You'll feel extra-fresh, extra-clean, because you'll be *extra-clean!*

stops 'B.O.'



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Call Back Love

Continued from page 17

He seemed suddenly embarrassed and ill at ease.

"Mrs. Lane, tell me something, have you got an agent? I don't like to talk business with a woman."

Cornelia shook her head.

"Then we got to make the best of it, and get down to facts," he said. "What's the real name?"

"Cornelia. Mrs. Andrew Lane."

"No, I mean the little girl's—"

"Jennifer."

"My Daddy calls me Jenny," Jennifer promptly interposed.

David Morris put the ivory elephant down on his desk. "Jennifer or Jenny," he baldly stated, "I want to make a picture with her. That's my hunch. Maybe we got something, maybe we got nothing. There's only one way to find out. How about it?"

The hard sharp dominance that characterized his success now emanated from him. Cornelia sensed his small person grow in stature, and before the dynamic sweep of his assertion her own chagrin and disappointment dimmed to unimportance.

"I don't know," she stammered. "I'd never thought about it, we'd never thought . . ."

"WELL, let's think about it now. This is the whole story in a nutshell. I have a picture, a Baby Kitty picture, but all of a sudden I haven't got any Baby Kitty. And why? She's got measles. With complications. That's the headache in the picture business, making pictures with kids. With pictures costing twenty thousand dollars a day to make, they have to go and get the measles."

"I've had the measles three times," put in Jennifer with some pride.

David Morris looked pleased. "That's a good girl," he approved. "So we start tomorrow and if it goes all right, we know where we are and sign a contract for two hundred and fifty dollars a week—eight weeks the picture ought to take if everything works out nice and smooth—Does that seem fair, Mrs. Lane?"

Cornelia wanted to laugh. Fair? It was more than fair, but it was also ludicrous. "You don't seem to understand," she elucidated patiently. "Jennifer isn't an actress, Mr. Morris; you can't put her in Baby Kitty's picture, measles or no measles. She doesn't know the first thing about it, it's all a mistake, it really is, and I'm sorry." She rose.

He put out his hand. "Not so quick. Look, Mrs. Lane, I know she never acted before, but that's not saying she isn't an actress. We'll make it four hundred a week, ten weeks' guarantee. Does that suit you?"

"Oh!" cried Cornelia, thinking how many ten weeks had passed with the entire Lane income falling short of four hundred dollars. "It's a fortune! But I couldn't decide anything without talking it over with my husband!"

"Certainly. Could Doctor Lane come to see me this afternoon? We've got to make up our minds, Mrs. Lane, the picture's shooting already."

"I think he could," said Cornelia breathlessly. "But I don't know whether he'll be willing!"

"That part I will take care of," replied David Morris, with simple assurance.

Jennifer shifted something from one hand to another, and picked up Mr. Morris' ivory elephant.

"What have you got in your hands?" he asked.

She held the rabbit's foot out for him to look at. "I've got to give it back to the man at the gate," she said.

Morris chuckled. "Blake's been picking them again." He turned to Cornelia. "He's the gateman, and a superstitious old fool—every so often he lends his rabbit's foot to someone who comes in to see me. It means he's sized 'em up and likes 'em, and thinks it'll bring them luck. Foolish business," he dismissed it.

He handed the rabbit's foot back to Jennifer and lit a cigar. "It's settled then, Mrs. Lane. I'll be expecting to see your husband this afternoon, and you, too. You got your car? No? I'll send you back in mine."

He led them to the door, but before he let them out he went to a bookcase and brought back a polished wooden elephant which he gave to Jennifer. "It may bring you luck," he told her. "Bring both of us luck."

Cornelia burst out laughing, and David acknowledged her amusement with a sheepish smile. "Elephants are different," he defended himself.

GARDNER REA

"I'll take over from here on, O'Rourke" GARDNER REA

SHE dropped Jennifer off at the school, resisting the temptation to call Florabel out of the Nature Class she was conducting, and hurried home to phone Andy at the hospital.

He was a long time answering her call. He sounded hurried and preoccupied. "I haven't a minute, dear, anything important?"

"I should say it is!" She started to tell him what had happened. He listened to her for a moment, and then cut in on her with a brief negation. "Nothing doing," he said firmly.

She could have wept for his unreasonable stand. The least that he could do, she accused him heatedly, was to give the matter some consideration before dismissing it in that pigheaded fashion.

He relented, with the air of an adult patting a child on the back. "Hold everything until I get home this evening," he placated her, "and we'll talk it over." She could feel his voice making ready to ring off. "Wait!" she cried. "Mr. Morris expects to see you this afternoon."

Andy snorted. "Oho, he does, does he? Well, you tell the gentleman he's got another guess coming!"

She was on the verge of helpless tears. "Oh, Andy!" she whimpered. "You can be so *irritating!*"

"Well, I don't want Jennifer in the movies!"

Toward noon, David Morris telephoned to find out when Dr. Lane would arrive at the studio. Confused and uncertain, she compromised with the truth by saying merely that she had not yet been able to reach him, but had left a message for him at the hospital.

DAVID MORRIS was a man of forthright action. "What hospital? I'll talk to him."

"St. Paul's. But please, Mr. Morris," she stammered, "it won't do any good over the phone, I mean I know how he feels about it."

"I'll get in touch with him," repeated David Morris pleasantly. "Don't you bother any more, Mrs. Lane."

She could do nothing about it. Frantically, she tried to reach Andy again, to plead with him to be receptive to whatever Morris was going to say to him. She was half relieved to find that he had already left the hospital. She called his office, only to be informed by his nurse that "Doctor" was on his way to an emergency case in Pasadena, and would not return for his accustomed office hours. . . .

It was a nightmare of an afternoon. Again and again Cornelia tried frantically to reach Andy, but without success—he was having one of his most hectic days. In the meantime, Morris' office phoned three times and she could only offer lame excuses for her husband's failure to communicate with the studio.

At half past six the bell rang. "At last!" she exclaimed aloud and dashed to the door, flinging it open. She started back with a little cry of shock and panic, for it wasn't Andy, it was David Morris. "I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "I was on my way home and I thought I would stop in."

"My husband hasn't come in yet," faltered Cornelia. "I mean, he really hasn't, and I haven't been able to get hold of him the livelong day."

David Morris knew she was telling the truth. "Doctors are worse than producers," he sympathized. "They're never around when you want them." He smiled. "He lives here, though, doesn't he—he comes home to sleep at least?"

Cornelia smiled, too, more at ease. "Oh, yes! Would you care to wait?"

While she was taking his coat, Gladiola came belatedly to answer the bell. She looked a sight, with her cap askew and her apron soiled.

The living room was a sight, too. Cornelia hadn't put her sewing things away, and Jennifer had been playing with her jigsaw puzzle on the floor. She could feel David Morris' eyes taking in every detail.

She asked him to sit down and then sat down herself, crossing her ankles carefully to hide a new run in her stocking. Conversation died, stillborn.

Gladiola saved the situation by reappearing and beckoning from the doorway. Cornelia rose hastily. "Ef it goin' be a late suppah," Gladiola imparted in a stage whisper, "ah goin' fetch dat chile an' feed her now."

Cornelia nodded her approval. "Go up for her, don't shout. She's in her room," she adjured in a low voice.

Jennifer came hopping down the stairs. She carried a doll under one arm and Mr. Morris' wooden elephant under the other. From her chair Cornelia took in at a glance that tonight of all nights she had chosen her old tattered bathrobe and, under it, she wore an outgrown sleeping suit from which the feet had been cut, so it would still fit her. Von Loben's words came back to her. *"Is a poor child. Has never had a chance."*

SHE rose again, feeling like a jumping jack. "Run on into the kitchen," she implored under her breath, as Jennifer paused to look curiously into the living room. Jennifer was reluctant to efface herself—company was too rare an event. "Who's that?" she asked, staring at Mr. Morris' back.

"Shhh!—Run on—"

She hadn't heard Andy's key in the latch. The door slammed and he was in. She wanted to kick him in the shins. A moment later she wanted to murder him. He was tired and strained, after a difficult day, but that was no excuse for acting as he did. When Cornelia introduced Mr. Morris, he just stood there sizing him up, exactly the way a good watchdog would size up an interloper into the home preserves.

Mr. Morris was cordial, none the less. "I'm glad to meet you, Doctor Lane," he said. "Had a busy day, eh?" he added genially.

"Very," replied Andy succinctly, leaving Mr. Morris up in the air. He reached firm ground again by offering Andy a cigar.

"I don't smoke them," said Andy.

David Morris cleared his throat, and came directly to the point. "Dr. Lane, you know why I'm here. You saw the picture last night. I hope you liked it."

Another clipped affirmative from Andy, which bore, however, no color of enthusiasm. Cornelia thought she would scream.

"You saw your daughter in it. You liked her work?"

"I saw my wife in it," Andy returned.

It was unusual for David Morris to flounder. "Oh, of course." He glanced at Cornelia and she realized that he hadn't even known that she was in the picture.

"Yes, of course, naturally. She was very good. But the little one—"

Gladiola put her head into the room once more, like a Greek chorus. "Missus Cornelia," she ground out hoarsely.

Cornelia sniffed. Gladiola was a smelly cook, you could always tell what

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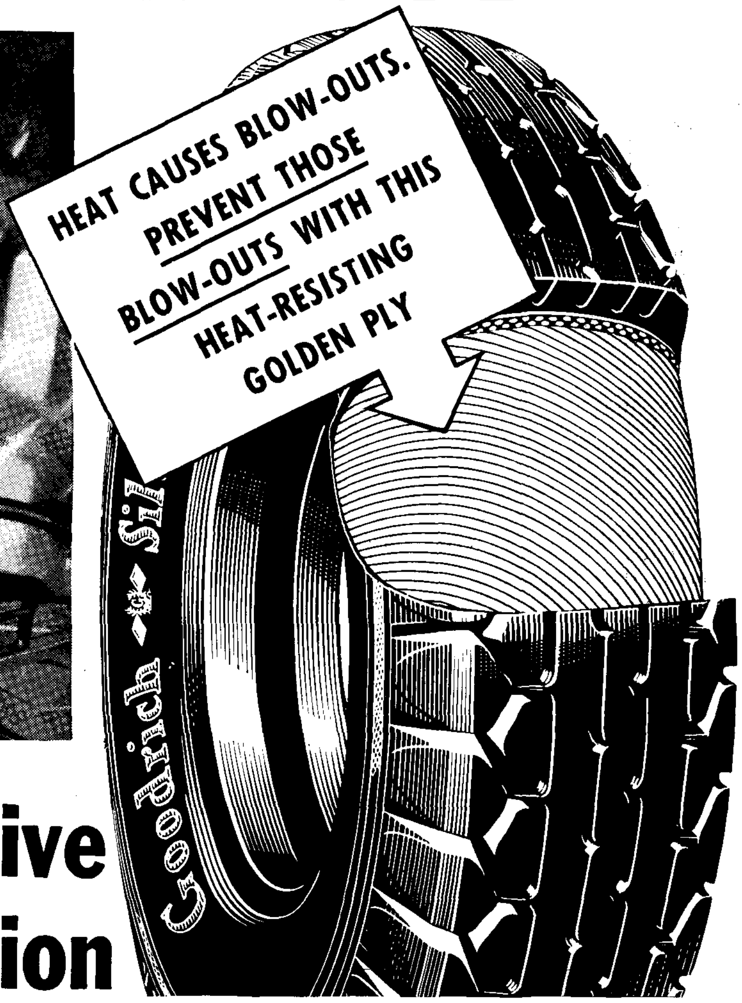

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she was having for dinner, because she never remembered to shut the kitchen door. Tonight it was spareribs and sauerkraut and the penetrating odor of it flooded out into the hall in gusts. It was one of Andy's favorite dishes, and cheap, but why, oh, why, had she planned it for tonight? Here was one of the biggest moments in her life, one of the most important decisions that Andy and she might ever have to make, and it was to be interrupted by a half-wit and the steamy haze of sauerkraut. She bolted for the kitchen, pulling Gladiola after her.

"*Will* you stop coming in every minute, and will you please keep the door *shut!*" she hissed.

Gladiola looked righteously affronted. "Ah on'y wanted to fin' out ef de gen'man stay foh suppah, an' ef Ah should lay an extry place," she replied, much put upon.

"No!" cried Cornelia, horrified at the mere idea.

She fled back to the living room. David Morris was lighting a cigar and Andy was filling his pipe.

"I understand that it isn't the money," he was saying. "But life isn't certain, Dr. Lane. You are dependent on your two hands for your living. Suppose something happened to them and you couldn't operate any more?"

"I'd go in general practice," Andy glibly answered. But it was evident that the argument had weight with him and David was quick to follow up.

"After all, school is almost over. It will be fun for the child and an experience to boot. She's got something. Maybe it's great. Maybe it's only mediocre. All right, we will find out, and if it's only so-so we can all forget about it, with no harm done, and a little nest-egg stored up against a rainy day. I believe, I guess *it's the only thing I really* do believe, that no one has a right to stand in the way of anyone else's life, no sir, not even when it's our own children. Least of all then, maybe." David Morris puffed on his cigar and looked, eyes squinted above the smoke, across at Andy.

CORNELIA had the sense that he was not only a great producer but a great salesman and psychologist. Somehow, he had managed this evening to curb that tremendous drive he used with people, because he realized that with Andy it would produce nothing but antagonism. And he had also read deep into Andy's mind and touched something that was almost a religion with him. "Each person," he had told her more than once, "is entitled to live his own life and make his own mistakes."

"Think it over," said David, as he saw his shaft strike home. "Call me in the morning." He glanced at his watch and Andy looked at his own.

"Half past seven!—Neal, maybe Mr. Morris would stay and have a bite with us."

Cornelia felt embarrassment rise in a deep blush along her neck and cheeks. "Oh, Andy!" She included Mr. Morris in her beseeching gaze. "If I'd only known! We're only having spareribs and sauerkraut!"

David Morris' face lit up. "I thought I smelled it!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Is there enough for me?"

"Oh, sure there's enough," said Andy, largely.

"Of course," echoed Cornelia, with her heart sinking. She hurried into the kitchen. "Lay an extra plate," she threw out feverishly to Gladiola, who was coaxing Jennifer to eat her prunes.

Gladiola's jaw dropped. Cornelia ignored her bewilderment and dashed to the supply closet. She took down a can of peas and some onion soup and began to open them. Her hand was trembling so that she made a great mess of it. The tin curled up around a meager opening and refused to budge in spite of her frenzied onslaughts. Andy appeared. "Morris went upstairs to wash—need any help?"

"Oh, heavens, why did you let him, there are no clean towels and my girdle's hanging out, I just washed it!"

"He's seen girdles, and what did you want me to say—no, you mustn't stay?" demanded Andy. "Here, give me that—" He took the can from Cornelia, and an expression of profound disgust crossed his face as he saw its distorted condition. "Gee whiz," he exclaimed, "I never saw it to fail—why don't you learn how to do it right—"

"Now don't begin that cry!" Cornelia hysterically cut in. "Just shut up and open it!"

DAVID MORRIS stood on the threshold. Jennifer recognized him with a little squawk of delight and threw herself at him. He caught her up in a warm embrace. "Hello there!" he boomed, oblivious of her ragged attire. "I been looking all over the house for you!"

"Thank you again for my elephant!" She seemed to take it quite as a matter of course that he should be here. He took it as a matter of course, too, and with Jennifer still in his arms he approached the stove and peered into the steaming pot of sauerkraut.

"You put an apple and onion in?" he inquired with interest.

"Onion yes, but apple, no," answered Cornelia, blowing back a loose strand of hair from her damp, hot forehead. "I never heard of it."

"My mother always cooked it that way. Have you got an apple?"

The doorbell rang. "I'll go. I'll see who it is!" shrilled Jennifer importantly.

"Mr. Morris wants an apple! Any beer, Neal?"

Good Lord, Cornelia thought, what a night! I'm going crazy! "In the fruit bowl! Jennifer, keep the chain on the door! There's some on ice!"

Jennifer screamed back from the hall, "It's my teacher, it's Miss Lee! Can I take the chain off, can I?"

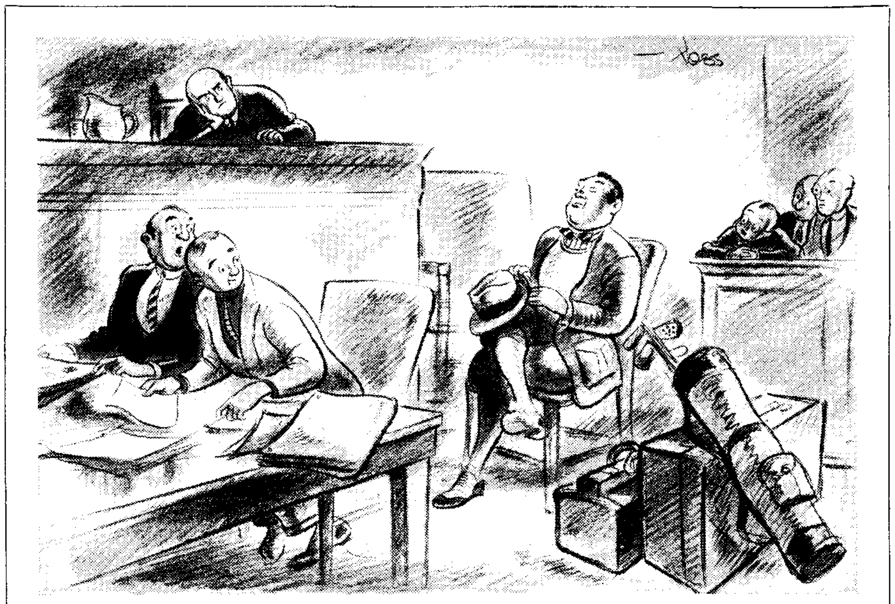
Florabel burst in, a red-headed whirlwind adding to the tumult. "David!" she shrieked in amazed delight. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Cooking sauerkraut," said David, poking the quartered apple into the pot.

Andy was pulling beer bottles out of the refrigerator. "Had your supper, Miss Lee?" he asked, enjoying himself as host.

"Just a cup of tea; I was too excited about Jennifer to eat much!"

"Gladiola!" Cornelia called into the dining room. "Set another place!"



"Sure, he's being tried for murder, but he's very confident!" A. ROSS

She never knew how it all happened. It might have been any one of a half dozen things—the spareribs, the beer, the madhouse jollity or even the elephant which Jennifer still clutched to her breast. At any rate, before supper was half over they were all talking as if it were decided that she would report at the studio the following morning.

"What will you call her in pictures, David?" Florabel asked.

"I hadn't thought, yet," said David. "It's important, too."

"I should say it is!" Florabel looked very serious about it. "Go to my numerologist," she suggested. "The day I changed my name from Flora Levy, I began to climb to stardom."

"But *Jennifer* already has as many syllables as it can stand," demurred Cornelia.

"Anyway, she's just plain Jenny to me," Andy mumbled over the bone that he was nibbling.

"Just plain Jenny," repeated David ruminatively. "Jennifer Lane. Jenny Lane." His eyes brightened. "Jenny it is!"

"Oh, no!" protested Florabel and Cornelia on a single breath.

"What do you mean, 'Oh, no?' " demanded David. "I guess if Jenny Lind was good enough for Barnum, Jenny Lane is good enough for Morris!" He beamed. Andy reached over and clapped him over the shoulders. "A man after my own heart!" he ejaculated. Their behavior, thought Cornelia, pinching herself to make sure she was awake, was exactly like that of two schoolboys who had grown up together.

THEY were stopped at the studio gate the next morning as the old gateman peered into their taxi. He smiled and drew the rabbit's foot out of his pocket and held it up for Jennifer to see. "It brought you luck, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did," acknowledged Cornelia, bubbling over with gratitude and good will.

The secretary ushered them into David Morris' office at once, without announcing them.

They walked across the lot, with Morris holding Jennifer's hand in his. It was a fairyland and a trip around the world in one. Morris led them a roundabout way, showing them a French street, Limehouse, a New York street with street cars and elevated trains, and the port of Singapore, with full-rigged ships floating in a pool.

He led them, finally, into a vast, cavernous building, like a railroad station. A man at the door blew a whistle. There was an instant scurry of activity. "Lights!" someone yelled, and suddenly the whole scene was flooded brighter than sunlight.

The seemingly confused maze of order made Cornelia a little dizzy. There was a tenement neighborhood, complete in every detail and, backed up against it a section of Park Avenue, while in kaleidoscopic proximity were parts of furnished rooms, hallways, staircases, terraces, and a very swanky elevator with no side to it. As if controlling this mad world, men ran about and climbed in the vaulted shadows of the roof on little runways, regulating night and day and dusk.

There was a sudden hush as the milling people realized that David Morris had appeared upon the scene. Cornelia, too, felt the power of this genius of the movie universe, and again she marveled at his presence in their home the night before.

Von Loben, the director, emerged from a tenement doorway and greeted them. He squatted on his heels and studied Jennifer intently. Then he made her walk backward and forward, and in a circle. He asked her to climb up a stairway, and then walk down again. He asked her to shake hands with an actor who was standing nearby. He asked her to go to a closed door, open it, and stop and turn around and look at him. Jennifer was obedient and responsive. She seemed to be enjoying herself, knowing none of Cornelia's choking apprehension. It was a kind of glorified Follow the Leader and she was merely being It.

WHEN von Loben was through with her, the cameraman squinted at her through a dark glass and then the costumer measured her and the hairdresser combed her hair and the still photographer set up his lights and took different angles of her face. The make-up man interrupted them from time to time, as he smeared some new mixture of grease paint on her cheeks, and gave a reference number to the cameraman.

David Morris and the two authors of the story paced up and down at some distance. Occasionally they would come over to stare at Jennifer.

"You got to get some of that little-girl-of-all-the-world into the story!" David impressed them vehemently. "Pull out all the stops and give her the works! I don't want lines so much as business. Give her things to do! Make the audience cry! Make 'em laugh!"

As von Loben claimed Morris' attention for a moment Cornelia overheard one of the writers grumble, "Been shooting three days and now he wants a whole new script written before tomorrow morning."

" 'At's the moon picher business," retorted the other in good-natured parody. "Come on, let's beat it and go down to the beach."

If there were any scripts to be entirely rewritten, they were going to take their time about it, decided Cornelia, with a little touch of proprietary panic and indignation, as they tiptoed off the scene.

It was suddenly all too much for her, and she wanted to sit down for a few minutes. At the far end of the sound stage there was a line of trailerlike compartments, through which she glimpsed the invitation of couches and easy chairs. As she went toward them, she saw a man lettering on the side of one of them the name of "Jenny Lane." Curious, she climbed in the open door.

A colored maid in a gray silk uniform and a smart apron and cap accosted her. She had often dreamed of Gladiola looking this way, but a uniform merely accentuated her worst points and made her look like a hot-water bag tied in the middle.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but no one is allowed in here. This is Miss Lane's dressing room."

(To be continued next week)

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 19

pardon me, sir. This man who resembles you so closely is a member of this gang, and Miss Rilling's actions seemed to indicate that she is involved in it, too. But how do you account for her asking you, 'What's your game this time?' "

"That doesn't prove anything."

Peter went to the telephone, called the telegraph company, and dictated a message to Michael Banyard, Cobalt, Nevada.

"Have I a twin brother? Wire in detail. Signed Pete." He turned from the telephone and looked at Oliver. "The answer will be, 'Are you drunk or crazy?' "

Oliver was watching him sadly.

"Oliver, how can I help her?"

"I only wish I could suggest something, Mr. Banyard."

"It's pretty terrible, Oliver. You can't tell me she's joined this gang just to make money to buy the kind of clothes Roger Van Tyle would approve. It's something else. She's in a jam. Oliver, couldn't I lend her some money—arrange it through a lawyer somehow?"

"I don't see how you could, Mr. Banyard."

"But I've got to help her. Once a decent girl gets in with a gang like that, anything can happen to her. If they get into a jam, they'll be sure to make her the goat. Think of a girl like Miss Rilling being third-degreed by a lot of tough detectives!"

"I'd thought of that, sir. They aren't clever. What they tried to do tonight proved that. It was so crude. Did you meet Mr. Roger Van Tyle?"

"Practically." Peter went to a door which gave upon the terrace. "I thought he was fine. I don't blame her for falling in love with him." He smiled slowly. "But that doesn't mean I'm quitting."

"Of course not, sir; but after what happened tonight—and I don't see how he can help hearing about it—it seems to me her chances with him are ruined. That's what makes me so doubtful of her guilt. She would know that Miss Griffin would tell him about it."

"How do you know what their whole plan was?" Peter answered. "We've just assumed it was an extortion scheme. How do you know they weren't kidnaping her?"

Oliver looked dubious, but withheld comment. "I'm very curious to know what you thought of Miss Griffin, sir."

"She's a spoiled brat, but she's beautiful. She's so beautiful that I don't quite know where I stand."

"Yes, sir. She's the most popular debutante in New York."

Peter opened the door. "You trot along to the hay, Oliver. It's almost five. I want to do some thinking before I turn in."

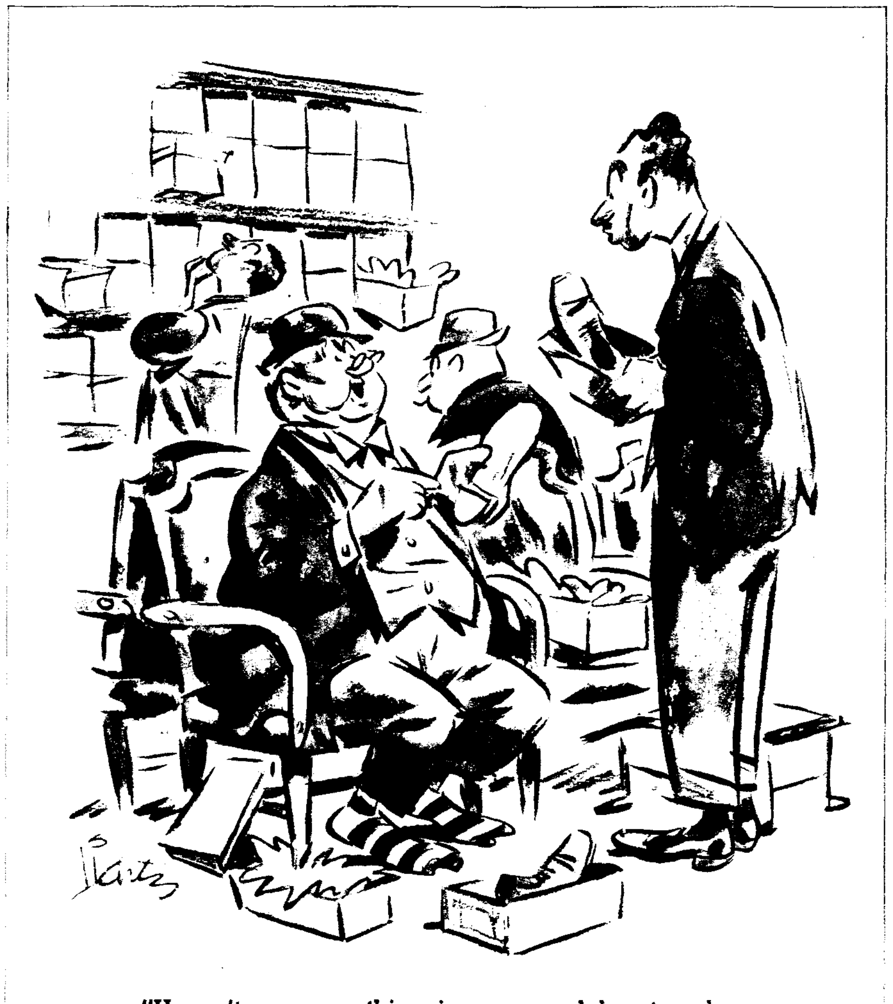
"What time shall I call you, sir?"

"When the answer comes to that wire. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Peter went out on the terrace. He stopped at the south end and looked down Park Avenue. A light was burning high up in the building where Franziska's apartment was. For long intervals tonight, he had been too busy to be terrified of anything. New York was quieter and darker than he had ever seen it—and more menacing. He had interfered with the business of a ruthless New York gang. What would they do about it?

FRANZISKA RILLING had gone directly home from Lazarre's, letting herself in quietly, going to her room on tiptoe and closing the door without sound so as not to disturb her aunt.



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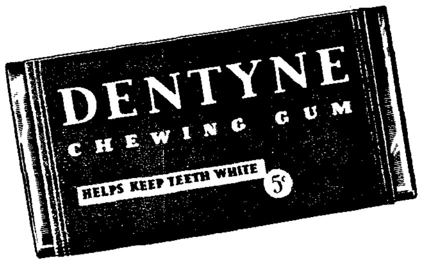


HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Her maid had turned her bed down and laid out her nightgown, dressing gown and mules. Franziska threw her wrap into a chair, sat down on the bed and took the money out of her evening bag. She counted it. There were two thousand dollars in fifties, twenties and tens. She straightened out the pile of bills and hid it in a drawer under some stockings. She took off her sandals and lit a cigarette.

She sat down at her dressing table and rearranged the objects on it. She did not know what she was doing. She couldn't think. She got up, opened the drawer and looked under the stockings. The money was there. She went back to the dressing table, sat down and looked at her face. It was white and haggard and there was a strained look in her eyes.

There was a frantic feeling in her breast, near her heart. She thumped on it with a fist and got up and began walking up and down the room. The air seemed close. She opened all the windows.

She walked up and down, up and down, but the frantic feeling did not go away. She threw herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. It was soft and cool, but she could not lie still. She kept trying to think, and trying to get the face of that dead man out of her mind.

The room grew cold. The sky turned tawny gray, then steel gray, then pale blue. She should be trying to sleep, but she could not even force herself to lie down. The frantic feeling would not go away. If she could have cried, she would have felt better, but she did not seem able to cry.

When she thought of Roger, the panicky feeling in her breast became unendurable. She tried not to think of Roger. He might telephone at any moment. He might even come here. She must be ready for it.

At nine o'clock, Sonja opened the door a crack and peeped in. She stared. "Miss Rilling!" she called, softly.

"Bring me some black coffee," Franziska said, "and the morning paper."

"Are you ill, Miss Rilling?"

"No, Sonja. Just upset."

"But you should try to sleep, Miss Rilling."

"I did. I can't."

When the door closed, Franziska sat down at the dressing table and looked in the mirror. It was not her face she saw, but the face of a strange, hunted woman. It was white and shocking.

She looked at her datebook for today. She had a luncheon date with Bruce Courland, then a bridge date at Martha Wheeler's, then a cocktail tea at Patricia McBride's, then the dinner party with Roger, and they would go on from there to the party at Lazarre's for Emily Torrence. She could cut everything but the Marbridge dinner party. If the phone didn't ring by ten, she could relax. She could sleep.

SONJA came in with a pot of black coffee and the morning paper. She looked worried.

"You don't look well, Miss Rilling. Isn't there something I can do?"

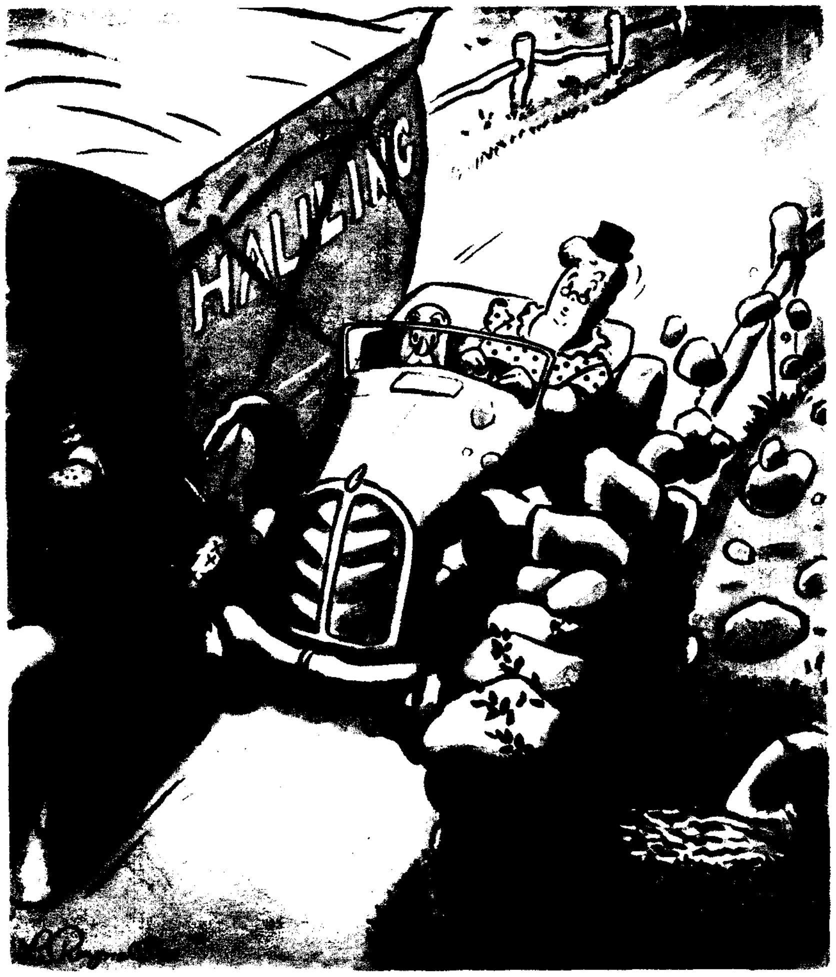
Franziska tried to smile, to reassure her, but her facial muscles were stiff.

"Sonja, I feel like a sway-backed old plow horse. I'm going to sleep all day. I'm canceling everything but a dinner party at the Marbridges'. Will you attend to it? Just take the book."

"Can't I run a hot tub for you, Miss Rilling?"

"No, Sonja."

Sonja took the datebook and went out. When the door closed, Franziska looked at the front-page headlines. It wasn't on the front page. Her eyes burned and the type danced. She went through the paper, looking at every headline. On page six the headline MOBSTER SLAIN made her heart jump. But it had happened in Chicago. She glanced at the account of the Griffin party on the society page, and went on turning pages, but she found no reference to the Merricka killing.



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"I can't stand it," she said aloud, and lit another cigarette. She drank the coffee, holding the cup in both hands, sipping it greedily, although it was almost scalding hot. It made her feel a little better, but the frantic feeling in her breast did not go away. She was ready to collapse from exhaustion, but she dared not lie down. She walked up and down the room, smoking and at times beating one fist into the palm of her other hand.

She was so tired she could hardly stand. She had worn out the soles of her stockings, and the soles of her feet were numb. She sat down on the bed and began undressing. Waves of drowsiness went through her brain, and there was a burning, sandy feeling back of her eyes.

She slipped on her nightgown and got into bed. She glanced at her watch. It was nearly eleven. She was asleep almost at once, and almost at once Sonja was shaking her by the shoulder.

"It's Mr. Van Tyle, Miss Rilling. On the phone."

FRANZISKA felt drugged. She was half-blind. She couldn't face Roger. She could never face him again.

"He says it's very urgent, Miss Rilling."

"Did you tell him I hadn't slept?"

"Yes, Miss Rilling, but he says it's very urgent."

Sonja moved the phone closer to her. Franziska squeezed her eyes shut, to try to start circulation in her brain. She took the phone out of its cradle. "Hello, Rodge."

"Franziska, I'm sorry to wake you up, but I've got to see you. You've got to tell me what this is all about."

"Of course, Rodge. When?"

"Have luncheon with me. Lari's at one."

"Okay. Lari's at one."

She dropped the phone into its cradle and Sonja placed it on the table.

"It's eleven-thirty, Miss Rilling."

"Well, I feel just marvelous, and I look just marvelous. I've had exactly thirty-five minutes' sleep."

Sonja made a noise that sounded like a sob. "Miss Rilling, you're sick."

"No, I'm not. I feel perfectly marvelous. Where are you going?"

Sonja was making for the door. "To tell your aunt," she said stubbornly.

"Come back here, you idiot. There isn't time for a scene with my aunt. We've got to pull me together. Did you ever hear of Humpty Dumpty, Sonja? That's who I am this morning."

Sonja began to sniffle. Franziska looked at her and smiled. It was a ghastly little smile. It wouldn't take much to push her over the edge. She couldn't get the face of Frank Merricka out of her mind: the green color, the seaweed hair, the neat little hole above the right eyebrow. She felt like screaming. Her eyes burned with tears that wouldn't come if they tried, and her throat tickled with laughter.

This was what people meant by the jitters. She'd never really had them before, with that frantic feeling around the heart, the jumpiness around the stomach, the inability to stay still.

She had to face Roger across a luncheon table. She had to explain everything. And Roger would sit there, trying so hard to be fair, wanting to give her the benefit of every doubt. That was one of her reasons for loving him so—he was so decent and so fair. How could she explain everything?

"Sonja, we'll have to work fast. Get busy, Sonja! Snap into it, Sonja! Don't stand there staring at me! We've got about one hour to turn me from a toothless old hag into something young and lovely and radiant. We'll start with a facial. We'll give the old hulk the works, Sonja."

Franziska climbed stiffly out of bed and stretched out on her back on the chaise longue. She tried to let down. There was something insane about the very word jitters. Sonja gave her a light facial massage while hot water was running in the tub.

A girl who had gone through the mill last year had told Franziska about this treatment for the jitters. It killed you or it cured you.

When the tub was full, Franziska poured quantities of bath salts into it, and eased in. The water was almost too hot to endure, but she lowered herself into it up to the neck, whimpering to relieve the torture. Her face turned scarlet. Sonja let the water run hotter and hotter.

Franziska soaked for fifteen minutes, then scrubbed herself all over with her stiffest bath brush. Sonja turned on the cold shower. Franziska got out of the tub, put on a bathing cap, shut her eyes and mouth hard, and got under it.

At the first impact of the icy water, her heart gave a great thump, and she almost fainted. Sonja was standing there to catch her if she fell, but she didn't fall. She stayed under the shower until she was numb. Then Sonja wrapped the pink girl in a large blue towel and briskly dried her.

Franziska stretched out on the chaise longue again. She was wide-awake, and she was beginning to have a glowing feeling. The jitters were gone, and she lay completely relaxed while Sonja applied steaming towels to her face, then ran a large lump of ice over it until it burned.

Sonja gave her face another light massage.

Franziska got up and looked at herself in the dressing-table mirror. She looked radiant. She really looked beautiful. The droopy look was gone, and her eyes were bright and clear. It would last through luncheon, perhaps a little longer.

She sat down and began putting on her make-up. Make-up, especially rouge, was so treacherous when you were all in—it had the most mysterious way of vanishing, as if your tired skin simply devoured it.

Sonja was opening a drawer. Franziska saw her in a side mirror. "Don't touch those stockings! There's a certain pair I want to wear. It's a lucky pair."

Sonja paid her one of her rare compliments. "Every pair of stockings you put on is lucky, Miss Rilling."

"Why! How nice of you, darling! I'll wear that green suit."

"Yes, Miss Rilling."

PETER BANYARD opened his eyes that morning on a silver tray containing his breakfast and a telegraph envelope. Oliver was standing beside the bed with the tray in his hands.

"The telegram just came, Mr. Banyard. And Miss Griffin's secretary phoned about an hour ago, wanting to know if you would break any engagement you had and have luncheon with Miss Griffin at Lari's at one sharp. She said it was very important."

Peter sat up, scrubbed his eyes with his knuckles and squinted against the sunny sky at the window.

"That's swell, Oliver. What time is it?"

"Half past eleven, sir."

Peter tore open the envelope and read the telegram.

TELL OLIVER HE CAN TALK MIKE

Peter slowly lifted his eyes to Oliver. In the hard light, Oliver looked old. His hair was more frost than black, and his eyes looked tired. Peter gave him the telegram.

Oliver read it and laid it carefully on

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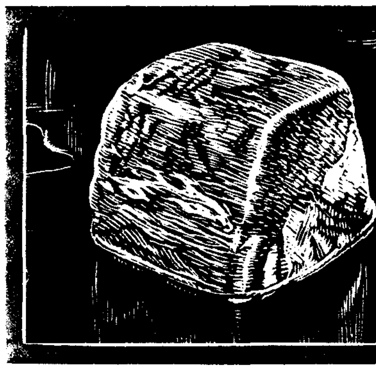

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GIN

the tray. "It's going to be very difficult, Mr. Banyard."

"Go ahead."

"You have a twin brother."

"How long have you known it?"

"Ever since you were born, sir."

"All right. Why don't you talk? Mike says you can talk, doesn't he?"

"It's so difficult, Mr. Banyard. You see, sir, when your father and mother separated, she took your brother, and your father took you."

"Why didn't he ever tell me about it?"

"That's what I'm trying to explain, sir. Your mother was a very beautiful woman, and a foolishly romantic woman. After she divorced your father she became infatuated with one of the greatest rascals in Europe. She married him. Your father knew what would happen to that boy. He knew that he would grow up to be a rascal—which he has. And he made me promise then that I would never tell you or anyone about it. His name was Dunkin. He kept the boy, of course, after your mother's death in 1917. Your brother's name is Charles Dunkin."

OLIVER clasped his hands loosely. He looked toward the window. "Your father wanted no connection between your mother and the boy and himself and you. He knew that knowledge of your brother or any connection with him would only result in unhappiness for you—which it has."

Oliver stopped. Peter was looking at the coffeepot from which a thread of steam was coiling.

"When you first mentioned the way Miss Rilling acted on the plane, I knew what the explanation must be. Until your father released me from my promise I couldn't tell you. You can imagine the state I've been in, sir. I knew this trouble was brewing. If you'll recall, the night we went to Tetlow's, my explanation for getting you out in such a hurry was very lame."

Oliver unclasped his hands and shook his head. "The truth was, I had seen the look of recognition in Tetlow's face. I suspected then that your brother was in this city and doubtless mixed up with that gang. Last night when you said those men recognized you, I was frantic, because, sir, the chances are your brother engineered this whole attempt at blackmailing the Griffins."

Peter lifted the lid of the coffeepot and put it back. "How long have you known that this—brother of mine's a crook?"

"I heard it authoritatively three years ago. He was operating in Nice."

"As a jewel thief?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell Mike then?"

"Yes, sir."

"When I hit town with this wild story about Franziska Rilling, why didn't you wire Mike and ask him what to do?"

"I did, sir. He wired me to keep it bottled as long as possible."

"Is that all you're telling me?"

"I've told you everything, sir. You may think it odd, in light of all this, that I hesitated to go to work for you, to help you. I mean the Albert Mowrey incident. The truth is, I had to be sure of you. I am an old man, Mr. Banyard. If you had fallen down on that test of your courage, I would have felt that I couldn't help you. The strength had to be yours, not mine. Now, just what do you plan to do, sir?"

Peter blew softly on the steam rising from the coffeepot. "Send Mike a telegram. Say: 'Don't mention Dunkin to a soul.' "

"Are you going to tell Miss Rilling, sir?"

"No."

"But don't you think she'd understand and sympathize? She's a very intelligent and understanding young person, sir."

"If I were Franziska Rilling, and this fellow Banyard tried to get in touch with me, I'd call the police. No, there's only one way to convince her, Oliver. After last night, I think this brother of mine will get in touch with me. When he does, I'll decide what to do."

Oliver still looked haggard. Peter took off his pajamas and went into the shower. "Take off that long face, Oliver. This has cleared the air. For the first time I can see where I'm going."

Oliver, looking at the dampening shower curtain, began to straighten up, began to look better. He shook his head and smiled.

"Oliver!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I'm going to have lunch with Jane Griffin."

"Yes, sir."

"Oliver!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Maybe there won't be such a close resemblance when I get through with him." Peter came out of the shower. "What am I going to wear?"

"I have everything laid out, sir." Oliver looked at him curiously. "This must have been quite a blow to you, sir."

"Well, Oliver, I don't know. I think perhaps I was expecting it more than I realized. But at any rate I know now where I stand. How do I look?"

"Splendid, sir."

"I feel marvelous. I feel like a million. You know, Oliver, the right man could knock the silliness out of that Griffin girl."

FRANZISKA decided to walk to Lari's because it was a brisk, bright day and the walk would be good for her. She started down Park Avenue blithely; and she looked blithe and she looked smart, in her green tweed suit, her green hat to match, and her rose blouse. She looked like a girl without a care in the world.

She tried not to think of Roger's grave, judicial eyes, of the puzzled frown he would wear, of the slight tightness about his mouth when things weren't as they should be. She tried, instead, to concentrate on what she would tell him. Her story must be bulletproof.

But it was hard to concentrate. The word "bulletproof" suggested Mr. Mericka, who hadn't been bulletproof, and the frantic feeling returned. Her back ached from the night of tension, and her eyes burned. The sun hurt them, and there was a queer glitter in the air, as if it were full of bits of mica. Roger, you've got to believe me — you've simply got to believe me!

PETER decided to walk to Lari's because the day was blue and gold and there was a tang in the air.

He started down Park Avenue with long, masterful strides. And he looked masterful and he looked smart, in his smoky tweed suit and his crisp gray hat. He looked like a fashionable young man on his way to a pleasant accomplishment.

Peter thought of Jane Griffin's faunlike loveliness, her insolent gentian eyes and blunt manner, and her social importance. Lari's was the most fashionable lunching place in New York. He would be stared at because he was with Jane Griffin. He must talk and smile and act as if he weren't scared stiff.

Across the street, a half block ahead, he saw a slim girl in a smart green suit and a smart green hat. The way she held her head, so proudly, reminded him of Franziska. It couldn't be Franziska. Such things didn't happen.

The Griffin girl would wither him with something, of course. He must be ready for it.

"Hullo, there, Miss Griffin! This was

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a swell idea of yours. How charming your—"

Oh, nuts.

ROGER was waiting on the sidewalk. He looked big and solid and strong. But he didn't look amiable. He was pale and his eyes were gloomy. He looked as if he hadn't slept.

"'Lo, Fran."

"'Lo, Rodge."

"Hungry?"

"No. I feel perfectly dreadful."

He was eying her. "You look perfectly swell. You look marvelous."

"I didn't sleep a wink."

"Well, you don't look it. You're as fresh as a rose."

"I expected you to call, Rodge."

"I'll explain that."

"There's plenty to explain," Franziska said.

They went in. Lari met them by the palms, a bullfrog in black with a smile like Charles Laughton's in his more sadistic moments. Lari took them to a preferred table, where they could see everyone and be seen by everyone. It didn't occur to Roger to ask for a secluded table. He had nothing to conceal from the world. Well, she'd show him that she hadn't either.

It was an honor to have your chair held by Lari. People jumped through hoops for Roger Van Tyle.

"Will this do, Mr. Van Tyle?"

"Yes, thanks. Tell the waiter not to bother us. I'll order later."

Franziska faced him across the little table with her loveliest smile. The scent of gardenias was sickening.

PETER went out on the sidewalk and waited. The waiting room was full of girls and young men, and the way they stared at him increased his discomfort.

He waited on the sidewalk half an hour. He did not know then that unpunctuality was a fixed habit with Jane Griffin. Shortly after one-thirty, he saw her at the window of a limousine pulling up at the curb, and the pulse in his throat thumped faster.

As he crossed the sidewalk, he smiled. She saw him, grinned and waved. In the strong sunlight of the December afternoon, she was lovely, and she looked very crisp and young in a rose tweed suit, a rose-colored hat pushed back off her golden hair, and a canary-colored blouse.

She was so beautiful that she made him feel ill. He made his smile more dangerous.

Lari's doorman opened the door, and she said to the footman: "A couple of hours or so. I've got to be at Dad's office by three-thirty."

He looked like a handsome thug to Peter, and Peter supposed he was her bodyguard. The chauffeur, with his pugnacious jaw, looked just as hard. As Peter approached, the footman ran his eyes suspiciously down Peter's figure as if he were looking for concealed weapons.

Jane Griffin turned to Peter with laughter and shimmering gentian eyes. He suspected it was an act.

He looked down into her bright, lovely, faunlike face as if she were the most precious thing on earth. For a moment, he believed she was. Her slenderness and her pink-and-white skin gave her an air of delicacy that was almost fragility, and her feet, which were little and slim, made her seem endearingly helpless. His heart would have opened farther if he hadn't recalled what a little savage she could be.

"Hi, wolf!" she said gaily.

"Hi, weasel."

"I hope I kept you waiting."

"Only a couple of hours."

"But it was worth it."

They went in and Lari came to meet them, with his Charles Laughton smile.

"How do you do, Miss Griffin."

"Hullo, Lari. The table by the fountain."

"I was holding it, Miss Griffin."

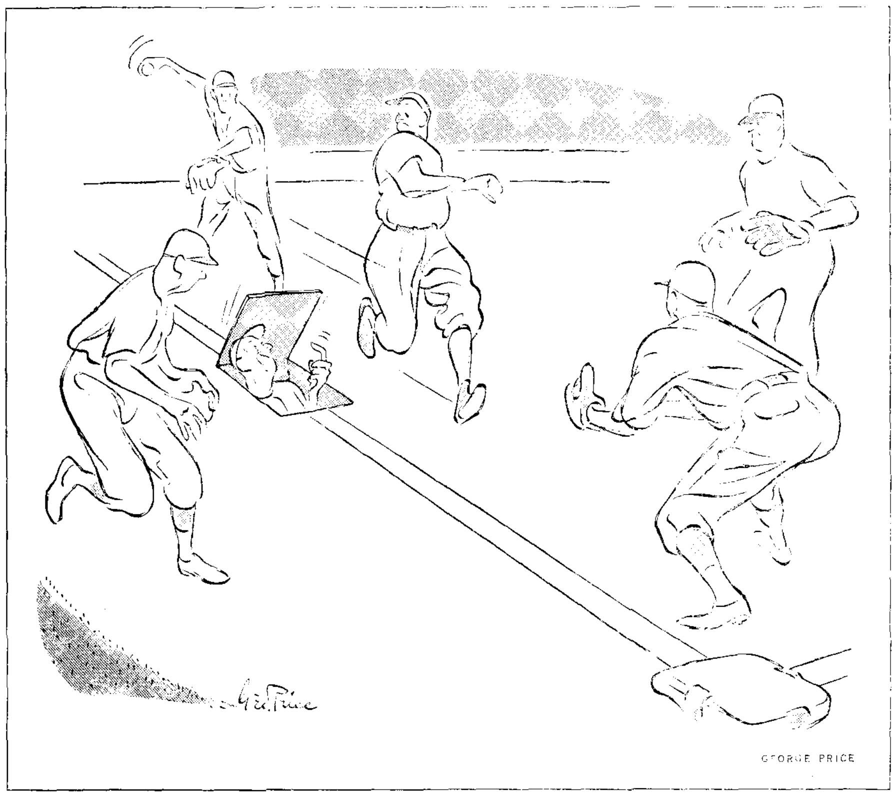
Peter did not see Franziska until they had almost reached the table by the fountain. She was talking animatedly to Roger, and she looked up and saw Peter, looked quickly to see whom Peter was with, then looked at him again.

The curve of her brows was lessened as she narrowed her eyes. They had that mysterious shimmer he had thought so remarkable when he first saw them on the plane. It was still remarkable. Her mouth became round with surprise, then went suddenly straight with distaste.

FRANZISKA, preparing to tell her bulletproof story, would have been more frightened if she hadn't known Roger so well. He would be fair.

"I know we can straighten all this out, Fran—I mean, your part of it. It's damned serious. How did it happen?"

"Oh, Rodge, I was simply crazy last night. The way Jane acted—not giving me a chance to explain! I couldn't sleep all night. I didn't know what to do. Why didn't Jane—"



She held her head up and looked at him. "I was just a sap, Rodge. I was simply taken in. The night I got back from Santa Barbara, a man came to the apartment and said he was a personal representative of Jane's father. I had just got in. He told Sonja it was very important, so I saw him."

"What did he look like?"

Franziska dismissed that image of Mr. Merricka, with his seaweed hair and his green face, and said: "He was a short, stocky man of about fifty, with pale brown eyes. He told me he was Mr. Griffin's personal representative, and that he wanted to see me on a very delicate matter."

Roger's eyes had brightened a little. She was doing well.

"He asked me if I had heard anything about Jane's latest infatuation—with this Cuban dancer. I said I had heard rumors. He said it was very serious; that Jane was utterly gone on this Cuban, and that Mr. Griffin had checked up on Roderico and found he was the slimiest possible sort. He said they had discussed it at great length—"

"Who?"

"Jane's father and this man. He said his name was Elvord."

"What's the rest of it?"

"That's all I know—just Elvord. That he and Mr. Griffin had talked it over and had decided something drastic must be done. He said Mr. Griffin had sent him to me, because I was so trustworthy. And would I help?"

Roger was watching her eyes intently.

"Weren't you suspicious?"

"No. I don't think I was, even at first. I knew how worried Jane's father has been over these infatuations of hers. He said they wanted to show Jane emphatically just what a reptile Roderico was. He said Jane had said something to her maid to the effect that she might elope with Roderico. He said Mr. Griffin wanted to nip that and everything else in the bud. To cure her of that infatuation.

"He said that they had learned that on the night of Jane's debut—last night—Roderico and his mistress would be at Roderico's apartment in Sunrise Towers. He explained at some length how they knew it. It was confusing but quite convincing. Sometime well after midnight, he wanted me to take Jane from the party to Roderico's apartment, and let Jane see for herself what sort he was. It was nasty, but he convinced me that it was necessary in order to save Jane and her reputation."

Roger's mouth was firmer than before. "Didn't that sound phony to you?"

"Yes. And I said so. But he explained how desperate Jane's father was, and he said that a desperate remedy was the cure for a dangerous condition. He said he knew I'd be making a great sacrifice, because Jane might hate me afterward, but wouldn't I please consider it for poor Mr. Griffin's sake."

Roger was nodding gravely.

"I FELL for it, darling. He told me they would get me a key to Hova's apartment, so we could rush in and surprise them. He said a man would give me the key when I went into Lazarre's last night."

"Did he?"

"Yes."

"Was it this same man?"

"No."

"Did Terry see him?" Terry Delham was the young man who had taken her to the Griffin party.

"No. It was very smooth."

Roger looked at her with anguish and shook his head. "You poor kid!"

"I don't want sympathy," she said with spirit. "I was a sucker. I could shoot myself. Immediately after you made the toast, I went to her table. Remember?"

"I'll say I remember! The two of you just vanished. For the next hour, Mr. Griffin and I were just about nuts."

"Well, we went there, as directed. In a taxi."

"Why a taxi? Why not Jane's car? That was the first thing I checked up on. They hadn't seen her go."

"Yes, Mr. Elvord covered that, too. He said her bodyguard would spoil things. And because they're employed and paid by her grandfather, her father couldn't let them in on this." She shook her head. "I fell for that, too. It was just an oversight that he didn't sell me Brooklyn Bridge. Anyway, we took the taxi. I had told Jane that Roderico had phoned and wanted to see her urgently—that he was sick, or something. And when we got to the apartment, I did what Mr. Elvord had told me—pretended to ring the bell, but really put the key in the lock and opened the door.

"Three men—Roderico and two other men—were waiting in the hallway to grab us. Roderico grabbed her. Another man grabbed me and put his hand over my mouth. He carried me across a big room into a bathroom and tied my hands and feet with towels. He'd shoved a towel in my mouth and he tied another towel around it and left me there in the tub. He shut the door, but it didn't stay shut.

"ANYWAY, it was open a couple of inches when I managed to sit up. I couldn't see Jane, but I could hear her scuffling with someone and trying to scream, and I saw this man standing beside a bright light on a standard with a camera in his hand. He was apparently snapping pictures. Then this other man came into the room—"

"This Banyard?"

"His name isn't Banyard. I'll tell you more about him in a moment. He's a crook—a dangerous crook. He came rushing into the room and he knocked the men down. It was a rescue act."

"What do you mean, 'act'?"

"I mean it's all part of the plot!"

"Let's have the rest of it."

"Yes. He knocked these men down and all the time I was trying to get untangled from those towels. He hardly had Jane out of the place when I got free. I ran after them but when I reached the hall, they were gone. And when I reached the street, their taxi was gone. I was half out of my mind, Roger. I took a taxi and—rode around a while—I don't know how long—to pull myself together, then I went back to the party. You saw how Jane acted."

"And this fellow asked you to dance with him."

"Didn't you see me walk away? I went home. I was simply devastated."

"You haven't talked to anyone?"

"Not a soul."

"Don't. If Andy Griffin ever got wind of this, I think he'd have a stroke. Certainly, he'd kick Jane's father into the street. Until you brought up this new angle, that's just how I figured it—that they planned to sell those snapshots to Jane's father and milk him dry. Now—well, hell. This Banyard business messes everything up."

Franziska glanced up as a slim blond girl in rose tweed went by with a tall blond young man.

A familiar expression of suffering came into Roger's tired brown eyes. Franziska had observed that Jane Griffin was the only girl capable of bringing that expression to Roger's eyes. She was sorry for him, but sorrier for herself.

"She promised me last night," Roger said, "that she wouldn't see anything of this Banyard fellow until we'd checked him up."

(To be continued next week)

The Widow's Share

Continued from page 22

two holdups coming up the stairs. Then he was the third holdup and came up the back stairs and disarmed the cop, and was the two others again and forced open the door and held himself up, and put the money in the brief cases and shut the people in the office and ran down the stairs. Then he was the third holdup once more and waited while the others ran down the stairs and shot the cop and then ran down after them.

"All you ain't done is drive the car," O'Malley told him.

"Like clockwork it was," Kittleman informed us. "It is bad, bad about the police officer. He came here every payday—the same officer. We knew him well—a fine man. Now he is dead!"

"Yeah, he ain't worrying about nothing now," O'Malley commented. "His wife is, though."

"She's a fine woman too."

"She sure is. Her and her husband got their house in Flushing pretty near paid for. Well, now she'll have no income and she'll lose the house. When a regular cop gets knocked off they see that his wife gets taken care of, but with them agency cops you don't know what's going to be done about her."

He was going to write out his report and so I left him. I saw him next day.

"Anything new?" I asked.

"Why, not a thing. That bookkeeper won't talk. His girl won't neither. But I ain't bothering much about the case. It'll work itself out. Say, listen! I'm getting up a subscription for that dead cop's widow. Put your name down. Give anything you want."

I put down my name. He had quite a list of names and he seemed in a hurry. I didn't see him for several days. When I met him he was on his way to the detective agency.

"I been there before," he told me, "but I got no satisfaction. They got some arrangement by which Mrs. Carmel gets a little money but it ain't enough."

We saw a young man who seemed to be the secretary. I liked his looks.

"Why, I'm for her," he assured us. "I'd like to see her get something and I'm doing what I can. I'll let you know if they decide to do anything."

O'MALLEY was going to see Mrs. Carmel about the subscription list, so I said I wouldn't go along, but he said, "Come on." We met her at a restaurant and I became disgusted; I'd never seen O'Malley so attentive to a woman.

"How often have you seen that woman?" I demanded when we had left her.

"I seen her a few times."

"I have no doubt you have. You're making a fool of yourself."

"How come?"

"It's not the subscription list you're interested in; it's the woman herself. You're crazy over her!"

"A guy can't help how he feels."

"You could keep from showing it."

I was angry with him because he did not seem impressed by what I had said and I walked away from him.

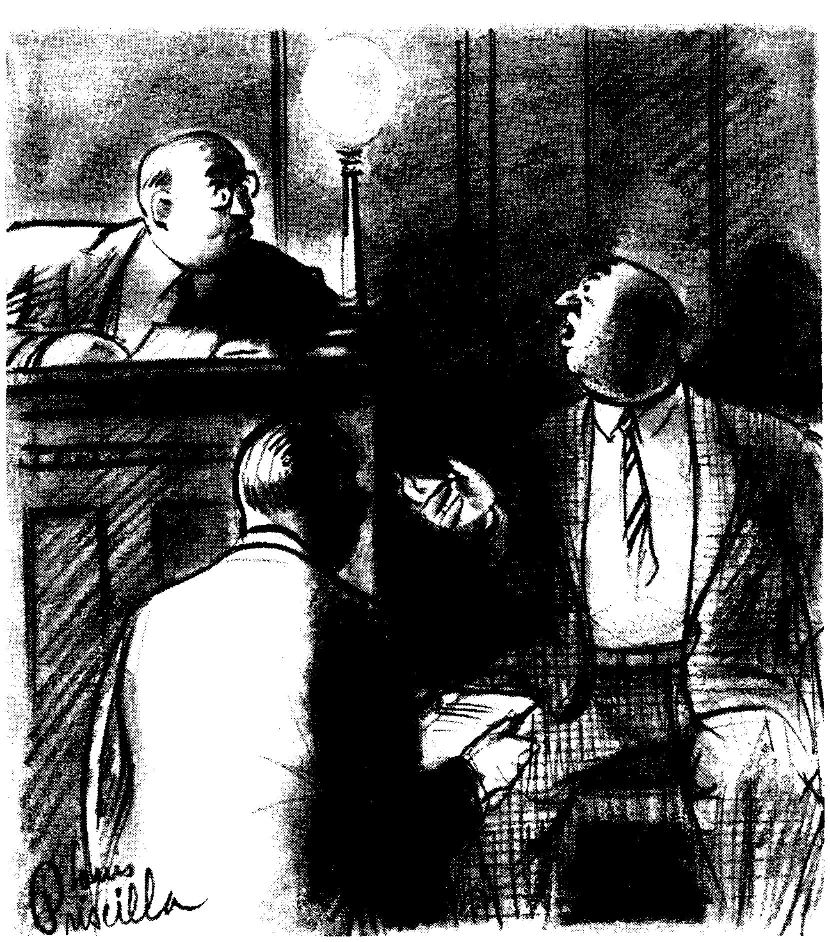
In about three days I saw in the morning paper that four suspects in the holdup case had been arrested. The newspaper account was quite exciting. The men had been picked up in a West Side saloon and in a lodginghouse. The police had raided the places with drawn guns and there had been some shooting. I went to the station house. The place was full of cops. O'Malley wasn't there but he was expected. I talked with the desk lieutenant. They had the four men in cells and had been questioning them. They had the bookkeeper there, and a couple of cops were talking with Miss Derin, who had been crying.

"Have you got the proof on these fellows?" I inquired of the lieutenant.

"Why, not yet. But I expect we'll get it. The weak one in this mob is a bird named Mike Moriti. If one of 'em cracks, he's going to be the one."

THEN O'Malley and Mrs. Carmel came in and went into the captain's room while she signed some papers in connection with the subscription, and they brought Moriti up for questioning. He had a weak chin and his eyes kept shifting. The door of the captain's room was open, and Moriti had to wait a minute for Mrs. Carmel to finish signing. Then Mrs. Carmel came out and they took Moriti in and about a dozen cops went in with him and I went along.

"Well, guy," O'Malley said to Moriti, "we pinned this on you. The bullets that was in the dead officer come from the gun we found at your place, them people at the factory have identified you and your pals, and your lady friend has *squealed on you.* I guess *you seen her* signing her confession."



"It was his own fault—he wouldn't hand over his money, so I shot him"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Moriti's eyes shifted more and more. He didn't know whether to believe it; then he did. "She would!" he shouted bitterly. "I told 'em not to take on no job that had a dame in it! We done our part. We knocked the cop off for her. But I told 'em she'd walk out on us!"

The two plain-clothes men came in, bringing the young man we'd seen at the detective agency, and some cops brought in the bookkeeper and he and Miss Derin went away together.

"How was all this, O'Malley?" I demanded in perplexity.

"You don't act very bright this morning. Mrs. Carmel and that young guy at the detective agency, whose name is Boling, was going together. They wanted to get rid of her husband. Well, she didn't want to leave her husband because they had a house that was nearly paid for, and furniture, and Mrs. Carmel is a woman that looks for her own advantage. They figured to get her husband knocked off in some way they wouldn't look to be connected with it. So then they thought about a holdup.

"Mrs. Carmel had went to that factory a couple of times to see her husband and she knew the layout, and what she didn't know she got by questioning her husband, and the agency guy would know what time the cop would be there to protect the pay roll. He got in touch with some tough kids that would knock off a half a dozen people to get twelve thousand dollars, and arranged to give the information to 'em. In return they was to bump off the cop. The kind of woman Mrs. Carmel is, Moriti says she tried to get 'em to give her a cut-in on the pay roll too, but they wouldn't do it. They told her if they knocked off her husband for her that was enough."

"So the bookkeeper didn't have anything to do with it," I reflected. "But you thought he did. When did you change your mind?"

"IF YOU was smart you'd have seen me change it when we was at the factory. Sure, I went there thinking it was the bookkeeper. Well, Kittleman showed us how the holdup was done. He took the parts of all them holdups and run up and down the stairs and acted out everything. It looked funny to me how they shot the cop.

"Two guys had got the money and had run down the stairs and everything was over, and the third guy shot the cop. The cop couldn't do nothing; they had got his gun. They could have put him in the office with them other people. From what Kittleman said, these holdup guys were experts, and it showed they was, because they got away without no one getting a good description of 'em, and experts don't shoot no cop unless they have to.

"I couldn't see the sense to it. I wondered had the cop recognized one of them holdups, or what was it? The cop knew the layout of the factory and he knew when the pay roll would be there because he had to be there to guard it. Might it be the cop that slipped them guys the information and then had some disagreement with them parties?

"I left them other detectives to check up the bookkeeper and find out if he knew any guys that would do a holdup, and I figured I'd check up the cop. So then I thought about getting up that subscription so I could talk with Mrs. Carmel about her husband without her getting suspicious. Everybody said she was a swell lady. Well, I couldn't find nothing wrong about the cop, but the thing I run onto was that Mrs. Carmel had been seen places with a guy that wasn't her husband. They give me a description of the guy that had been seen with her, and it matched up to a guy I had seen at the detective agency. So that was how it might be; Mrs. Carmel could have given 'em the layout of the factory and Boling could have passed the word to 'em what time the cop was going to be there to guard the pay roll."

"I see."

"YEAH. But what good did it do me? I couldn't prove nothing. We had Boling watched and he wasn't in contact with no crooks. So I asked myself, What would a guy in a agency do if he wanted someone to do a murder for him? Why, he'd look up the agency records and find some guy that done holdups and wasn't in jail and was in New York. I seen the head of the agency and told him I figured his secretary was partner in a murder, and he let me go to their office at night and look over the records.

"Well, I found several guys that had grabbed pay rolls. One of 'em was Moriti. He hung out on the West Side and went with some guys, and we showed pictures of them to the people at the factory and they picked the ones that done the holdup. We pinched 'em and found the gun that killed the cop. We asked 'em had Mrs. Carmel and Boling had anything to do with it, and they claimed not to know about no holdup, and we couldn't prove how it was without someone confessing.

"So then we figured to work some kind of police gag on 'em. When several guys do a crime and you make 'em believe one of 'em has confessed, they blow up and start accusing one another. That gag has got whiskers on it like Methuselah, but being that old just shows how good it works—a gag that don't work don't never get no chance to get old. I told Mrs. Carmel we had some checks for her on the subscription and she had to sign receipts for 'em, and she come to the station house and we let Moriti see her signing, and we told him she was signing her confession. Well, you seen how it was; he blew his top."

"You certainly worked that case out," I commended him.

"Yeah? You won't hear of me in it. A lot of cops was on this case, and whatever guy is writing his report is the one that done the whole of it. Well, that's the police business."

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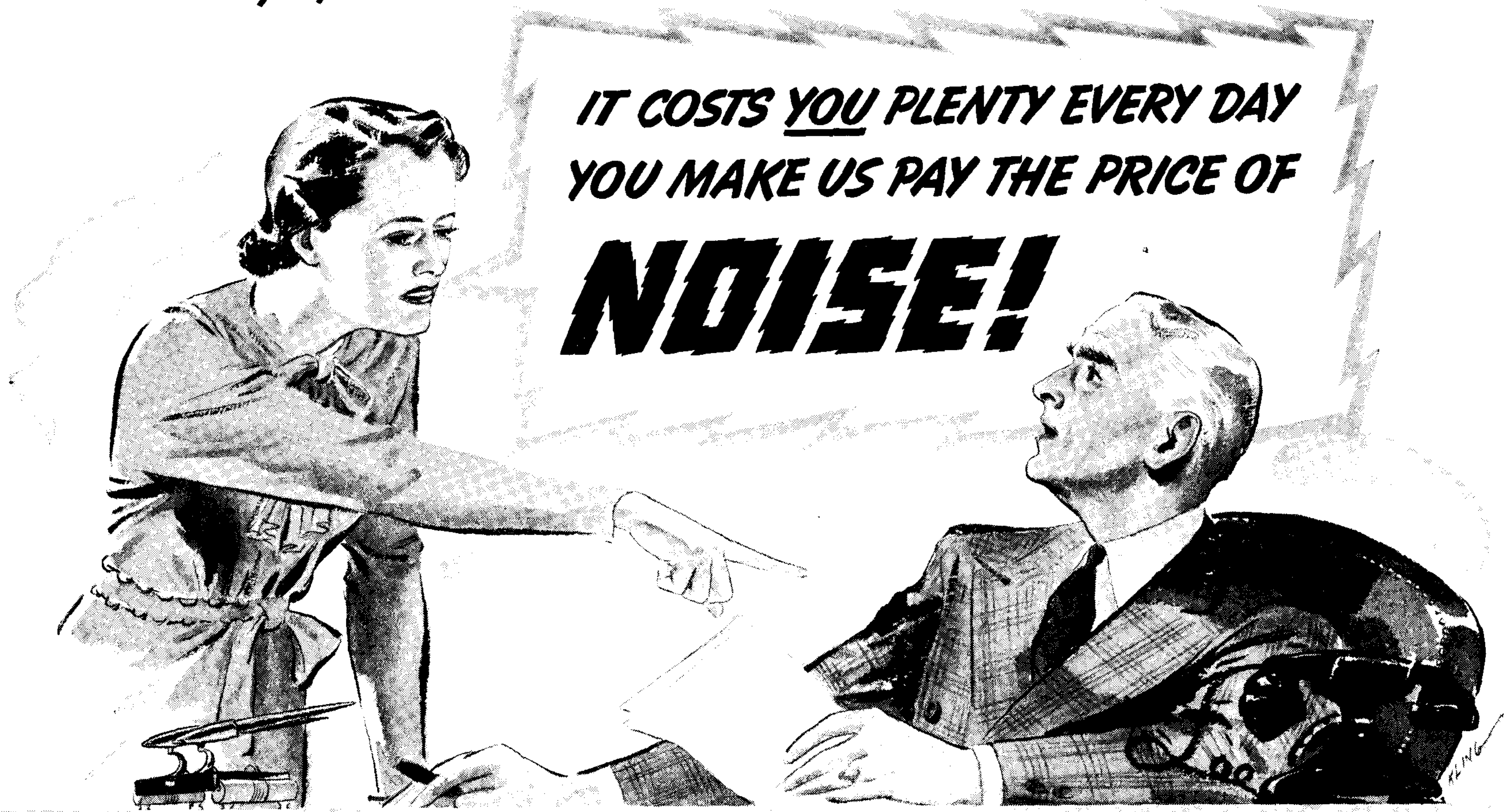
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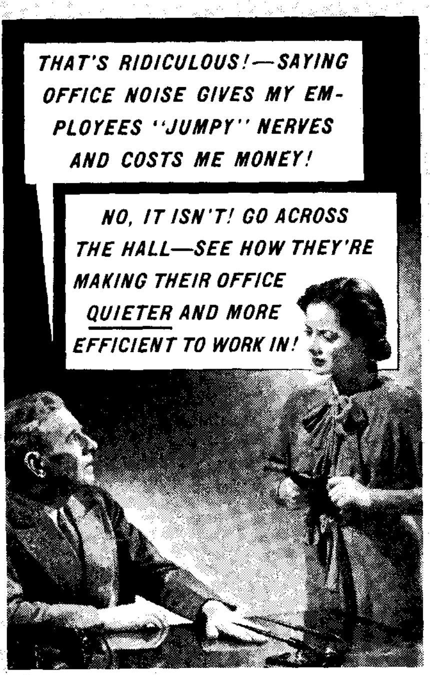
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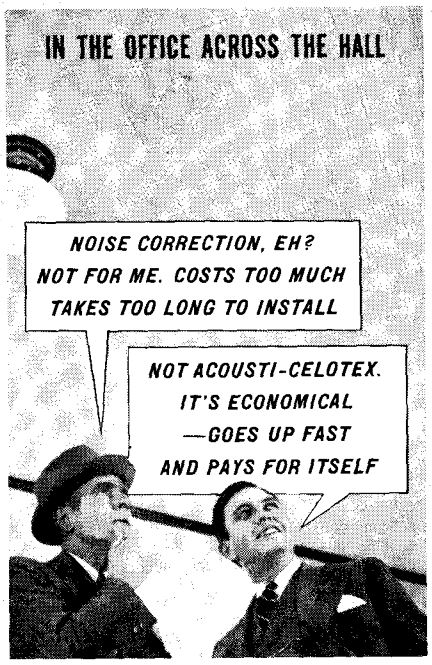
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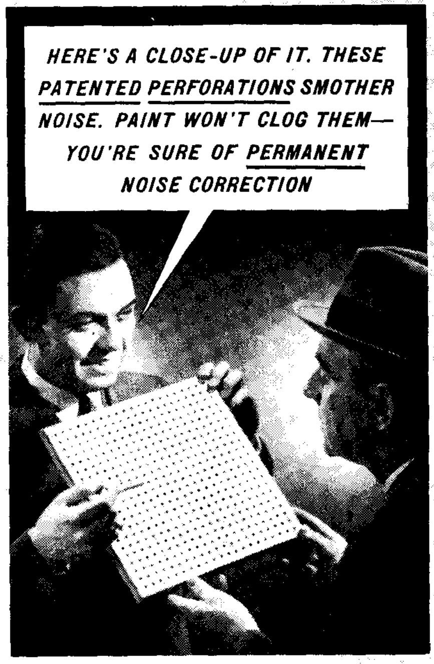
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Burden of Command

Continued from page 20

He nodded his head toward where the Natuna had last been seen. It was a shock. A distinct and terrible shock to Harry Gardinet. It brought him abruptly to his feet. For the first time he took in clearly the occupants of his boat. It was true: Mr. Lefner wasn't there. The girl, Jessica Baldwin, was, as were eight men who just sat on the thwarts, oars out, with their faces all dumbly turned his way. Harry opened his mouth and shut it again, saying nothing. The sky was brighter: the true dawn was creeping up. He turned his head toward the master's boat. And he wasn't grinning now.

Captain Buntner kept gyrating up and down. He looked a little grotesque with his yellow pajama coat hanging loosely over his hastily pulled-on trousers. And his solemn eyes, brimming with sadness, appraised Mr. Gardinet and those in his boat severely. He was considering taking them all aboard with him, or at least that girl there. But he decided against it. The transfer was dangerous in that swell, and it would crowd them too much. They all had a better chance this way. Harry Gardinet heard his low voice again, forceful, tight with restraint, giving wise counsel a sailor couldn't mistake.

"Now you listen to me, Mr. Gardinet. You're just to the west'ard of the Rifeleman Bank. And we may as well face it. There's little chance of being picked up in this corner of the South China Sea and the northeast monsoon isn't settled yet this time of year. You'll get as much weather from west of north as east. If we try for Pulo Laut, which is closest, like as not it'll turn a dead beat to wind-'ard. And that won't do, Mr. Gardinet. No. Not for an open boat." He stopped, eying his second officer sharply. "Do you hear me?" he demanded suddenly.

"Aye, sir. I hear you."

"All right, then. We will make for Cape Sirik. The course is south. Three hundred-odd miles. Don't forget to allow for a westerly set. Cape Sirik, Mr. Gardinet. If you make it at night, it'll show you a fixed white light for a landfall. Speak up, now! Do you understand?"

"Aye, sir. I understand."

HARRY said it mechanically. Suddenly and without warning the master flung up one arm.

"Those people are in your charge," he cried firmly. "I shall expect you to account for them. You are in command of that boat. I want you to remember it, Mr. Gardinet!"

He turned forward with that and took the tiller in his hand. The longboat's sails started spilling gusts of breeze. The sun's rim lifted above the horizon's edge and sent a bolt of light across the sea. Captain Buntner's beard seemed to capture all of it. Harry Gardinet remembered that vividly. Then he turned his attention to his own command.

"Ship the oars, men. Step the mast and set the lugs'l."

He looked them over carefully. Four Manila deck passengers—labor recruits on their way to Borneo plantations—three men of his own watch, and Chips, the carpenter. Then he started, frowning. The girl! He looked at her quickly. She was sitting on the stern thwart against the gunwale, with large, steady eyes upon him. They had yarned a little in the easy watches aboard the bark Natuna. But he hadn't paid much attention to her. A missionary's daughter from Java way, coming back to her people after study at home. She was young, slimly fit and lovely, with her pale oval face showing little of the desperate fright she felt. It seemed odd in the extreme to see her there, dressed in a yellow frock that clasped tightly her restless bosom. It was almost ridiculous. As if she were sitting out a dance at the Batavia Commercial Club with a group of her friends. A gay yellow frock in an open boat! The only vivid color between sky and sea. She tried to smile at him: a brave, generous effort.

"You don't belong here," he growled. "You ought to be in the skipper's boat."

"Sorry." Her eyes had so wistful a look. "I didn't have time to choose."

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LAURENCE REYNOLDS

HARRY GARDINET leaned down and examined the treasures of his command. A breaker of water and a large tin of sea biscuit, stowed carefully under the stern thwart. And between them and Cape Sirik three hundred miles of open sea. It brought home to him with a violent brutality the truth of the thing. He came erect again with a quick nervous movement, searching the sea. He rebelled against it. Violence surged up within him. This was wrong. This was entirely wrong! He wasn't ready for a thing like this. No one had told him. He hadn't been warned. Anxiety stretched his cheek muscles taut. Then slowly he brought down his stare to those faces upturned to him.

"Make fast the sheet, Chips. We'll take the first watch."

He sat down with the tiller bar in the crook of his elbow, his attention on the little compass card. The lugsail filled slowly as the quarter-boat swung her head toward the south.

The wind was light at north northwest. The open boat seemed barely to move through the water. Each time she climbed the humpbacked swell it seemed to set her back as much as she gained by her steep rush down the flanks. Harry Gardinet steered with care. The sun climbed steadily to the zenith, a burning, blistering ball of fire. This was different from the quarter-deck of the bark Natuna. You were down in the middle of it here. You met the sea face to face and you learned soon enough that it didn't care. It was soulless and impersonal. It neither helped nor hindered: it simply went its own natural way. The rest was strictly up to you. Mr. Gardinet ordered a tarpaulin stretched forward to spell men out of that cruel blinding light. He had it in the back of his mind that he might catch some sweet water with it too, that way, if a rain squall came up at all. A single breaker of water isn't much for nine men and a girl adrift in an open boat. It would have to be husbanded carefully.

"Look here, you fellows," he growled. "There'll be no rations during the day. It'll do you no good in the heat. Pull in your belts and save your thirst. At nightfall, half a pannikin of water and a sea biscuit for each one. That's all there is. Understand?"

CHIPS nodded his grizzled head. He was an old China hand, and he knew where responsibility lay. The men of the starboard watch growled assent. But the four Manila men just stared dumbly at him, uncomprehending, confounded by this thing that had happened to them. Harry Gardinet's eyes sought out the far distance where he could still make out the master's sail against the brilliant void. But he knew there was no comfort there for him any more and no help. No help from anyone but himself.

"I'm sorry, Jessica," he murmured to the girl. "I'm sorry you're in for a thing like this."

They found each other's eyes. She smiled faintly at him. Lord, he thought, she can smile! "It'll be all right, Harry," she said.

"I'll get a bit of canvas rigged aft here, Jess. Give you a bit of privacy. Better cover your head, girl. The sun does funny things."

At nightfall, Harry passed the rations out. They watched him, each in his particular way, as he drew the water with great care. He could feel those eyes on him. They had a sinister and malignant quality all their own. Twelve hours under that sun, close down to the maddening hiss of the sea, had washed them out already. They munched the biscuit. The Manila men gulped down the water as animals do, and looked around for more. Chips alone sucked his slowly and with care.

"I was fourteen days once, Mr. Gardinet," he explained solemnly, "in an open boat in the Bengal Gulf. And I know. But I was younger then."

The night wind came with a rush. There was no sunset shower. The men sprawled out on the bottom boards. Harry relieved the helm and the girl pressed close to him without a word, seeking the comfort of his nearness, certain he would understand. The southern stars swung dizzily overhead, remote and brilliant. It was very dark on the water before moonrise, and the noise of the ocean was loud and strong. When the next dawn exploded over their heads with a bombshell of color and light, Captain Buntner's boat was nowhere to be seen.

SO THE day stretched on, cruel, blinding, heartless. A strange, tormented look came into the eyes of the Manila men. Harry watched them: they didn't look sound. And of a sudden one of them let out a wild and anguished groan. He got to his knees, flung his torso across the gunwale, and started scooping up handfuls of sea water. He poured it over his head, drenching himself with its wetness.

"Stop that!" Harry cried. "Stop it, you fool!"

But he couldn't stop. He cupped the brine up to his mouth with a sucking animal noise. Harry leaped to his feet and stepped across the thwarts, seizing him by the scruff of the neck and hauling him inboard. The fellow was babbling incoherently, clawing at the second mate's chest. Harry's fists swung. He hit him as you would a fellow who won't let you save him from drowning. His three countrymen sprang up, roaring, rocking the boat in dangerous lurches. His fist swung again. Chips came forward with the tiller bar in his hand. They went down one after the other. Harry Gardinet came erect, panting.

"That'll do, Chips." He looked down on the four crazed and bewildered men. He felt as badly as they did, he thought dully. Why couldn't he find release that way? "Pass that painter rope for'ard, Chips," he growled wearily. "Can't have that. We'll have to lash 'em down."

He made them fast beneath the protecting tarpaulin, came back, and sat down heavily on the stern thwart again. Jessica Baldwin said nothing, her eyes wide. Harry Gardinet considered the rest of them. He knew at last what he was up against.

"Pass along your sheath knives," he ordered.

He heaved them into the sea, except one which he carefully stowed away, because a sailor needs a knife. The three men of his own watch kept looking at him with that fixed and vacant stare. He was their officer: they did what he said to the limit of their endurance. And the

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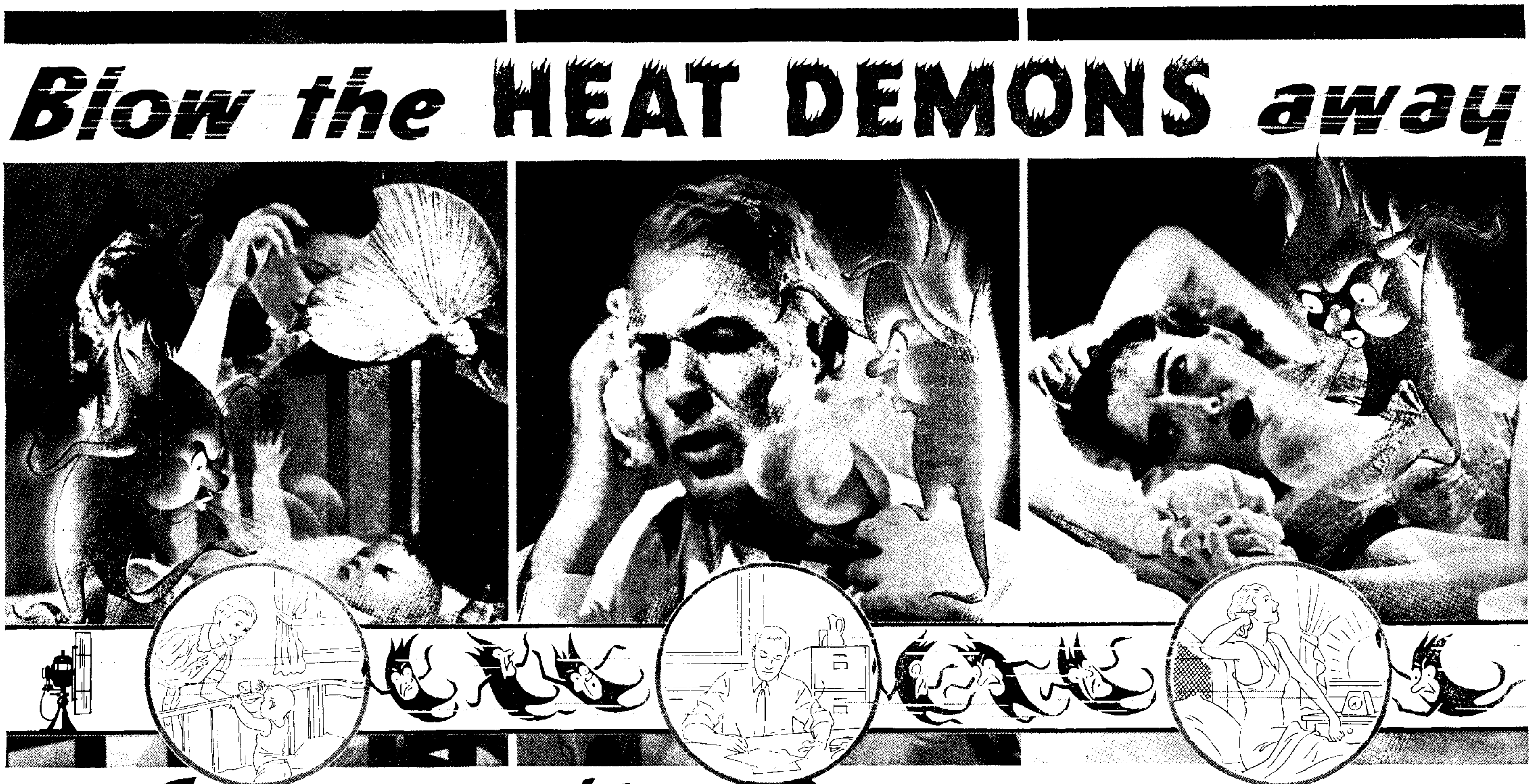

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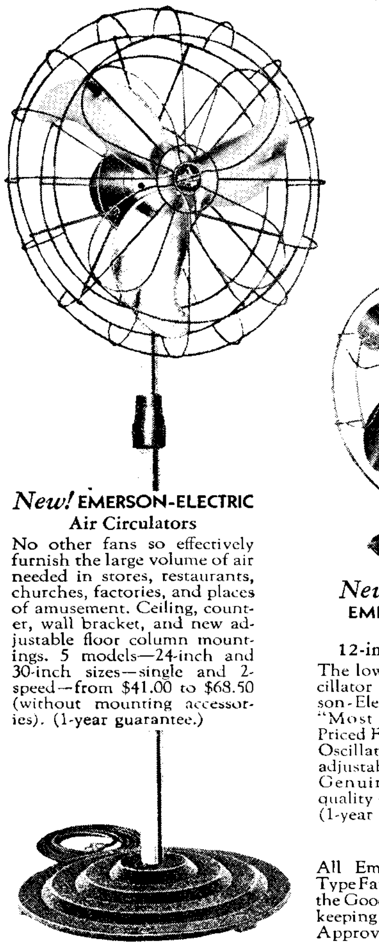

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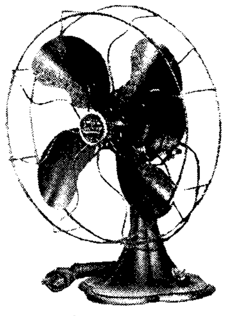

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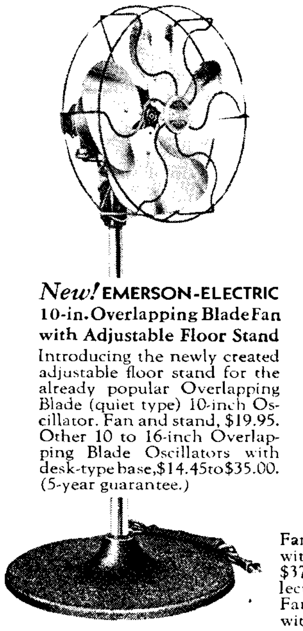

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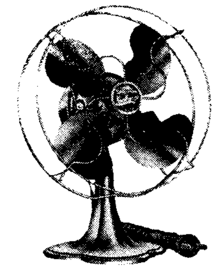

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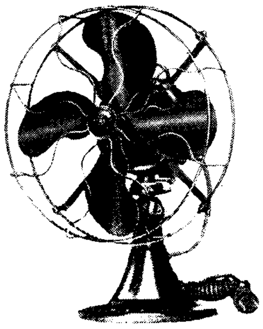

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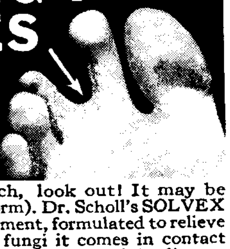

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quarter-boat climbed to the crest of a sea, slid down its sleekly rolling back, and started crawling upward again.

"Take a spell, sir," the carpenter advised. "I can hang on good enough till dark."

That night—the second—he passed each man his whack again and then crept forward to tend the poor devils under the tarpaulin. He lifted their heads and held the pannikin to each trembling mouth. It was amazing how rapidly the water drained from that pitifully inadequate breaker. Back in the stern sheets, with the tiller under his arm, he searched the heavens for some sign of rain. But the sky was thick with stars, cloudless, a close-pressing vault you could almost touch with an uplifted hand. Chips slept where he sat on the thwart, one shoulder slouched down against the gunwale, a broad-chested old man, sagging, with his grizzled chin on his chest. And the rest of them moaned in troubled sleep. The lugsail made a weird gray pattern for him to watch, and the noisy seas came sucking up along the small boat's gunwales, lifting white-streaked crests like many eyes peering with mild curiosity at the bottom boards for a moment before they went their quick, unhurried way. A sense of stark loneliness settled on the second officer. His throat ached and his tongue felt thick as a sponge.

"Harry," the girl breathed.

His head barely stirred. She had pluck. She took her rations and said no word. What was there in women that gave them that patience and fortitude? He didn't know. He'd never thought about it before. They just didn't revolt at trouble. But her face looked so wistful and tender against dark night.

"Harry."

"Aye, Jess?"

"I'm afraid," she whispered simply.

He looked at her fully then. He wasn't angry. And he nodded. Just to tell her he understood. What else could he do? And presently her head came down on his shoulder and she slept that way, like a trusting child. She, too, leaned on him because he was in charge. It left him utterly alone.

He kept the helm while the small boat crept southward across a brawling sea. And that faint little inner voice started gurgling to him again in its sly, sleek maddening way. . . . You see how it is, Harry, it was saying now. You can't stay a kid for all your life. You got to grow up, you know. You're the second mate, Harry, and you're in charge of the boat. If you didn't want that you shouldn't go signing your name to articles as the officer of a ship, just as if you were a man full-grown. Those other chaps are thirsty and they bawl it out, right quick. Why shouldn't they? It's nothing to them. But you can't do that, Harry. Not you. See how it's shoved strictly up to you? Old Captain Buntner expects you to account for these fellows. For every single one. And the girl. Well, and what do you say about it, Harry? . . . Harry Gardinet kept his weary eyes on the leech of the sail. The girl's breath was warm on his sun-black neck.

NIGHT passed, and blistering day. Gaunt and haggard, Harry held on. It seemed to him ages of time must certainly have rolled ponderously over their heads in a succession of burning suns and dark damp nights. It may have been the fourth evening or the fifth, or perhaps the sixth. He was beyond telling. But he awoke violently from a fitful doze, hearing the girl's shrill cry. He saw cunning cruel eyes staring across at him. One of the men had crept aft with that wild hunting look, and found the sheath knife. He had it in his hand now, and his stare was fixed like a flame on the water breaker which the second officer protected with his body. That was all the fellow saw. He couldn't tear his eyes from it. It possessed him completely.

"Drop that knife, Fred!" Harry croaked.

The man's lips drew back, taut cracked lips. The girl screamed again. Behind him, Fred's two watchmates were creeping aft tremblingly. Harry came to his knees and then to his feet. Fred lunged. The point of steel ripped the second mate's singlet, bringing immediately a broad welt of blood across his chest. Then his fist went out. The knife clattered down, and somehow he knew Jessica had seized it and flung it in a wide arc into the sea. Fred collapsed, head and shoulders lolling over the lee gunwale. The next fellow came on with a loud hissing of his breath. Harry's fist smashed against his chin. The plain, violent physical impact was all that saved him. The third man of the starboard watch fell back, only his eyes flamingly alive and glued on the second officer's face. Chips, the carpenter, slept through it all.

The quarter-boat yawed, and a dollop of spray slashed aboard. Harry grabbed at the teetering tiller bar and slipped the lashings on. And he found himself laughing suddenly, a wild croaking laughter that echoed hollowly in the empty cavern of sea and sky. It struck him as comical, grotesquely comical, as he passed the coil of rope along, hauled Fred back to his thwart, and lashed the three men of his watch where they sat. Then he stood up, tall and lean and hollow-eyed, erect to heaven in an open boat, swaying unsteadily with seven men lashed at his feet. As he looked down on them the last light drained from the western board and gray twilight crept quickly across that vast emptiness.

"What do you expect?" he demanded.

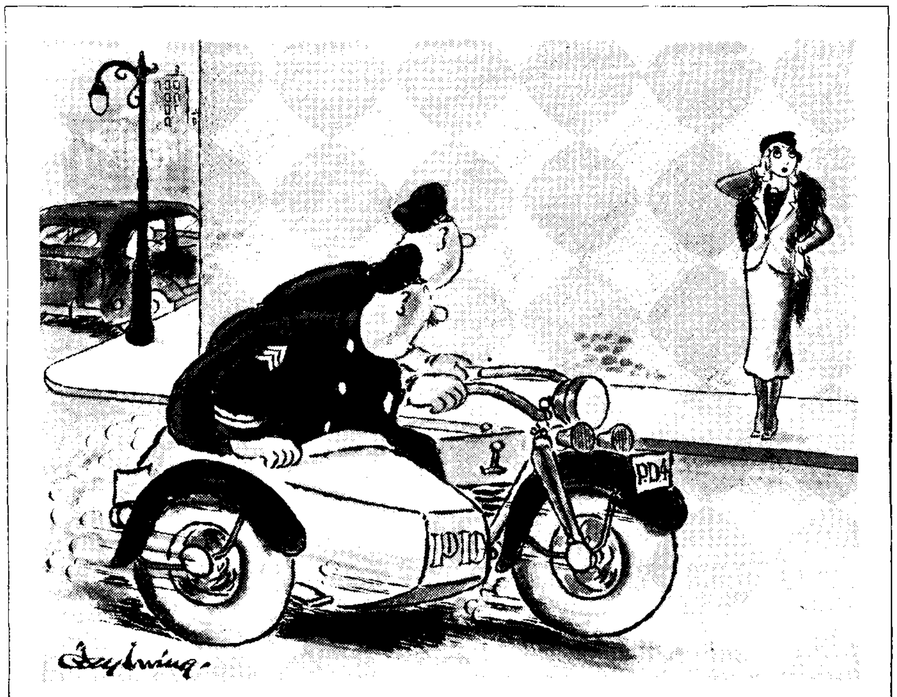
But they didn't answer. They just stared at him. Chips opened his eyes at the sound of the officer's voice and he, too, took up that mute look of silent appeal.

"What do you expect?" the second officer cried again; and the sound of his own voice broke down the last remnant of his shattered restraint. Wild violence rushed up in him, brutal and angry. "You're thirsty, are you?" he roared. "So am I. You're weak and shuddery and you want water to drink. By God, so do I! I'm just as miserable as you are. Your guts ain't made of tin. Neither are mine! Why can't you stand it? Why? You blithering chicken-hearted swabs. No, by God!" he screamed, "you're lashed down. You've got ropes to hold you. Ropes! So you won't go mad and kill yourselves with knives or sea water. What about me? You funk it! The whole damned lot of you. Shove it on to me! Well, why should I take it? Why should I carry you on? Tell me, damn you! Tell me! Why should I? Why?"

He hurled his wild rebellion at them. He addressed his violence to the sea and the sky, and perhaps to that dim and unknown place where dwells unnoticed the spirit of man. His breathing was a harsh labor in his chest. He demanded to know and at once why he and he alone must assume the burden and the care. But they couldn't tell him. Of course not. His wild crying went unheeded and unheard. He got no answer from them, or from the dark disdainful sea rushing its unhurried way. An old man with a graying beard had called simple and trusting words to him across a narrow strip of ocean. From one open boat to another. It seemed ages ago. He got it, old Captain Buntner, from a long and shadowy line of seafarers. It went back to forgotten ancestry in an unknown past, to the beginning of time perhaps; to a hard-faced Phoenician master on the deck of a purple-sailed galiot as he ventured for the first time beyond the Pillars of Hercules into a dreadful sea. He passed it on, and in every age some men accepted it. It held the substance of power and the meaning and quality of glory: the plain acceptance, willingly and for no other reason than that, the plain acceptance of the weight of the burden.

HARRY GARDINET fought for his breath with great heaves of his chest in that bitter and critical moment of his young life. Until he sagged at last in the darkness, relaxing slowly. All the fury was washed out of him. And he stumbled aft and drew a measured bit of water for each man. He lifted it to each mouth and they sucked it down. He treated them with a rough tenderness, as a man might treat children, unaccustomed to their care. They cursed him hoarsely, but he didn't mind. Then he gave Jessica hers, and his own, and dropped exhausted on the thwart with his chin on his chest. The girl wanted to tell him she had some inkling of what he meant. But she didn't know how. So she reached out her hand, gropingly, and found his tough fist where it held the tiller bar, closing her fingers on it. And that way he steered, comforted a little by her touch, beneath the brittle cold glitter of unnumbered stars.

Harry Gardinet never could remem-



"Pull over to th' curb, Clancy!"

JAY IRVING

ber whether it was that very night or the next that he saw the lightning flash. He remembered a late moon rising, a thin copper wafer that gave an unnatural look to the ocean, to the gray stain of the lugsail, and the sprawling shapes in his boat.

In its half-light the lumping seas appeared as darkly glinting hummocks, as though they had lost their fluid nature and had become congealed forever into those distorted shapes. He was peering south out of tortured eyes, and he thought he saw there a milky loom. It disappeared as the quarter-boat slid down, but when she rose again there it was once more: the ghostly suggestion of a light. Harry blinked his eyes. He didn't trust them. But he could suddenly feel the turgid blood pounding at his temples and along his wrists. He came weakly to his feet, and he held that spot of the horizon's void with an intensity of concentration so fixed it was like a stabbing pain. He waited. The quarter-boat sailed on. It seemed to him he held his breath for hours. And then abruptly, in one fierce exulting surge, he cried out the relief of his tormented spirit.

"Cape Sirik! Cape Sirik!"

He thought surely that cry of his was like a clap of thunder to awake the dead. Yet it couldn't have been much more than a weak groan out of a hoarse dry throat of pain. And then he saw a livid bolt of lightning scar the southern heavens. It lit up a darkness in the distance there that had more substance than the shifting sea, a black faint line against dark night! The land! He watched, transfixed. The lightning grew more intense along that distant coast. In soundless spasms it ripped the sky apart, flicking here and there with jagged tongues of fire that instantly disappeared. The wild play of it was in tune to the gray turbulence of Harry Gardinet's soul. He stood erect, with a flame in his sunken eyes and a lusting in his heart. In the quarter-boat the huddled shapes along the thwarts stirred restlessly, croaking. They made a noise, lifted their heads, growled incoherencies. The Natuna's second officer paid them no heed. This was not their triumph or their victory. That celebration in the heavens there was his. His very own! He knew only that Jessica's eyes were on him, and they held a tenderness that was almost an adoration.

THE rest was hazy in his mind. The quarter-boat, caught in the ground swell now, rushed on. Harry Gardinet thought he was very calm. But his hands trembled violently as he unshipped the rudder and ran out the steering sweep instead. The fixed white light burned fiercer. He put his weight on the oar, testing it, himself, his memory of skill, and his last remaining strength. No help. He wanted no help from any of them. Not from a single one. There was a droning hum in his ears, the hiss of curling foam, and the low wash of surf growing steadily louder. The lightning flashed again. In that lurid instant he saw shapes moving darkly on a beach fronting a jungled shore, and the flicker of a fire on the sand. It struck him as odd to see those signs of human habitation surviving on the earth. He had forgotten about such things. Then the curlers got hold of his boat and she went creaming and roaring in. He bent the long sweep like a whip. And the next thing he knew there were men alongside, up to their waists in the boil, hauling the boat ashore.

He climbed out, staggering. His knees were like water. He tottered about in circles. There was something familiar about these men, something he remembered. It clawed at his exhausting consciousness. He had to solve that mystery before the world went completely black.

And then suddenly close in front of him he saw a square-cut beard and solemn eyes that were full of a liquid weariness. Where had he seen that before? And that ridiculous, soiled yellow pajama coat? How could he tell?

"Steady, Mr. Gardinet."

The voice made it plain. "Captain Buntner—" the Natuna's second mate made his report thickly, and not without pride—"I've brought them in. Every blasted one. But they all washed out, sir, and I had to lash them down. I'm sorry. There was no other way. You better go cut them loose." He swayed, caught hold of the gunwale, and remembered something. "The girl," he finished, "she's all right. I tell you, sir, she's got pluck."

The master of the Natuna looked steadily at his second mate. Gaunt and haggard, the mark was very plain on Harry Gardinet. "Aye," the skipper growled. "We'll fix you up with a little turtle soup. We caught the fellow yesterday. Steady now, Mr. Gardinet. I'll take over."

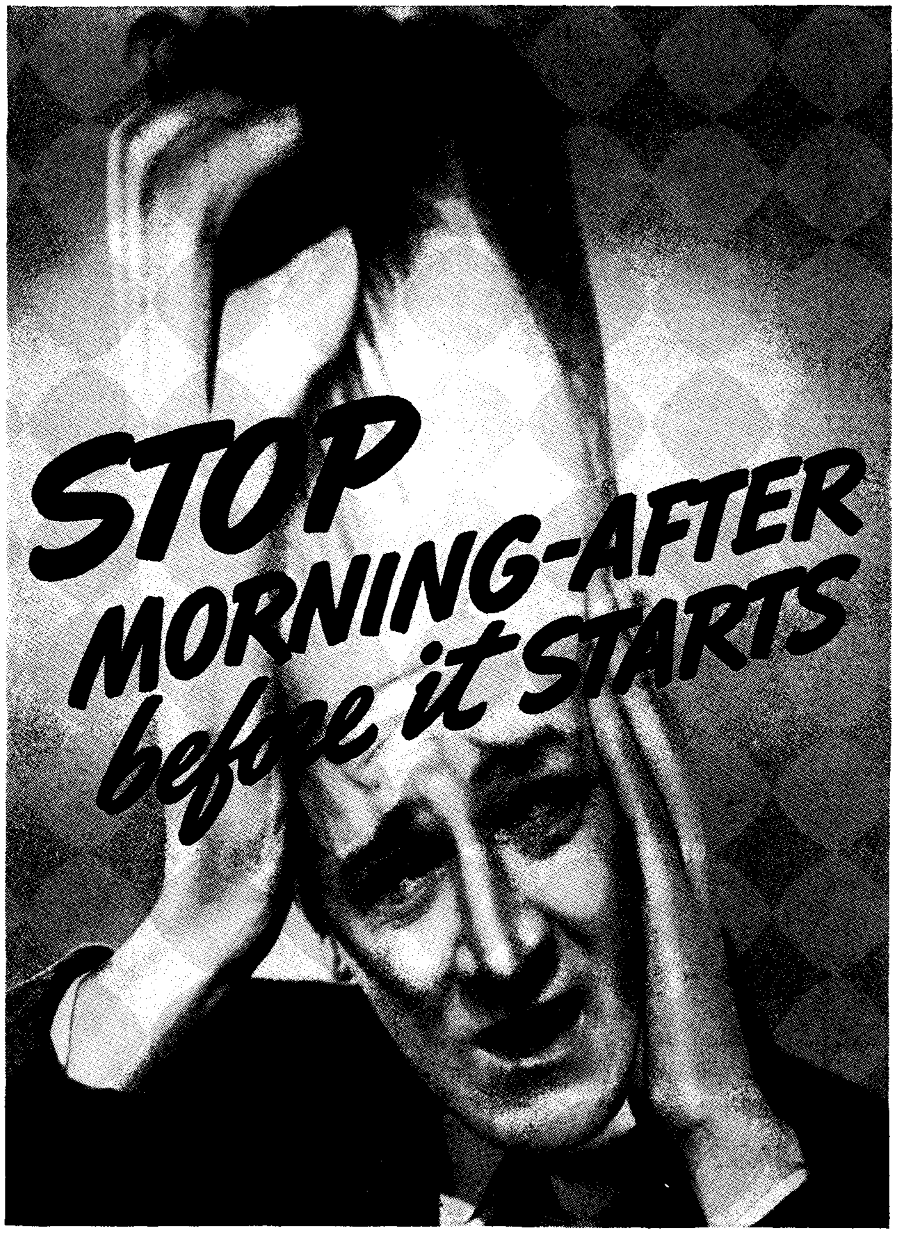
HARRY had never heard more blessed words. Strange, they should affect him so. But the truth of it was he was no better than any of his men. In their place he would have done the same. He had no greater sustenance and no secret strength. Except the weight of the burden he willingly assumed when he took his place in the stern sheets instead of on a thwart. That, and that alone, sustained him. "I'll take over," the skipper said; and suddenly the weakness got hold of him beyond all words. The weight slid from him. And when it did—he collapsed.

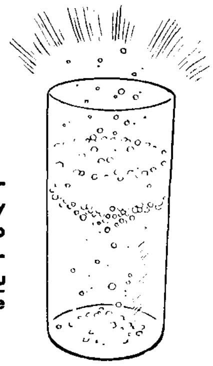
He remembered, after that, the sweet sensation of some hot and delicious stuff passing between his lips. And he thought he lay awake for hours, listening to a faint little voice within him, murmuring secret things. . . . You see now, Harry? it whispered. That's how it is. They all washed out, those fellows in the boat. And you're not any better than they, you know. Not a bit. Excepting you took it, Harry. You shouldered it and you carried it through, and you made the free choice yourself. That's all the difference there is. Fact. But you're not the same any more. Because of that. You see if that ain't right, Harry. You remember those fo'c'sle days? They were fine. Weren't they now, Harry? The world was a lollypop then, and you didn't have anything to do but grin and do what other men said. The world was a joke. And a good one, too. But that's all over, Harry. You left all that out there in the China Sea. You ought to be better for it, Harry. But you'll never be the same. . . . As a matter of fact, he fell instantly asleep.

When he woke it was full daylight. He saw strange brown faces peering curiously down on him, natives from Bruit come to see the strange white men the sea had cast up. And he found he'd been sleeping with his head in Jessica's lap. He didn't think that odd. Nor did she. It was her deep feminine need, and somehow her right. And his, too. She was looking down at him; and he smiled up at her. There was no question whatever about it. They belonged together forever now.

That smile of his was different than the grin of the youngster who had once been second mate of a bark they called Natuna with a sweet and clean-throated bell. There was no question about that, either.

For there was an inner core of serenity about Harry Gardinet's smile now. Something that hadn't been there before. The sure look of a man who has tested his strength and given it meaning beneath the weight of great burdens. And who knows at last what his spirit can do.





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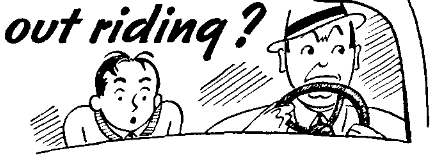

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The Passing Show

Continued from page 11

He had finished shaving when the train slowed down. Alarmed and sleepless, Merle-Smith blocked the doorway of the washroom—peering at him from nearsighted eyes.

"We're stopping," he said apprehensively.

"I'm getting off here," Lee said, slipping on his coat. "I'll see you at the show tonight."

Merle-Smith's face was pale with consternation. "Look—you can't do that," he said, and to Lee's brusque insistence he grew pleading, eloquent. The show was everything to Merle-Smith—as it should be everything to all of them. The show came first.

"I've got a date I mean to keep," Lee told him as the train stopped.

"Yes, I know," said Merle-Smith comprehendingly. "I know about that. I can't let you do it, Lee."

"The hell you can't," said Lee. "I told you I'd be back tonight."

"There may not be a train to get you back tonight," said Merle-Smith, tears of desperation in his eyes. "You'll wreck the show."

LEE suddenly thrust past him and was standing in the frozen dawn before the dingy junction station; while the train was drawing a thin plume of smoke across the snow. The crisp astringent air against his face was at once reproachful and exciting. Others had done such things as this—got drunk and boarded the wrong train, or not boarded any train, or petulantly driven in the wrong direction. Only, they got back somehow—in time. And something told Lee he would take no train that left for Cleveland before noon—though no train after that would get him back in time for the performance.

He didn't care. At six, he phoned a telegram from Harmon, asking Sue to meet him at the Hotel Stevens. As the train drew toward the city every other thought but Sue was blotted from his mind.

She wasn't there. With disappointment like a black pit overwhelming him, he saw she wasn't there. For half an hour he walked about the lobby looking for her. Then he called her home. A Negro voice said: "Miss Sue out to Montmorency, ice-boatin'."

"She got a wire?"

"Yassir, yassir. She got a wire. Any name you wanta leave?"

"No name," he said in bewildered misery.

He called the Montmorency Country Club. She'd left there, an attendant told him, just half an hour before. He'd seen her headed with a gentleman toward the lake.

Lee called a cab. There was a 12:01 out for Cleveland.

She wasn't there, the wheels said, wasn't there, wasn't there. From Titusville to Mansfield to Columbus—wasn't there. And etched against his mind the words that she had spoken just the night before:

"All you have to do is ask me, honey—anything."

V. Merle-Smith met him at the theater with a watery-eyed look that was a mixture of compassion and triumphant gratitude. Lee brushed past him to the dressing room.

Julien looked up with sympathetic brevity of comment.

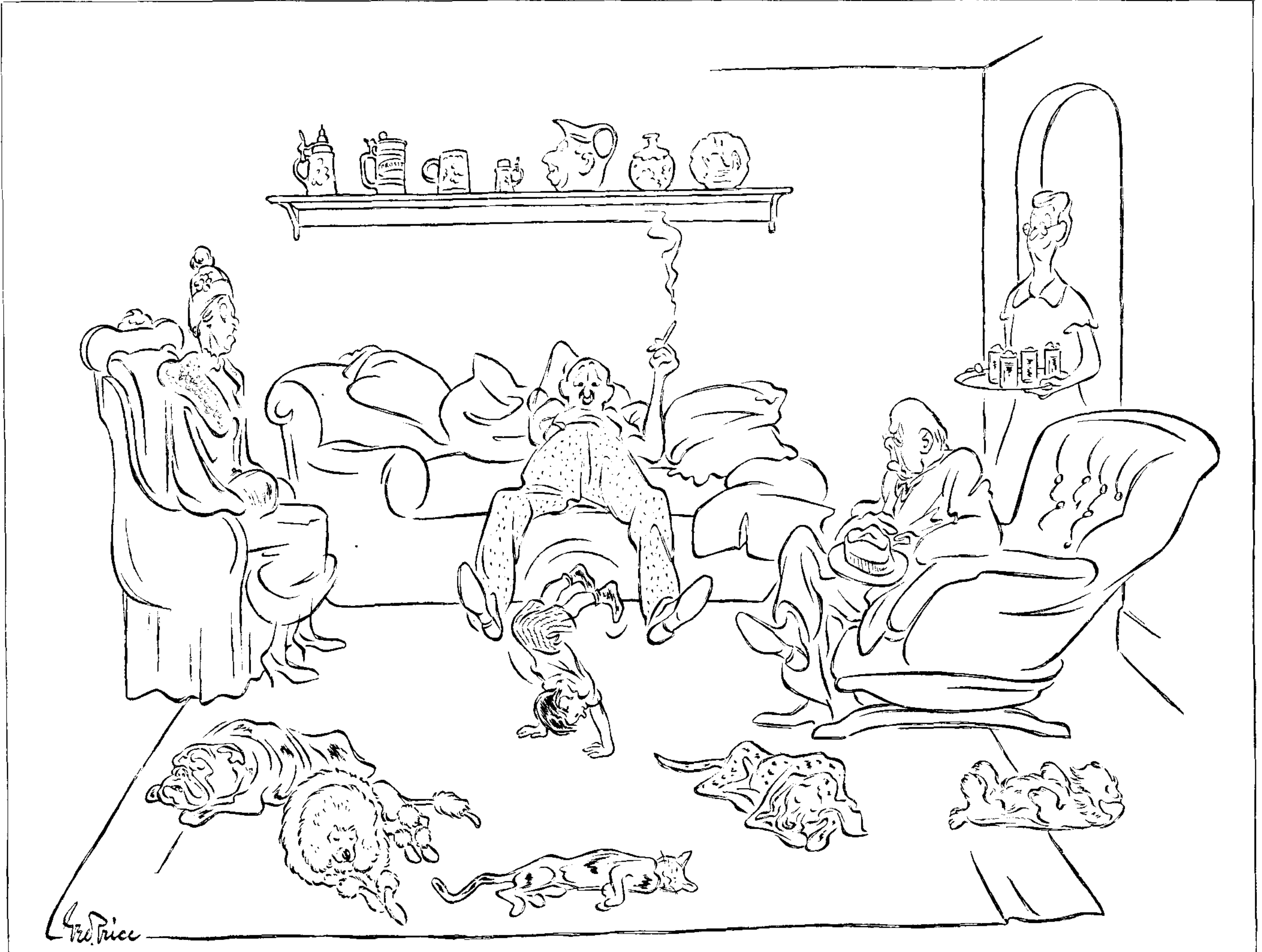
"Letter for you," he pointed out.

It was a special delivery, addressed in an impulsive, girlish writing. Lee read the postmark with a pang confused by pride and bitterness. Borrowing an envelope, he mailed it back to her unopened—with his own name cryptically recorded as the sender.

He got through the show that night in a mechanical absorption, only dimly aware of an audience beyond the footlights. She wasn't there, his feet said, tapping on the floor boards to the rhythm of The Road to Samarkand. She wasn't there, they tapped out, in the June performance at commencement. Till—throughout that summer in Rhode Island—the winter became pale as its forgotten snows. He could think, with less and less disturbance, that there once had been a girl whom he had thought of growing brown with on eternal beaches; thought of listening together to the lilt of orchestras, at night, on ocean liners; building life together in a two-room flat. . . .

FALL brought a crisp beginning to the senior year, with Lee resolved to lose himself in work, and Julien saying: "Glad that somebody around here studies—makes you think you're at a university." And long before the big game crowds had swarmed the campus, plans were started for the new show. In basements off Nassau Street undergraduates were building scenery. Perspiring candidates, in underwear and dancing pumps, were going through the chorus tryouts in the gym. And in his rooms in Blair Hall, V. Merle-Smith was writing music that roused even Lee's enthusiasm.

He had not intended to take part that year. But it was a fever that you couldn't resist. The growing excitement of rehearsals—special trolley cars to Trenton—the disordered theater. Doctor Struthers coaching from the wings, or rushing suddenly upon the stage to make



"Now, son, you lie down and play dead for the nice people"

GEORGE PRICE

the boards creak with his long, distinguished figure. Players sprawled around the boxes, drinking coffee out of paper cartons, while the chorus did their stuff beneath the strutting gaze of Bobby Connolly. V. Merle-Smith weeping, raving at the orchestra. Nerves frayed—backs aching—and the long trek back to Princeton in the early morning, to catch fitful sleep through lectures. Till the first night brought relief from tension.

"It's a wow," said Julien, after the finale. "Coming backstage I could hear the stagehands saying that they'd hired us—'like how they hire football players'—from the Shuberts."

Three days later, Just for Justine hit the road, and what had been excitement settled down to snow in Minneapolis—and rain in Des Moines—and the river brown and muddy as they crossed to Illinois and Indiana. Someone said:

"Roy Hammond's throwing us a binge tomorrow at the Montmorency Club."

The words fell with disturbing memory across Lee's mind.

"You can sleep late," someone told him. "We don't get there until noon tomorrow."

BUT he couldn't sleep. At noon he waited till the others left the train, and spent the day, till show time, at a local movie. When he reached the theater Julien and a few others were waiting for him in the dressing room, with tumblers and a pint of amber-colored punch.

"I crooked these from the tea dance at the club," Julien said. "You didn't miss much."

For a minute questions gnawed upon Lee's silence. He suppressed them.

To the audience that crowded the Adelphi Theater it didn't much matter that Just for Justine was very much like Samarkand; that the music was redolent of Broadway shows; or that the jokes were jokes that they had listened to from year to year in only slightly different guise. The spirit was one of patronage—of the invariable bald alumnus in the front row who at every gag would slap his knee and chortle: "College fellers!"

Back in the dressing room, after the finale, Julien said:

"Dick Ordway wants to drive us out to Hammond's party at the Montmorency."

Lee said: "I'm shot. I think I'll trot back to the train and get some sleep." And Julien nodded.

A clear chill night hung on the city, pinned above its buildings by a million stars; and as Lee walked toward the station, ghosts of a year ago began to follow him, to whisper to him, bring him snatches of a song.

"Montmorency Club," he told a taxi driver.

It was as if, entering the Montmorency Club, he were walking back into a year ago—when a young man very like himself, but far less wise, had stumbled upon ecstasy whose overtones still lingered in these rooms. The music, the soft lights, the satin-sheened and pirouetting dancers, became suddenly a trap for his emotions. In panic he turned to go, colliding with a small impulsive figure coming from the dressing rooms.

"Hi, stranger."

Startled first, then reassured, he said: "Two hi's to you."

"You look lost."

Eve, or Elvie. Someone he had met here last year, or at Princeton since—he wasn't sure. He let her lead him back into the main room, found himself her partner in the slow, revolving surge of dancers. While they talked he tried to keep his eyes upon her in unwavering attention. But it didn't work. He looked up once—and simultaneously met Roy Hammond's gaze above a white and too-familiar shoulder, and the dark cascade of too-familiar hair.

Roy nodded affably. "Hi. Glad to see you. Glad you came."

As an alumnus now, Roy formed a link in the exhaustless chain of hosts who entertained the club from town to town.

"Our genial host," said Eve or Elvie. "That's the girl he's going to marry Friday." And before Lee's heart had had a chance to catch its beat again, she shouted: "Sue—oh, Sue! Here's somebody you know. Lee Something. He wants to give you both his blessing."

Awkwardly, four people stopped and nodded to one another; while Roy Hammond said some pleasant, noncommittal things about the show. Said Eve or Elvie, "Roy, you haven't danced with me this evening," and appropriated Hammond in the same blithe way that she had captured Lee.

Lee barely looked at Sue. They came together—he remembered later, with grim humor—the way fighters come together in a clinch: as a protection against blows that might have been more deadly from a distance. For a moment they achieved oblivion in dancing, in the dull narcotic of the music. Till Lee felt her quiet trembling, felt her silence crying out for words. And then he spoke in self-defense.

"I hear congratulations are in order since I saw you last."

Sue's forehead bowed against his shoulder; and the music sobbed and cried about them, muffled by a hundred pairs of feet.

"I hope," he said, "that you don't stand him up in church. It seems to be a customary trick of yours."

They were not things he would have liked to say, but words that surged instinctively from the misunderstanding and resentment he had felt for months.

"Or maybe I was blind," he said above the wail of saxophones. "Maybe you were at the Hotel Stevens, and not out here at the club. But anyway it doesn't matter much now—does it?"

Then her head flung back to look him in the eyes. Quick pain was written on her face. Her soft lips twisted, and a cry escaped her; and she shook her head. Protectively Roy Hammond cut in—and Lee turned away, eyes smarting with a sudden fury and despair. Somebody tried to stop him. Someone else said: "Come on down and have a drink"—till he was following Dick Ordway through the locker room. Just one drink—then away from here for good.

Two hours later Julien found him listening hazily to Ordway's repetitious stories.

"Sue Vaughn's looking for you," he said. "She's been looking for you for an hour. She just sent me down."

ONE by one the others left, until just Lee and Ordway sat there drinking. Until Lee was suddenly aware of a confused and growing silence on the floor above—the folding up of music racks—the spit of cars along the frozen drive.

"Hey," he said, disturbing Ordway from a semistupor. "Look—I've got to beat it."

Recklessly they sped toward the city. In the yard the train stood, gathering steam. Lee stumbled down the Pullman corridor to Section Seven, spotted Julien's snoring in the bunk above, and pulled aside the curtains of his lower berth.

Fragrance, haunting and elusive, warned him. So that when he saw her it was more with anguish than surprise—as if an inevitable ghost that he had fled from had caught up with him at last. Lying in the corner, in a slight evening gown, she watched him for a moment out of grave eyes.

"Sue!" he said.

Above them Tracy stirred and groaned: and footsteps sounded down the aisle. Lee pulled the curtains closed behind

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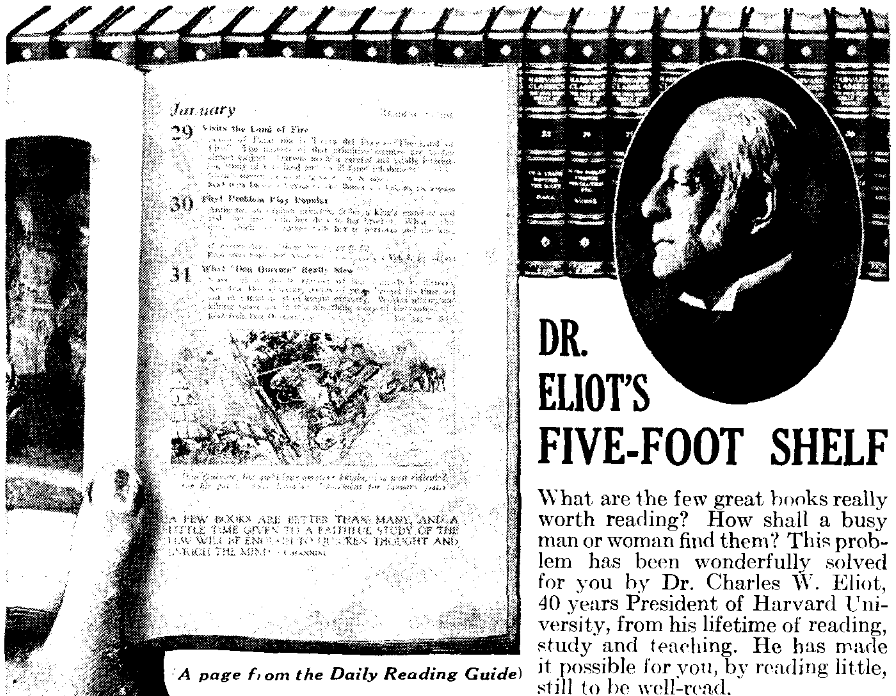

A page from the Daily Reading Guide

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15 MINUTES A DAY

him. "Sue," he whispered, "look—what is this?"

"I had to come. I had to see you, Lee. You wouldn't let me have the chance before." Her voice was soft but trembling with resolve. "We haven't understood each other, and we've got to, Lee."

"It's too late now."

"It isn't too late. I won't let it be. We can't be cheated out of each other—and we have been."

Out on the platform someone shouted, and the train released a warning hiss of steam. Lee told her grimly:

"Look—this train is leaving in a second. I can't have you here. I'll get off with you—but you've got to get off."

"No," she whispered fiercely. "I'm not going back there ever. You can't make me."

As he moved toward her with determination, she pulled the blankets to her chin. Her shoulders moved, her slender figure twisted, and before Lee recognized her purpose the evening gown was flung across the berth.

Defiantly she shook the dark hair from her shoulders in an odd, familiar gesture.

"Now," she said; "you've got to listen to me, Lee. You've got to—" and the words pursued each other with entreaty. "That morning that you wired. I was waiting for you—wanting you more than I've ever wanted anything in life. And then your second wire came, saying it was all off. Oh, I know you didn't send it. But I didn't know until tonight. How could I have?"

They looked at one another deeply then. And in that look there sprang, with sudden anguish, everything that they had lost: the days they might have shared together, words they might have spoken, the discoveries in each other that they might have made.

"Honey," he said, "who did this to us?"

"No, not Roy," she said, as if she'd read his mind. "He couldn't have. It doesn't matter now, my darling, does it? Now we have each other?"

Even as she turned her lips to his, he was seeing Merle-Smith's guilty face in that washroom a year ago, and he knew now who had sent that wire. . . . Lee said, quickly:

"Keep those curtains closed—I'll be right back."

IN THE yard, last stragglers swarmed toward the train: pale, raccoon-coated, some with girls draped on their arms like vivandières of a disordered army. Voices shouted at him; and the locomotive sent a warning plume of steam across his path. As he came back, Merle-Smith told him injuredly: "We held the train two minutes for you."

Sue took the cigarettes, and held the hand that passed them to her. Along the aisle, the members of the troupe stripped—talking, swearing, breaking into intermittent song. The train jerked, lumbered into motion . . . bearing sixty men and one lone girl who watched the city lights retreat with wide-eyed resolution.

Sitting on the edge of the berth, he kept the curtains drawn protectively behind him. Close to his ear, her voice came softly, like the voice of someone talking behind curtains to a magic land:

". . . There are so many things I want to do with you. Grow brown on beaches—swim—and talk to each other. We don't really know each other, darling, do we? How many hours? Eight, about, that first night. More than twelve that Sunday. Then the empty hours when we didn't have each other—didn't understand each other. We'll make up for them, my dear, by never letting each other go again."

Her voice above the rhythm of the train, the song and laughter, the confusion, whispering, "I love you, darling," to the one man in the world for her. "I love you, darling. I'm so sleepy. Now I want to dream about you."

The train swung through the night—a slim, green-lighted tunnel rocking toward the Alleghenies. And Sue slept. Eyes sleepless, haunted with responsibility, Merle-Smith patrolled the corridors and found Lee sitting fully dressed in front of Lower Seven.

"BETTER get some sleep," he warned. "You won't be any good tomorrow night."

"I've been asleep the past year," Lee said.

Merle-Smith turned in sudden embarrassment and hurried on.

It was four o'clock now, maybe later. They had stopped for water somewhere close to Soamesville, and the train was moving forward with rising speed. In the narcotic click of wheels there was a sudden lurch—a grind of brakes—a shudder down the winding length of cars. Someone said "Lord!" And down alarmed, awakened berths there ran the ominous word: Accident.

"Damned fool to drive like that. Engineer says he must have been going eighty. Probably drunk."

Lee did not leave his post to investigate. There was something more precious in his care than life. . . .

Youngstown—Beaver Falls—Sewickley—Pittsburgh. Lee changed idly into a tweed suit, while the others shaved and dressed and left in waiting cars. At noon he drew aside the curtains, raised the window shade, and let the sunlight settle in bright pools about her hair.

"Last call for breakfast."

Sleepily Sue raised herself above the tray of silver-covered dishes and rich-odored coffee.

"We're standing still," she said.

"We've been standing still since seven," Lee said.

She shook her dark hair as if to wake it up.

"Where is everybody?"

"Gone," said Lee. "A luncheon at the Princeton Club."

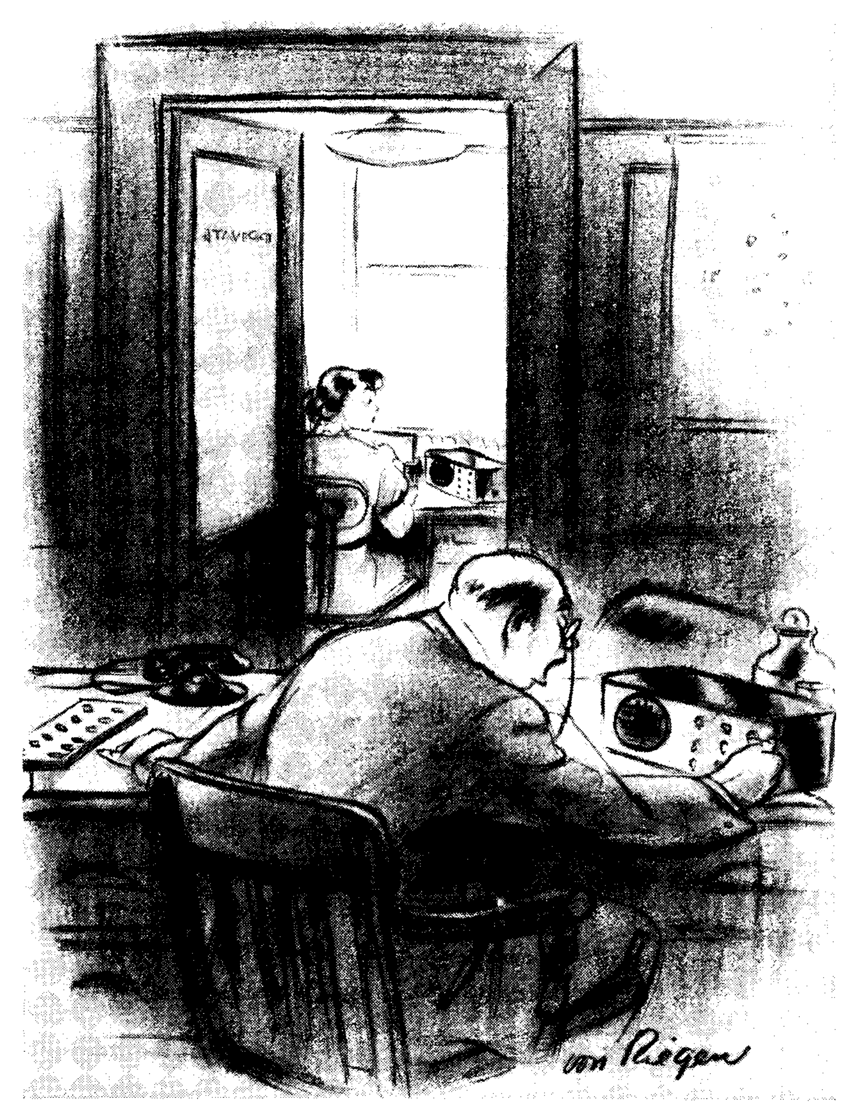
"Honey, did I get you into any trouble?"

Lee shook his head. "No one knows," he said. He sat on the edge of the berth while she explored each dish beneath the heavy silver covers. Romance for a time was put aside for breakfast—until after she had had two cups of coffee, she decided.

"Honey, I look awful in the mornings."

"You couldn't look anything but grand," he said.

She pressed his hand. "And you won't send me back?"



"Miss Davis, which is your button? I want to call you in"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Lee shook his head, smiling. "Not unless you want to go back."

"No," she said, pulling the blankets contentedly up to her throat. "Never. Never anywhere you aren't. I've been without you for too long."

NEITHER of them mentioned Roy. It was as if his name belonged to something they had left behind. Fondly they talked about their plans together. She would go on separately that night—and meet him in New York tomorrow. She could put up at an aunt's in town. There would be words, of course, and tears and even scenes delivered, line for line, by Western Union. But the fury would die out in time, and they'd be married in the spring—if Lee still wanted to.

"I couldn't wait till spring," said Lee.

"Last night," said Sue, "you didn't seem to want me."

"Last night I wasn't sure that it was fair to want you."

"Honey, tell me where you keep your comb," said Sue. "And go away. I'll meet you on the platform."

In a side-street shop, attended by uplifted eyebrows, Sue slipped from an evening gown into a street dress, and met Lee outside the dressing room.

"Could we afford a pair of stockings, honey?" she demanded. "I could make the shoes do."

They invested eight more dollars in a pair of shoes and stockings and a hat. It was almost noon then, and they lunched with a prolonged affection.

"You call your family," said Lee. "Call somebody, at any rate, and let them know you're safe."

"After you've gone to the theater," Sue said, holding him with her eyes.

They stayed together until matinee time, when Lee left her at a phone booth with the understanding that they'd meet again at seven in the hotel lobby. At the theater, Julien was waiting for his first cue, with a cold towel wrapped around his head.

"Don't look so cheerful," he said sullenly. "Have some respect for other people's feelings."

As Julien grumbled out to meet his cue, Lee slipped into his costume. He was sitting down before the make-up mirror when the door swung open. Sue was standing in the room.

"Lee!"

In the new and badly tailored street dress, with her make-up overpunctuated by the pallor of her face, she was a stranger to him.

"I've just called home," she said. "Roy's been hurt. His car was struck last night at Soamesville by a train."

ACROSS Lee's mind there flashed that instant of the night before when grinding brakes had jarred the rhythm of the train.

"He must have—" she said, "he must have been coming for me."

"He was," said Lee slowly. "I told him to. I phoned last night before we left."

She made a little gesture with her hands.

"But why—" she said.

"I couldn't see him stood up," Lee said. "It happened to us once. It—doesn't do."

He came a step toward her, but his hands were at his side.

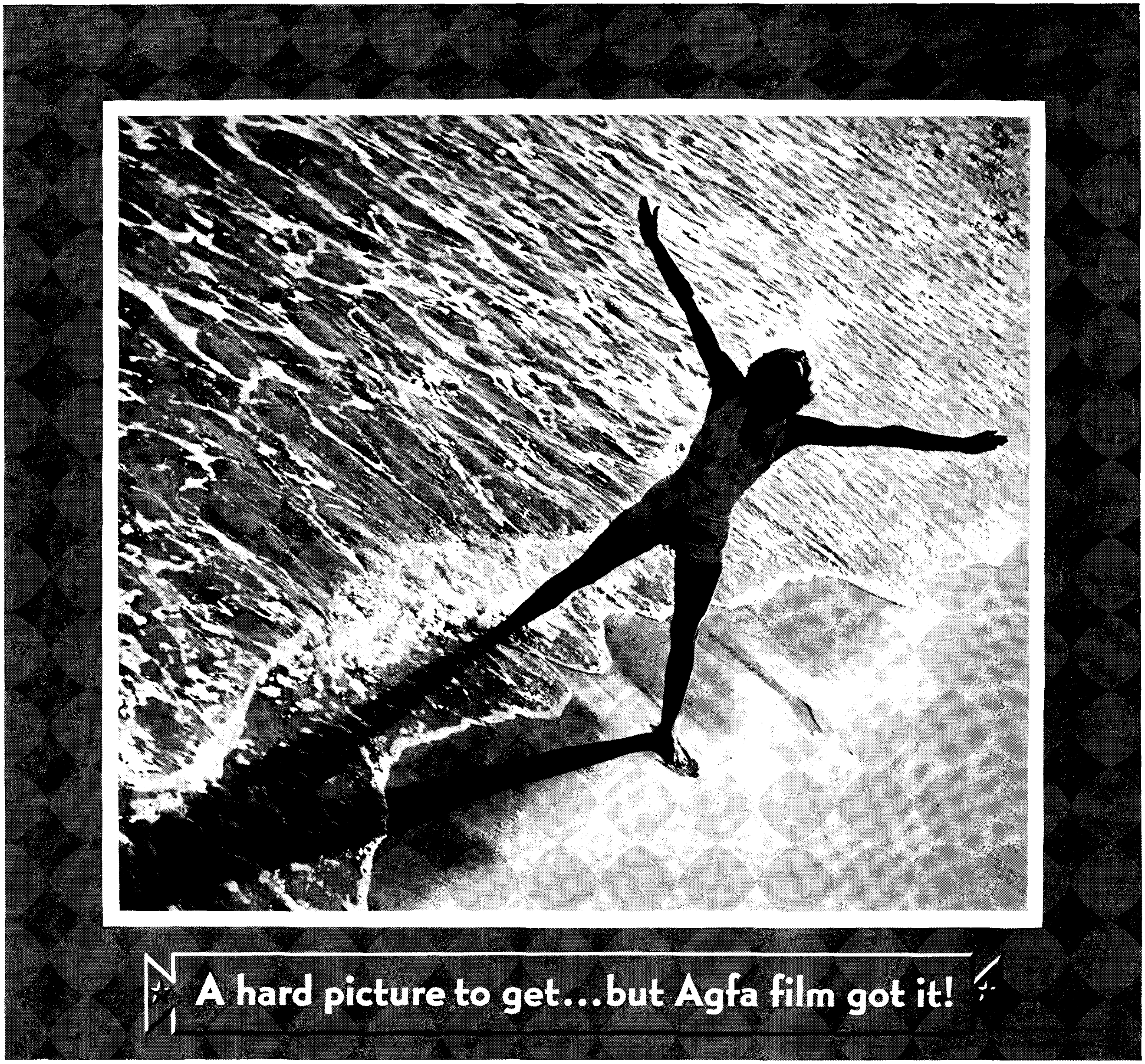
"We couldn't have gone through with this, Sue—without giving him his chance. When he wasn't waiting for us at the train this morning, I thought he'd had his chance—and thrown it up."

"We couldn't have known," she said. Her fist was clenched on quivering lips. "I've got to go to him, Lee. I've got to now—if he's hurt."

Lee nodded. And for once he felt he knew this girl he loved—knew her more irrevocably than he might have in a lifetime spent together. For their love had been a restless thing—built of fragmentary hours—keyed to syncopation, and the pale half-world of dawn, and train wheels pulsing through forgotten cities. They had built wild dreams on nothing, hoped extravagantly, known so little of each other—that they'd had no reason to expect so sure an answer. Yet for once the path was clear before them.

Julien stuck his head in—called "your cue!" to Lee—and ducked out quickly with a fleeting glance of wonder.

For an instant she was against him with all the force of her young life, her breath against his throat, breathing out words like never and forget. And he was saying, "Sue—Sue—" till the door had closed behind him—till he felt the warmth and brightness of the footlights—heard the sharp staccato of applause, and the alumnus in the first row chuckling, "College fellers!"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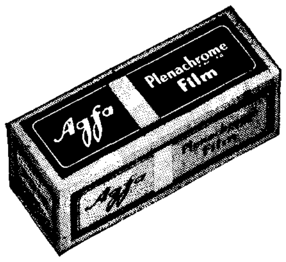

THE GUARANTEED FILM

COLLIER'S THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Hold on to the Prize

PHILIP D. GENDREAU

FLAGS will soon be flying in all of the cities, towns, villages and even in the little hamlets of the United States. Bands will be playing stirring tunes. Men in uniform will be marching. Thousands of orators will stand up and with varying success talk to their fellow citizens of the great traditions of American freedom.

Long ago other men risked their fortunes and their necks that this country might be free. They did their work so well that for years Fourth of July oratory became a bit stuffy. We wondered why all the shouting. Of course we were free. Why not?

Other men in other lands have given us a new enthusiasm in our heritage. The United States is still "the promised land" to many of the oppressed people of the world. If any man dared say today in Germany what every man may say in the United States, the audacious German would be lucky to escape with a sentence to prison.

Adolf Hitler gave the German people in his recent May Day speech a plain picture of what it means to surrender to the demands of a dictator. Herr Hitler was shouting his defiance to all who differed in opinion from him, including, especially, the German Catholics. He expressed himself in these very clear words:

"We will take away their children. These we will train and educate to become new Germans. We will not permit them to lapse into the old way of thinking but will give them thorough training. We will take them when they are ten years old and bring them up in the spirit of the community until they are eighteen.

"They shall not escape us. They will join the party, the S. A., the S. S. (the Storm Troops and the Elite Guard), or other formations or go into the factories and offices. Later on they will do two years of military service."

The German families who prefer the teachings of their church, whether Catholic or Protestant, to the anti-religion of the Nazis, thus see their children taken from them. The ancient dictators and tyrants thought of many cruelties to inflict upon their helpless people, but nothing more cruel or sinister than this.

To take away the tender, unformed children of dissenters and to educate them in doctrines hateful to the parents who produced them approaches the ultimate in cruel suppression.

Yet Herr Hitler doubtless imagined that he was conferring a great favor upon the benighted people who could not see eye to eye with him. Hitler fancied that he was saving the children of misguided people from the consequences of their own poor thoughts.

Freedom to Hitler is not the great possession of a proud people but rather an occasion for differences of opinion. Tolerance to such a mind is the proof not of strength but of weakness in a government. Accordingly, all who differ from the head of the government must be made to conform.

It is impossible for Americans to comprehend such a system. We have been free so long. Our country was founded and populated by people from many lands who were attracted by the liberty established in the United States.

We are not the only people who have retained their liberty and their principles throughout these recent troubled years. The Dutch are free and so are the Swiss and the Scandinavian countries. So, likewise, are the British and the French. But make no mistake about it, liberty has to be defended to be retained and enjoyed. We can't have it if we can't hold it.

Dictators buy the liberties of their people. Sometimes food is offered. Mussolini baited his traps with promises to restore public order. Hitler offered to give back to the German people their self-respect if they would but do his bidding. Both Hitler and Mussolini promised great increases in material prosperity.

The peoples who have kept their liberties have also managed to eat, and have eaten very well, comparatively. They kept free because they had the habit of freedom. We have been especially fortunate because of the character and wisdom of the men who established our government.

They cared passionately about human freedom and the public right. Measure them by any standard acceptable today and they are still outstanding. George Washington was great enough to reject office and public authority as soon as the emergencies passed.

Washington, rich and conservative though he is now counted, expressed the ideals and hopes of his generation as effectually as any. Love of liberty is the unifying note running through the Farewell Address which unquestionably has influenced Americans more than any other public expression.

"Remember especially," said he, "that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian."

We have succeeded in establishing a strong government, with powers still properly distributed, and we are still a free people. Nobody can say to an American citizen: "I don't like your political opinions. I shall take your children away from you and teach them doctrines which you loathe and despise. You are no longer good for anything." Yet this is what the German people had to hear and to applaud from the leader of their government.

We are fortunate in that we inherited the habit of liberty and a government founded on respect for differences of opinion. The ways of freedom seem at times slow and a government of divided powers appears on occasion to be ineffectual because of the very necessity to reconcile opposing opinions. In the long run, however, freedom is the way of happiness for the largest number. We have retained our liberty, despite all fears and uncertainties, and we can face the future courageously, confident in our capacity to deal with whatever lies ahead.

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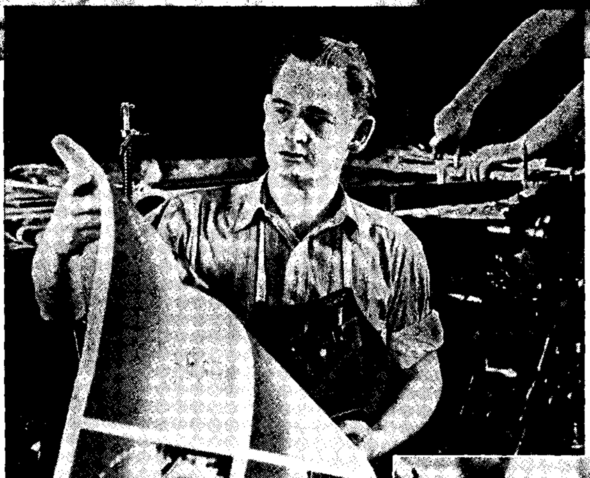

"MANY A TIME I've smoked a Camel to get a 'lift' in energy," says Harry Burmester, printer, *(left)* shown working at the high-speed, four-color press. And he follows up with these words: "With my Camels handy, I feel I can take the tough spots right in stride. Camels never tire my taste or irritate my throat—even smoking as much as I do. Camel's mildness suits me to perfection."

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